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VOL CVI

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 1894.

LONDON:
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“I too, my Lord, ‘am not ashamed to be the owner of a good horse,’” said Mr. PUNCH, patting the spotted flanks of his own immortal and invincible steed, and addressing the lucky owner of the triply victorious *Ladas*.

The scene was the loose box of the Spotted One. The Lord of Fleet Street, Everywhere, and the Adjacent Islands, was piloting the Lord of Dalmeny, and the Liberal Party, round his stables.

The smooth-faced and youthful-looking rival of ALEXANDER of Macedon fixed his steady eyes almost enviously on the Steed of Steeds. “Humph!” he murmured. “A blend of *Bucephalus*, *Pegasus*, *Ladas*, and SINON’s Trojan ‘crack’!! Something like a Favourite!!! Are you disposed to make a match, over any course you like, for any stakes you please, Mr. PUNCH? Weight for age of course!”

“I love Sport and hate Speculation,” answered the owner of the Spotted One, simply.

“Ah!” began the owner of *Ladas*, “the Nonconformist Conscience——”

“Hates *both*,” interjected Mr. PUNCH. “There’s the difference! I’m with it in denouncing gambling; dead against it spitting sectarian spleen at honest sport. What you aptly called the Blue-Book and Biscuit theory of life is not mine. But I’ve no desire to make *Spots* ‘a contemptible method of appropriating other people’s money.’ Besides, my *PARR-ROSE*, even *Ladas* wouldn’t have a look-in with him, and he couldn’t be handicapped down to *Matchbox*.”

“I suppose not,” responded Bonny DALMENY, meditatively. “One doesn’t pit *Pegasus* against a mere Derby champion, eh? If you did, ‘twere easy to ‘spot the winner’!”

“*Did* I race him, the winner would always be spotted,” chuckled the Sage, stroking the Steed of Steeds affectionately.

“Ah! might call that the *Spot-stroke*!” muttered the grave-eyed Peer, falling—with a blush—into the light, jesting mood so objectionable to the heavy-handed Hugh Price-Hugheses of his party. He glanced round furtively, to make sure he was not overheard by some eavesdropping member of the great Anti-Laughter League. “Who are these, Mr. PUNCH?” he queried, *sotto voce*, pointing to two somewhat shadowy shapes, both in classic costume, and one (a lithe, athletic figure, with a pose like that of the herald Mercury) in remarkably little of it.

The shorter, yet somewhat more stately and impressive of the two, responded. “The Shades are sombre, and Charon’s Ghosts are generally grave; but it were ‘bad form’ to bring the gloom of the Stygian groves into the stables of Mr. PUNCH.”

“The Mighty Macedonian, I presume?” said Mr. PUNCH, bowing with more than Stanleyish grace.

ALEXANDER nodded assent. “Very nice of you,” he said, turning to Mr. PUNCH’s guest, “to name *your* fleet runner after *mine*, my Lord! Pity you have not any MYRONS to immortalise your great men—and horses.”

“Humph!” said Mr. PUNCH. “We are certainly *not* strong in sculpture, just at present. But I’d back my own classic and sculpturesque Cartoonist against all your MYRONS at ‘immortalising’ Me and my Spotted One—in black and white, which perhaps is sometimes better than brass, whatever Academies may think!”

The Macedonian bowed in respectful assent. "PHIDIAS himself," he said, "would cordially have shaken hands with your world-renowned artists. But we managed these things differently in Greece!"

"Very," said LADAS, with emphasis. "Would herald-honour, a laurel, a pine, or a parsley crown, even *plus* a brazen statue on the Thames Embankment, satisfy your 'Sportsmen,' whether patrons or competitors?"

"I fear not," said Mr. PUNCH, pensively. "I fear that what jovial Sir JOHN ASTLEY calls 'the merry monk' hath too great charms for our ALEXANDERS and LADASES. So far the rather queasy and querulous Nonconformist Conscience is in the right of it. Grasping greed and sordid speculation are our true spoil-sports!"

"A good horse," said the Macedonian, "is only second in interest to a 'good man'—in the sporting, not the ethical, sense *bien entendu*. Bucephalus was a good horse. So is Ladas. So, *in excelsis*, is the Spotted One!"

"Pity you can't put him to the stud, Mr. PUNCH," interjected the PREMIER. "That would indeed effect what our chaffing CHAPLINS humorously 'spoof' about, namely, 'improve the breed of horses.'"

They all, Sage, Statesman, and Shades, laughed aloud at this. Even the Spotted One whinnied joyously, and TOUV yapped gleeful derision, at a fine old crusted sample of conventional cant.

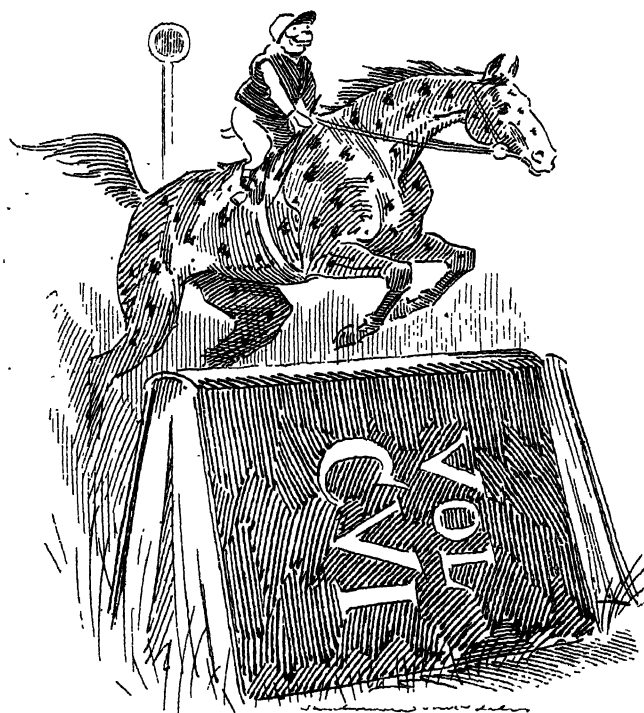
"The Horse," said Mr. PUNCH, drily, "is (as the classic quotation hath it) 'a noble creature,' and very useful to Man, 'but if you treat him badly' (*i.e.* as a mere medium for greedy and dishonest gambling), 'he will not do so.' Your ultra-Puritan is a 'prig' of one sort. But unfortunately your Sportsman is too often a 'prig' of another. Down with both! PRIMROSE, my fortunate triple-eventer, you are Reformer as well as Sportsman. If you can reform in Sport as well as Politics, you'll 'cut the record,' conciliate the Nonconformist Conscience, and deserve a Myron statue, not brazen but golden, as the modern Hercules, cleansing the Augean Stables of Turf corruption, a corruption crescent and clinging, ugly and ubiquitous, creeping upwards and downwards, from Publican to Peer, and from Betting-man to Boot-black!"

"And then," said Olympian LADAS, smiling, "the suitable reward of the victors in *your* games will be, not a parsley but a Primrose crown!"

"Euge, Laconian!" cried PUNCHUS, admiringly. "Meanwhile I'll present each of you with that best Sportsman's Book, truest Turf-Oracle, and most trustworthy Tipster's Guide, which is published twice a year by the owner of that real 'Horse of the Century,' my champion 'Spotted One'!"

And therewith Mr. PUNCH handed to each of his visitors a handsomely bound copy of his

One Hundred and Sixty Volume!!



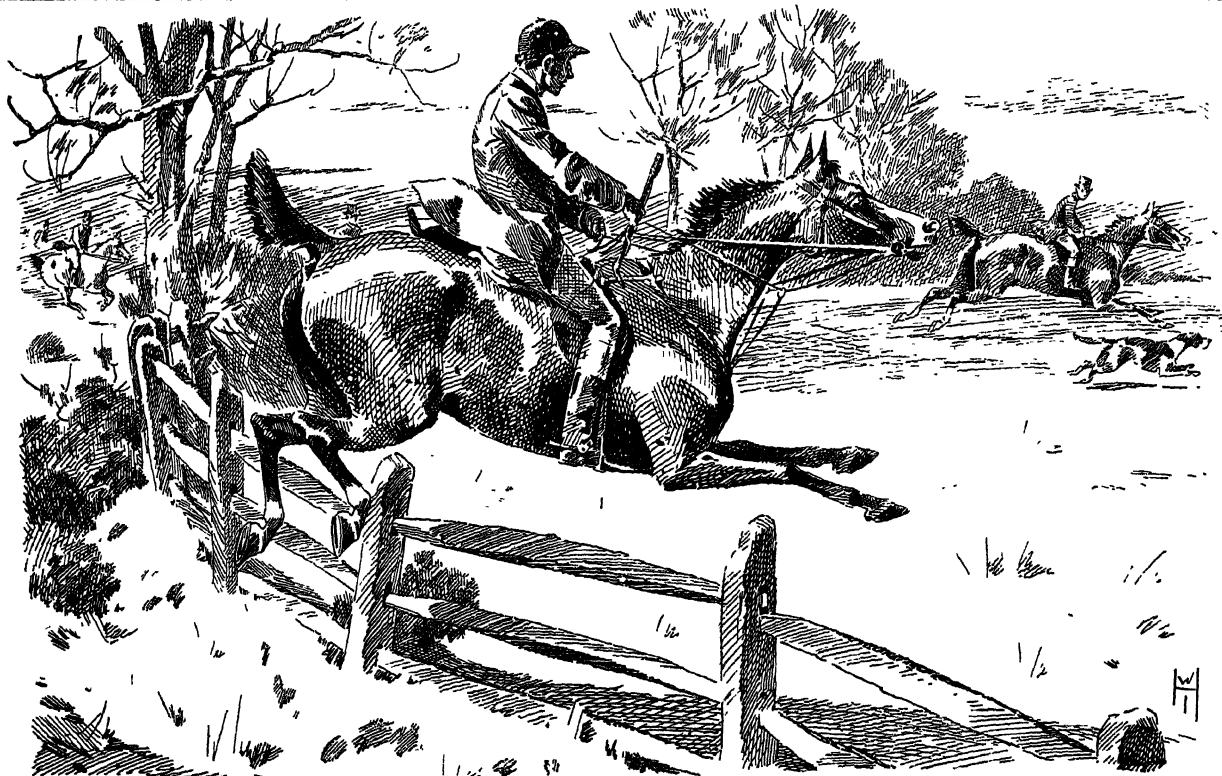
PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1894.



THE CALENDAR. 1894.

JANUARY xxxi Days.		FEBRUARY xxviii Days.		MARCH xxxi Days.		APRIL xxx Days.		MAY xxxi Days.		JUNE xxx Days.	
1 M. Year's D.	17 W. Franklin b.	1 Th. Frazer	15 Th. B. Lewis	1 Th. St. David	17 S. Ox. L. T. e.	1 S. Low Sun	16 M. Thiers b.	1 Tu. S. r. d. 34m	17 Th. Talleyrd. d.	1 F. Howe's vic	16 S. J. Wesley b.
2 T. Abigail t.	18 W. Treble	2 F. B. Lincoln	16 F. Burke ex.	2 S. W. Wesley d.	18 S. Palm S.	2 M. Cobden d.	17 Tu. B. Cullen d.	2 W. S. r. 7h 22m	18 F. Bowell d.	2 S. Harvey b.	17 S. 48n. af. Tr.
3 W. B. Treble	19 F. Watt b.	3 S. Tassoni d.	17 S. Braham d.	3 S. M. Merion	19 M. Lockney t.	3 Tu. East St. b.	18 W. Graunt d.	3 Th. Holy Thurs	19 S. Dunstan	3 S. 18n. af. Tr.	18 M. Waterloo
4 Th. Ambourne	20 S. Fabian	4 S. Quingu S.	18 S. S. in Lent	4 S. S. in Lent	20 Tu. Spring con.	4 W. S. r. 7h. om	19 Th. J. J. J. d.	4 F. Spring t. d.	20 S. J. J. d.	4 M. B. Marston	19 Th. W. W. d.
5 F. T. Conf. i.	21 M. Vincent	5 M. S. r. 7h 30m	19 S. Cornelia b.	5 M. Layard b.	21 W. Hil. cat. e.	5 Th. S. G. 30m	20 F. S. f. des	5 S. Nap. 1 d.	21 M. Cawnpore	5 Tu. S. 3h 48m	20 W. Q. Vic. Ac
6 S. Epiphany	22 Tu. Pitt d. 1806	6 Tu. F. 4h 55m	20 Th. J. Hume d.	6 Th. De. Marston	22 M. Cam. L. P. e.	6 F. Lady Day	21 S. De. H. b.	6 S. S. of. Ance	22 Tu. Daunt b.	6 W. S. a. r. 10m	21 Th. Summer e
7 M. Can. L. T. b.	23 W. Fox b. 1740	7 W. S. r. 7h 40m	21 W. Trinit. d.	7 W. S. r. 7h 40m	23 F. Good Frid.	7 S. 12 s. of. Eas	22 M. St. George	7 Th. Nap. L. Cal.	23 W. M. Lemond	7 Th. B. Zeman	22 F. Haydon d.
8 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m	24 Tu. Pitt d. 1806	8 Tu. Pitt d. 1806	22 Th. H. q. r. d.	8 Th. H. q. r. d.	24 S. Good Frid.	8 S. 12 s. of. Eas	23 M. St. George	8 Tu. Le Sage b.	24 Th. Q. Viet. b.	8 F. J. J. d.	23 S. B. Plaw
9 W. Hill. S. b. t.	25 W. Fox b. 1740	9 W. Hill. S. b. t.	23 Th. H. q. r. d.	9 Th. H. q. r. d.	25 S. Good Frid.	9 S. 12 s. of. Eas	24 M. St. George	9 W. J. J. d.	25 Th. Q. Viet. b.	9 S. 18n. af. Tr.	24 M. B. Marston
10 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m	26 W. Fox b. 1740	10 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m	24 Th. H. q. r. d.	10 Th. H. q. r. d.	26 S. Good Frid.	10 S. 12 s. of. Eas	25 M. St. George	10 Th. Turp. b. d.	26 Th. Q. Viet. b.	10 S. 18n. af. Tr.	25 M. B. Marston
11 W. Hill. S. b. t.	27 W. Fox b. 1740	11 W. Hill. S. b. t.	25 Th. H. q. r. d.	11 Th. H. q. r. d.	27 S. Good Frid.	11 S. 12 s. of. Eas	26 M. St. George	11 F. East. St. e.	27 Th. Q. Viet. b.	11 S. 18n. af. Tr.	26 M. B. Marston
12 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m	28 W. Fox b. 1740	12 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m	26 Th. H. q. r. d.	12 Th. H. q. r. d.	28 S. Good Frid.	12 S. 12 s. of. Eas	27 M. St. George	12 Th. Turp. b. d.	28 Th. Q. Viet. b.	12 S. 18n. af. Tr.	27 M. B. Marston
13 W. Hill. S. b. t.	29 W. Fox b. 1740	13 W. Hill. S. b. t.	27 Th. H. q. r. d.	13 Th. H. q. r. d.	29 S. Good Frid.	13 S. 12 s. of. Eas	28 M. St. George	13 F. East. St. e.	29 Th. Q. Viet. b.	13 S. 18n. af. Tr.	28 M. B. Marston
14 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m	30 W. Fox b. 1740	14 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m	28 Th. H. q. r. d.	14 Th. H. q. r. d.	30 S. Good Frid.	14 S. 12 s. of. Eas	29 M. St. George	14 Th. Turp. b. d.	30 Th. Q. Viet. b.	14 S. 18n. af. Tr.	29 M. B. Marston
15 W. Hill. S. b. t.	31 W. Fox b. 1740	15 W. Hill. S. b. t.	29 Th. H. q. r. d.	15 Th. H. q. r. d.	31 S. Good Frid.	15 S. 12 s. of. Eas	30 M. St. George	15 F. East. St. e.	31 Th. Q. Viet. b.	15 S. 18n. af. Tr.	30 M. B. Marston
16 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		16 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m	30 Th. H. q. r. d.	16 Th. H. q. r. d.				16 Th. Turp. b. d.		16 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
17 W. Hill. S. b. t.		17 W. Hill. S. b. t.		17 Th. H. q. r. d.				17 F. East. St. e.		17 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
18 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		18 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		18 Th. H. q. r. d.				18 Th. Turp. b. d.		18 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
19 W. Hill. S. b. t.		19 W. Hill. S. b. t.		19 Th. H. q. r. d.				19 F. East. St. e.		19 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
20 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		20 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		20 Th. H. q. r. d.				20 Th. Turp. b. d.		20 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
21 W. Hill. S. b. t.		21 W. Hill. S. b. t.		21 Th. H. q. r. d.				21 F. East. St. e.		21 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
22 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		22 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		22 Th. H. q. r. d.				22 Th. Turp. b. d.		22 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
23 W. Hill. S. b. t.		23 W. Hill. S. b. t.		23 Th. H. q. r. d.				23 F. East. St. e.		23 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
24 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		24 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		24 Th. H. q. r. d.				24 Th. Turp. b. d.		24 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
25 W. Hill. S. b. t.		25 W. Hill. S. b. t.		25 Th. H. q. r. d.				25 F. East. St. e.		25 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
26 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		26 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		26 Th. H. q. r. d.				26 Th. Turp. b. d.		26 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
27 W. Hill. S. b. t.		27 W. Hill. S. b. t.		27 Th. H. q. r. d.				27 F. East. St. e.		27 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
28 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		28 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		28 Th. H. q. r. d.				28 Th. Turp. b. d.		28 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
29 W. Hill. S. b. t.		29 W. Hill. S. b. t.		29 Th. H. q. r. d.				29 F. East. St. e.		29 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
30 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		30 Tu. S. r. 8h 6m		30 Th. H. q. r. d.				30 Th. Turp. b. d.		30 S. 18n. af. Tr.	
31 W. Hill. S. b. t.		31 W. Hill. S. b. t.		31 Th. H. q. r. d.				31 F. East. St. e.		31 S. 18n. af. Tr.	

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



STRAIGHT.

Huntsman (to Boy, who is riding his Second Horse). "HI, THERE! WHAT THE DOOSE ARE YER DOIN' OF WITH THAT SECOND 'OSS?"
Boy (Irish, and only just come to the Hunt Stables from a Racing Establishment). "ARRAH THIN, IF OI ROIDES OI ROIDES TO WIN! AND DIVIL A SECOND IS HE GOIN' TO BE AT ALL, AT ALL!!"

ACROSTIC APPRECIATIONS.

THE SCHOOLBOY.

Christmas brings
Holidays,
Ripping things
I can praise;
See me cram
Tarts and sweets,
Mince pies, jam,
Awful treats.
Such tuck shops in
London streets!

THE STOUT MAN.

Christmas! O
Hateful time!
Rain and snow,
Ice and rime.
Slip about,
Tumble down;
Man, when stout,
Ain't a clown.
Skate? What, break
the ice and drown?

THE SUPERIOR YOUTH.

Christmas! Some
He'll entrance.
Rot! Now come
I don't dance.
Shouldn't try;
Though you've seen
Men like I,
Aged eighteen,
Skip and caper—they
were green.



NOCTURNE IN THE OLD KENT ROAD.

ACROSTIC APPRECIATIONS.

PATERFAMILIAS.

Christmas, you
Harass me;
Rent is due
I can see;
School Board rates;
Taxes. Eh?
Man that waits—
Acc. to pay?
Such a spending day
by day!

THE ELDERLY CHARMER.

Christmas—done,
Had its day!
Romping fun
Is, men say,
Silly—so
They must deem
Mistletoe.
All men seem
Simply scared by love's
young dream.

THE DYSPETIC.

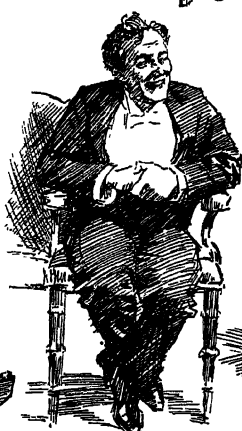
Christmas fare
Hence! A treat
Rich and rare?
I can't eat
Simple beef,
Turkey roast;
Mince pies—grief!
At the most
Shall I take some plain
dry toast.

How a Respectable One visited the Spectacles of the City

To wit:



The Music-Hall.



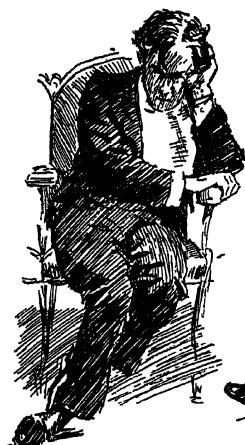
screaming Farical Comedy.



Another.



A pathetic Drama at the "National Theatre."



The Opera.



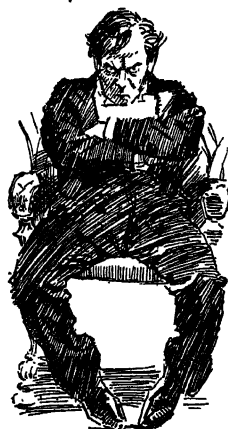
The Lyceum.



A Melodrama at the Surrey



At a pathetic "Comedy-Drama."



And



3 Acts



of Henrik Ibsen.



The deplorable issue.

1894

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

HIS NINETY-SEVENTH ANNUAL ADDRESS.

YET once more, Reader, doth OLD PODLER assume his prophetic pen and essay to probe the unfathomable veil of Futurity! He is not so young as he used to be, and the early date at which this Almanack goes to press renders his task more arduous than what it has been in the habit of being in days of yore. Consequently, this year he will not attempt to forecast coming events for the entire Universe as on previous occasions, but intends to restrict his vision entirely to the destinies of the great Metropolis in which he pursues his scientific avocations. Readers are kindly requested *not* to call upon OLD PODLER at the *Punch* office, as he does not reside there, and it only worries the Proprietors, and might terminate in his services being abruptly dispensed with. But to our task.

January.—At the period of Lunation Jupiter will be setting in the middle of Scorpio, the end of which will be rising, when Jupiter will be himself in the ascendant, which OLD PODLER very much fears presignifies grave internal complications in the mechanism of the Automatic Sweetmeat Machines at one or more of the principal Underground Railway Stations. Uranus, in a quartile aspect with the Sun and Moon, now plagues Piccadilly and afflicts the Beadle of a well-known Arcade with chickenpox. Jupiter approaching Taurus is fraught with evil for the Clown at Drury Lane Pantomime and the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who are warned to abstain from acidulated drops. Male persons whose birth occurred between ten and seventeen years ago may expect towards the end of the month a complete change in their habits and surroundings, and—unless OLD PODLER is greatly deceived—the change will *not* be for the better.



“IN WHICH THE WHOLE STRENGTH OF THE COMPANY WILL APPEAR.”

Stage Manager at Amateur Rehearsal (interrupting). “STOP A MINUTE—THAT WON’T DO AT ALL! THIS IS OUR LAST REHEARSAL, YOU KNOW, AND WE MUST GET IT RIGHT. WHEN SIR HILARY ENTERS, AND SAYS, ‘SURRENDER YOUR LOVELY BURDEN, MY LORD!’ ARAMINTA HAS FAINTED, AND LORD SANSEFOY IS CARRYING HER IN HIS ARMS INTO THE COTTAGE. NOW THEN, AGAIN, PLEASE!”

A NEW YEAR’S GREETING.

“Jan. 1. M. Queen’s Taxes, &c., due.”—*First Entry in Almanack for 1894*
 BILLS due were falling fast, my cash appeared to sink,
 I heard the bell, pulled hard, go tinkle-tinkle-tink!
 And looking out o’ window, I gloomily espied
 A smart Queen’s-Tax Collector, with ink-horn at his side.
 “What ails thee, man?” I cried. “Why pull so at my bell?”
 The man’s response like lead upon my spirit fell:
 “‘Appy New Year!” he smirked; “and many on ’em too!
 I’ve called for the Queen’s Taxes, which same to-day falls due!”

ADAPTED PROVERBS FOR SHOOTERS. (*By an enthusiast for long days.*)—It’s never too late to end. Fire in haste and vent your displeasure (on your gun).

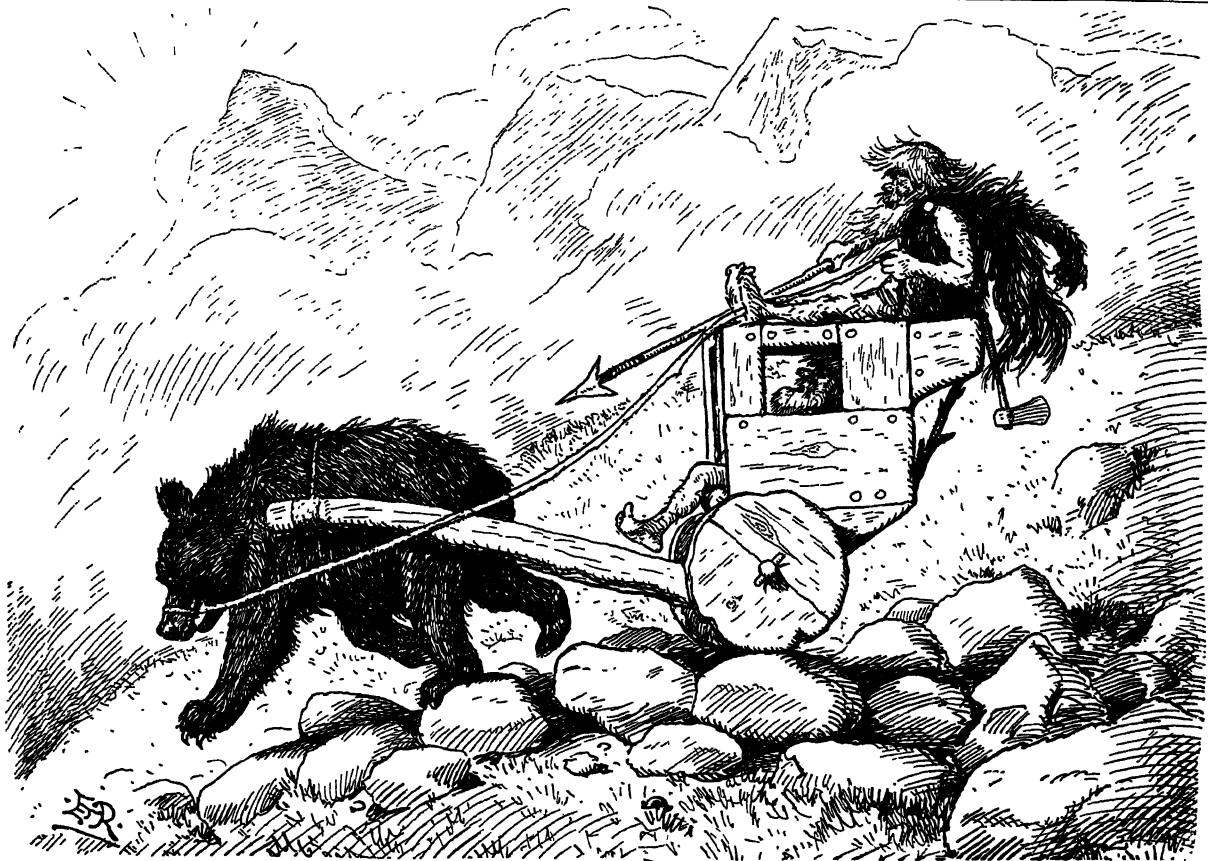
OLD PODLER’S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

February.—The Sun, Moon, Mercury, Venus, and Herschel will all be in the 5th house together, which being so fully occupied, we may expect grave scandals affecting a certain institution which OLD PODLER does not feel himself at liberty to particularise more fully. Venus in the 3rd will trouble the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain, which will be the object of anonymous letters attacking its respectability. About the middle of the month there will be an epidemic of swine fever in the Lowther Arcade. Parliament will re-assemble, and the neighbourhood of Westminster will be startled by some serious escapes of gas in the immediate vicinity. The passage of Uranus through Leo convulses Clapham to its foundations.

Weather sultry, with frosts (locally).



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.—PRIMEVAL BILLIARDS.



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.—THE FIRST HANSOM.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

HARCOURTIANA.

[“In pursuance of the mission undertaken in the middle of the last century we have reached the district of the New Forest, and have availed ourselves of the opportunity of examining, collating, and editing the rich store of historical MS. garnered by the eminent statesman whose career shed lustre on the closing years of the reign of VICTORIA. The student familiar with the style and method of the Duc de la ROCHEFOUCAULD, will probably observe in the essays we have rescued from obscurity some evidence of that philosopher's influence. But the Squire of MALWOOD, though an apt pupil, was a master spirit, and his axioms are all his own.”—*Extract from the Report of the Royal Commission on Historical MSS. presented to Parliament in the Session of 1993.*]

MR. PUNCH, as usual up to date, and occasionally (as in this instance) a century ahead of it, has had the good fortune to secure

an advance copy of this Report, from which he is permitted to make a few excerpts. They will be found scattered over succeeding pages as salt is sprinkled over a salad.

The desire of not appearing to be a person of ability sometimes prevents our acquiring that reputation. Modesty should be the Handmaid, not the Mistress, of Capacity.—*Harcourt MS.*

WEATHER WISDOM.

A SOUTHERLY wind and a cloudy sky
May proclaim a hunting morning.
 But I don't heed the mad “proclamation,” not I!
 To my pet easy-chair and the fireside I fly,
 “The horn,” and the rest of it scorning.
 To the wind and the wet fools may show a brave front,
 But I'm happy to say I am “not in the hunt!”



“TAKEN AND OFF.”

JONES, MUCH ANNOYED AT HIS DUCKING, HAS THE EXTRA IRRITATION OF FINDING HIMSELF THE OBJECT OF INTEREST TO AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER!

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

March will—so far as OLD PODLER is enabled to decipher the voices of the stars correctly, which, at his age and experience, he *ought* to it—be a singularly quiet and uneventful month. Jupiter, he is sorry to say, will be elevated, and Mars in an Oriental position; but this, on the whole, is unimportant. Nevertheless it would not surprise OLD PODLER to find Primrose Hill developing, on or about the 10th, into an active volcano, while the passage of Mars through Capricorn will not improbably produce a simoom on the Serpentine. The Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain is still under the ban of Venus.

LINES BY A LOGICALLY-MINDED MAN.

ONE advertising formula my fancy always tickles;
 'Tis “If you like the Kibosh Sauce, try the Kibosh Pickles!”
 It seems ridiculous advice to give a man and brother,
 To tell him if he likes *one* thing, to up and eat—*another*!

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

April.—Aquarius, ascending, meets Taurus, and retrogrades into the 1st house. There will be an eclipse of the moon, but as it will only be a very small one, and invisible from anywhere, OLD PODLER does not consider its influence likely to be generally felt. We may therefore hope for a considerable reduction in the price of Anglo-Dutch oysters. The London season now commences, and several fashionable pickpockets and thoroughfares will be taken up. Venus, lady of the 10th, in the 7th, denotes a startling innovation in the costume of the fair sex. OLD PODLER devoutly trusts that a return to the Crinoline is not hereby indicated; but he is bound in candour to confess that the celestial aspects are rather significant that way. Choristers, Crowned Heads, and Chiropodists, born when Scorpio held one of the extremities of Gemini, should shun orange-peel and penny ices.

HARCOURTIANA.—Few of us are able to know all the good we do.—*Extract from the Harcourt MS.*

THE SLIDING-SCALE.

(A TALE OF DEALERS' PRICES.)



1. "Eh?" said the Curio-Dealer. "'Take half-a-crown for that plate?' Couldn't do it; must turn a penny over it. Half-a-crown's exactly what I gave for it myself. Now, if you like to say three-and-six—" But the Wayfarer wouldn't say three-and six, so the Dealer kept that plate.



2. And another Wayfarer came along and wanted that plate. "What? Sell it for five pounds?" said the Dealer. "No; couldn't do it. Five pound's just what it cost me; say seven-ten, now—" But the second Wayfarer failed to say seven-ten, and passed out of our story.



3. Then there came an American Millionaire. "Ah, that's the finest plate in Europe!" said the Dealer. "I can't sell that under a lot of money. Eh? A thousand pounds? Couldn't do it, Sir! Why, I paid just that for it myself. Now, if you had said fifteen hundred—" And that Millionaire did say fifteen hundred, and secured the prize.



4. Well, somehow that plate subsequently fell into the possession of Jones. And when poor Jones came down in the world he thought he'd try to sell that plate. "Eh, what?" said the Dealer. "Give you eighteen-pence for that old plate? Pooh. Why I had it here once, and I sold it for a shilling then. If you like to make it ninepence—"

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

May.—It is not OLD PODLER'S desire to croak—far from it! but the more he looks at the planets for this month, the less he likes them. The opposition of the Sun with Uranus is fraught with evil for Peckham Rye. There will be a serious outbreak of black-beetles at Balham, Bermondsey, and Brixton. Saturn afflicts the Editor of *Smart Snippets*, who, after attempting to poison himself with paste, severs his throat with the fatal shears. About the first week in this month there will be weeping and wailing in Art Circles, and, a little later, the Strand will be overrun with Clergymen, of various theological persuasions, from the country. The 13th is an unfortunate day for Hatters, Haymakers, Harbingers, and Hairdressers; the 12th favourable for Fruiterers and Physicians asking favours. Chimney-sweepers and Christy Minstrels, born on or about the 21st, should avoid females, and keep very quiet. Altogether an anxious month.

WEATHER WISDOM.

Why are the seasons out of tune,
Mild in March and chill in June?
Why should April be so dry,
When 'tis drenching all July?
Why should January's raw gust
Miss its month, and spoil our August?
Why should old November's fog
Fill three months our pathway dog?
Why?—but hush those wild and whirling cries!
The weather-wise can't answer weather *whys*!

HARCOURTIANA.

A MAN who finds no satisfaction in contemplation of himself will seek for it in vain elsewhere.—*Extract from Harcourt MS.*



A LITTLE QUIET WHIST IN PREHISTORIC TIMES.
THE END OF THE GAME.

WEATHER WISDOM.

Yes, Corners are snug things—in corn, or in coal,
At your favourite club with the friend of your soul;
In a well-preserved wood where the birds are not wild;
In Beauty's boudoir, when on you she has smiled;
By a brisk winter fire with your favourite book;
In a shy Thames backwater, where chub you can hook,
Or angle for—hearts with some sweet fishermaid!
Yes, Corners are nice in Love, Sport, Talk, or Trade;
But Heaven preserve us—in mid-age at least—
From street corners—in March—with the wind in the east!

HARCOURTIANA.

As I have sometimes remarked to my young friend ASQUITH, it requires no small degree of ability to know how to conceal it.—*Extract from the Harcourt MS.*

Nothing is more natural, and at the same time more fallacious, than to believe oneself the most popular man in a legislative assembly.—*Extract from Harcourt MS.*

WEATHER WISDOM.

A Mem. in March.

A PECK of March dust is worth a king's ransom.
And you'll gather it off in one mile—in a Hansom;
But 'tis doubtful if you'd find JEHU willing
To take the king's ransom in place of his shilling!

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

June.—The conjunction of the Sun with Neptune, and the appearance of Mars in Pisces will disturb the denizens of Holloway, Hammersmith, and Homerton, and produce changes in Chelsea and Canonbury. It is also OLD PODLER'S painful duty to predict disaster in Dulwich, which will most probably assume an entirely unexpected shape. On the second Sunday of this month persons in Society attending Church Parade will be startled by an eccentric exhibition, which will form the subject of considerable comment. The retrogradation of Saturn in Libra causes the production of a new halfpenny evening paper, of a characteristic and highly peculiar colour, edited by a well-known journalist.



THE SMOKING-ROOM AT THE U.B.C., OR, "UNITED BIRDS AND BEASTS' CLUB."

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

"THE LOST CHORD;" OR, "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY!"



1. It was Christmas Eve, and my first evening at the Cedars. A Masher was there who sang to the banjo. Miss Gilpin asked him for "*The Lost Chord*." He said it wasn't a banjo-song—the prig! I hated him. So did Mr. Gilpin. Mrs. Gilpin didn't.



2. I ran home to my studio in Heath Street, calling out, "Oh, Miss Gilpin! oh, Vera! oh, angel!" For my fate had overtaken me. It was love at first sight, and for ever. There was no mistake about that, anyhow!

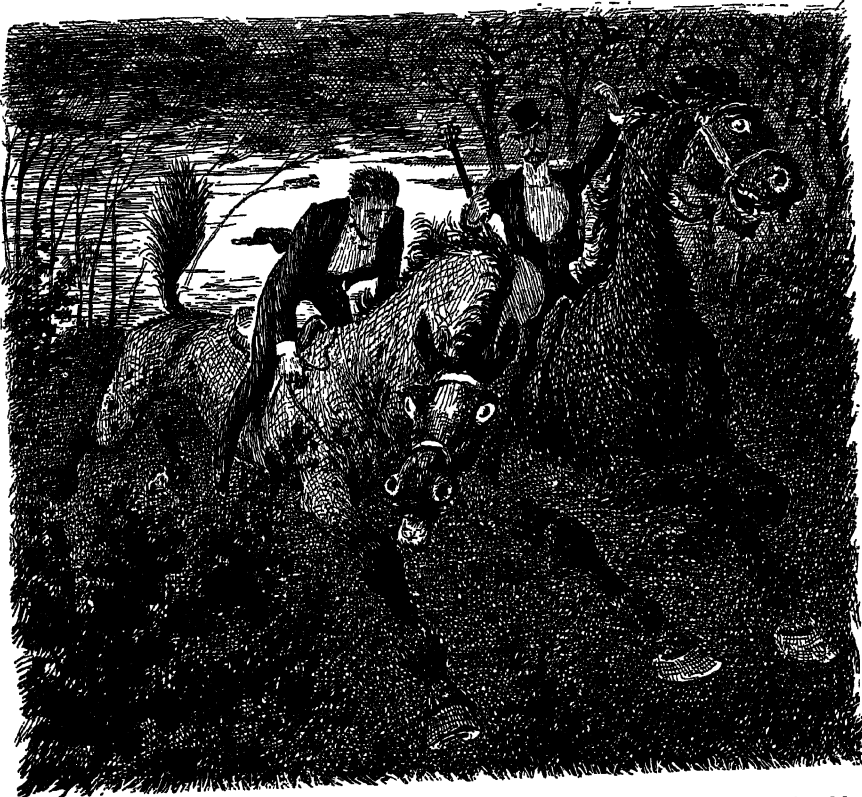


3. I sat and mused by the fire. Ah! what lost chord wouldn't I have found to please 'em all! Banjo, indeed! I'd have sung it on a small tooth-comb. Just then there was a ring at the bell, and I went down.



4. Mr. Gilpin was there, with two horses and the banjo. He said he'd got me an engagement to sing "*The Lost Chord*" at the Albert Hall, and that Vera would be there and all the best people in London.

"THE LOST CHORD;" OR, "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY!"



5 So into the midnight we galloped apace, and after many perilous adventures and hairbreadth 'scapes we reached the Albert Hall. There were big posters, and my name on them in large red letters—"Thomas Noddy, Esq." Fame at last!



6. There were miles of carriages, and we had quite a difficulty in getting in. Official policemen, and all that. We rode over them.



7. Lots of people came by as I waited, and looked at me with sympathetic curiosity and wonder—just the sort of thing I like. Such lovely women, too, but none so lovely as Vera. Presently who should come by but the Prince and all his equerries.



8. I was presented, and His Royal Highness was most kind and courteous. He had come all the way to hear me sing "*The Lost Chord*."

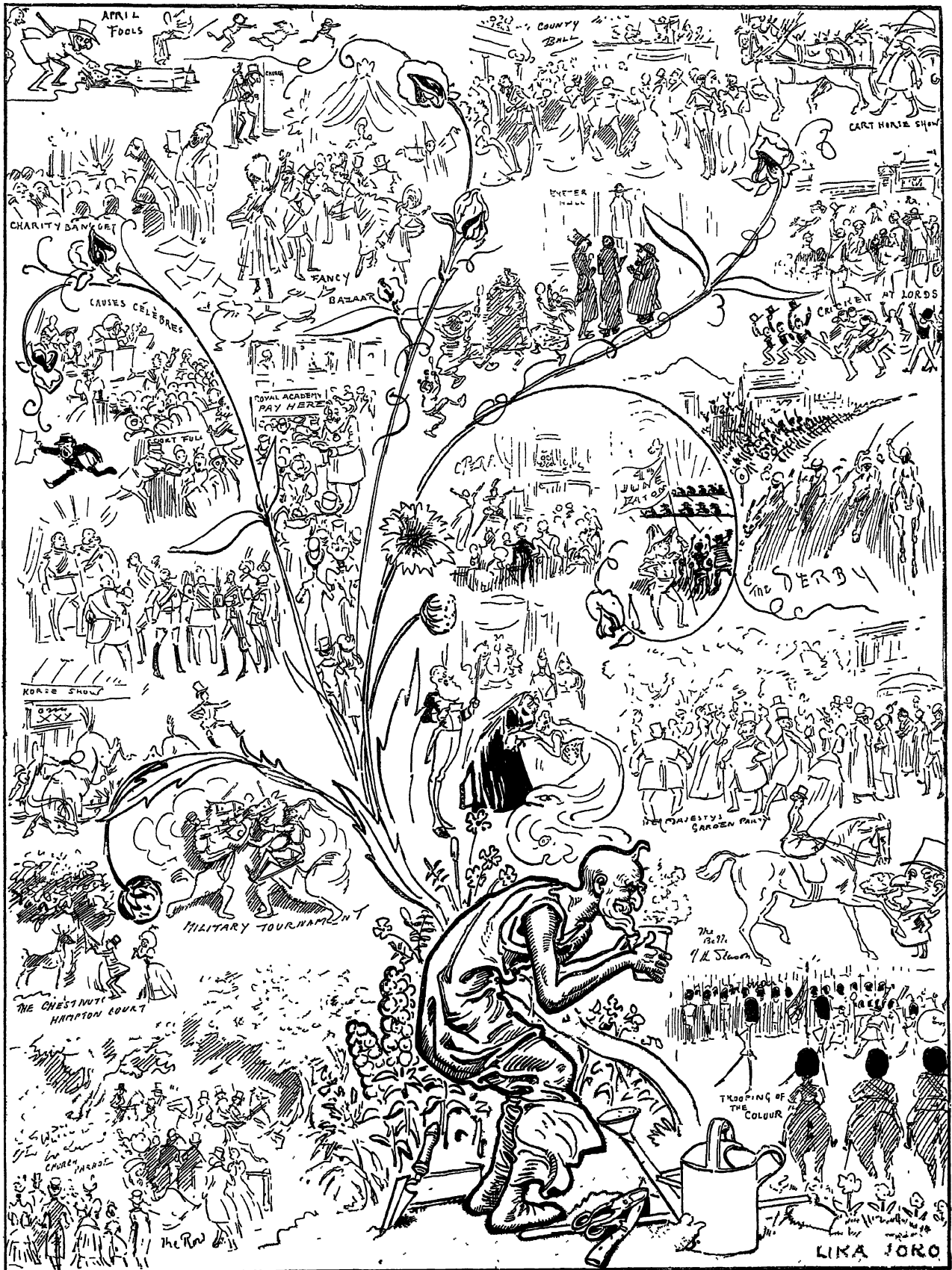
[Continued at p. 20.]

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH



HARDY ANNUALS.

LIRA JOKO



HARDY ANNUALS.

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH





MR. PUNCH IN FAIRYLAND-A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

"WEAVING SPIDERS, COME NOT HERE:

"BITES BLACK, APPROACH NOT NEAR."-SHAKESPEARE.





HARDY ANNUALS.



HARDY ANNUALS.

"THE LOST CHORD;" OR, "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY!"



9. Vera came by with her mother and the prig. She was much surprised I was going to sing. She didn't even know I knew how. I told her I was going to sing "The Lost Chord" to the banyo—for her! She gave me such a look! My heart swelled with love and courage.



10. Sir F. Leighton came by. I asked him if he happened to know "The Lost Chord." He told me it begun "Sented one day at the organ," and that was all he knew! Not much, but every little helps.



11. Sir Arthur Sullivan came by. I asked him if he happened to know "The Lost Chord," and he kindly whistled it to me. I thought it a pretty tune, but very difficult, and felt rather nervous.



12. On the platform I was introduced by the two chairmen (Sir John Millais and Mr. Alma-Tadema). I had no bow, and forgot if one used a bow to the banyo or not, and suddenly realised the horror of my position, and broke into a cold sweat, and all but fainted.

"THE LOST CHORD;" OR, "FAINT HEART NEVER WON FAIR LADY!"



13. Suddenly Vera beckoned to me. I fell on my knees and told her I had never sung a note in all my life, and didn't know "*The Lost Chord*," and couldn't play the banjo a bit. She took my hand and said, "Let us fly!"



14. So off we ran for our lives, downstairs, up Knightsbridge, through Seven Dials, and by Haverstock Hill to Hampstead, skimming the ground with long easy steps, and talking. It was bliss, bliss, bliss, from beginning to end!



15. When we reached the Cedars she told me I must have been mad to attempt "*The Lost Chord*" before such a critical audience without having learnt it first, but that she loved me for it. I knelt and kissed her hand. Oh! the rapture!



16. I ran home and jumped into bed and fell asleep, but woke (on Christmas morn) all of a heap, in evening dress, opposite an empty grate. It was all a dream, alas! Only a dream! But what's the odds? Vera and I are now man and wife!

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

July.—Mercury rising produces a change of weather, which OLD PODLER is disposed to think will be an improvement. Neptune now approaches the meridian, where Virgo, leaving Mars, joins him with Gemini; so we may anticipate increased prosperity to four-wheel cabs, railway porters, and wooden spade manufacturers. The heat will be intense, and there will be great activity among large blue flies, and much distress at Madame Tussaud's. OLD PODLER is proud to predict that, some time in this month, an event will transpire which will redound to the honour and glory of the nation at large, while shedding a thrill of joy throughout the circumference of the City and its suburbs. Notwithstanding which, the parties chiefly concerned are warned to keep a wary eye

on Saturn, who may upset their horoscopes, though OLD PODLER is of opinion that nothing particular may be expected to come of it. Still, "Forewarned is forearmed," and no prophet worthy the name could refrain from dropping a friendly hint under the circumstances.

WEATHER WISDOM.

MARCH winds and April showers
Brings forth May at which one cowers!

ADAPTED PROVERBS FOR SHOOTERS.—(*For Driven Partridges*).
—First come first swerved. He who plays eye-wiper must not fire too soon.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.



1. Johnson and Thomson hired a couple of Crooks, and went hunting.



2. The Meet was at the "Blue Bear," and our Sportsmen took the opportunity to lay in a good supply of jumping powder.



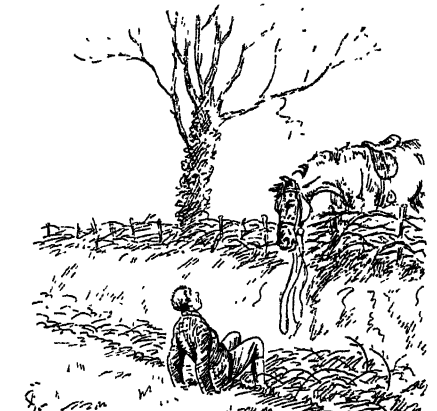
3. Johnson led at the first fence, with Thomson close behind.



4. The result of the jumping powder.



5. "Stordinary thing," murmured Thomson. "Could have sworn I fell off, and that my horse was white! Never mind. 'Spose it's all ri'!"



6. "Now that's a rum go!" exclaimed Johnson. "Felt certain my horse came with me, and that he was a black 'un!"

NEW NURSERY RHYME.

(*With an Up-to-date Moral.*)

TO THE CAT-O'-NINE-TAILS.

"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, where have you been?"
"I've been laid aside, neither felt, heard, nor seen."
"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, what did you there?"
"Dreamed I was larrupping bullies' backs, bare!"
"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, you're needed sore.
Brutes, wife-beaters, burglars, prevail more and more."
"My nine-tails are ready—you wake up the Law!"
"Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, tip me your paw!"

HARCOURTIANA.—It is not enough to have great qualities. We must induce others to recognise their existence.—*Harcourt MS.*
The mental pleasures of the truly great are limited. They cannot always be thinking of themselves.—*Harcourt MS.*

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

August—Jupiter now enters the tropic of Cancer, and is in sextile aspect with Mars, the Sun forming the trine, which denotes that the Proprietor of a certain celebrated Pill will be in trouble or ill-health, and a distinguished Crossing-sweeper will succumb (unless he is very careful) to the relentless shafts of the King of Terrors. OLD PODLER dreads to hear also of increased mortality amongst shrimps and shellfish generally. Persons under five foot two, whose birthday falls on or about the 18th, are advised to beware of tinned lobster. An uneventful month otherwise, except that it is not at all unlikely that a Marine Monster, generally supposed to be extinct, will be observed, if not actually secured, on the Thames Embankment close to the Savoy Hotel.

HARCOURTIANA.—It is a sign of extraordinary merit when those who most envy its possession are accustomed to depreciate its manifestation.—*Harcourt MS.*

AND PUNCH'S ALMANACK FOR 1894.

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

September.—Mars becomes stationary in Taurus, and the position of Saturn is, OLD PODLER deeply regrets to say, very evil. It is more than probable that the month will witness a marked development of insanity and perhaps suicide amongst London sparrows, and OLD PODLER fancies he sees something of a highly peculiar nature taking place in a locality which shall be nameless at present. He hopes his more advanced students will be able to read between the lines, and comprehend the true import and grave significance of this prediction, despite the halo of obscurity with which he has thought it best to shroud it from the uninitiated.

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

October.—The conjunction of the planet Herschel with the Star South Scale, together with the sextile aspect of Saturn with regard to Aries, denotes a stir in the Stock Exchange and a return of prosperity to the hot chestnut interest. King Death will be busy with his scythe among the 'bus horses, myriads of whom will perish miserably from pink-eye, and Capricornus, being in Leo, afflicts the umbrella trade.

ADAPTED PROVERB FOR SHOOTERS.—(To a "tailored" bird.)—Once hit, why fly?



THE LITTLE RIFT WITHIN THE LUTE. (A TRAJET DE COME-DY.)

Newly-married Wife (on her honeymoon on the Italian Lakes). "WHAT IS IT TROUBLING YOU, DARLING? A FEW MINUTS AGO WE WERE SO HAPPY, AND NOW IT SEEMS AS IF SOME COLD SHADOW HAD SPRUNG UP BETWEEN US. SILVIE WANTS TO KNOW ALL HER ERNEST'S SECRETS—WON'T HE TELL HER?" [But Ernest dare not tell her, what he has just realised, that, during the last interlude, an Oar has slipped away, the Steamer is coming round the Point, and the table d'hôte bell is ringing!]

WEATHER WISDOM.

OUR weather cannot be so bad
Though ceaselessly we slate and leather it.
It makes us sad, it drives us mad,
Yet we somehow contrive to weather it!

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

November.—It is not often that OLD PODLER has to own himself nonplussed; but, upon his honour, he does not know quite *what* to say concerning this particular month. Were he to disclose all he perceives, he might terrify his readers, without accomplishing any tangible benefit. It not being in OLD PODLER's power to stay the dread decree of Destiny, or trip up the advancing Finger of Fate one jot or tittle! Still, really, what with Saturn entering Scorpio, and Mars becoming stationary in Aries and the luminaries in trine, OLD PODLER cannot disguise his conviction that we are

going to have rather a time of it. Jupiter changes his sign, which denotes that there will be a devolution, on or about the 9th, of the most exalted dignity in London's vast city. OLD PODLER sees processions, and much cheering, followed by explosions in various districts on the 5th, but he trusts it will turn out that the Anarchist has not had his cloven hoof in it, nor yet Fenians. It is by no means improbable that this month may witness atmospherical phenomena of a marked character, and all persons born before 1803 should avoid late hours, heated ball-rooms, and live as much as possible on liquorice jujubes.

ADAPTED PROVERBS FOR SHOOTERS.—(After Lunch.)—A rolling keeper gathers no lost (birds). A cartridge in time saves kicking up a shine.

HARCOURTIANA.—Few people know how to be young at sixty-six.—*Harcourt MS.*

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

OLD PODLER'S PREDICTIONS FOR 1894.

December.—Last month was bad enough, but *this one*—oh dear! oh lor! Well, well, OLD PODLER *may* be mistaken, though, on *nisi prius* grounds, nothing is more unlikely. Still, we must not give way to premature panic, but hope bravely for the best as long as possible. And, in any case, OLD PODLER must complete his astrological labours, having got so far. Saturn coming out of Cancer, and forming the trine aspect with Jupiter, affords the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain a brief respite from trouble. The transit of Mars through Gemini afflicts the ducks on the Round Pond, and Saturn's approach to Capricornus is most untoward for the Piccadilly goat, who should stay at home. Mars in the 5th troubles the baked-potato engines, one of which explodes in Regent

Circus. The 13th is especially unfavourable for Pork-butchers, Parasites, and Photographers. OLD PODLER warns all aristocrats of his acquaintance residing in Eaton and Euston Squares that earthquakes may be expected to visit either or both localities about the 26th. A popular and much admired Actor in Romantic Comedy will lose all the hair off the top of his head, and the year will close amid general gloom.

WEATHER WISDOM.

We have no climate—only weather! Yes!
That foreign critic hit the mark, I guess.
But from experience—and I've had a lot!—
I hate the British "climate" weather (*whether*) or not!



FAULTS ON BOTH SIDES.

Little Pipkins (very irate, having been bucked off at the Meet, to Friend who has mounted him). "B-D-B-BUT HANG IT ALL! YOU NEVER T-TOLD ME HE WOULD BEGIN BUCKING LIKE THAT!"
Friend. "BUCKING? WHY, CONFOUND YOU! YOU NEVER TOLD ME YOU'D BE SUCH A FOOL AS TO TUMBLE OFF IF HE DID!"

WEATHER WISDOM.

OPTIMISM on a morning dreary, while I'm snoozing snug and cheery,
Many a quidnunc quaint and curious is precociously astir;
While I'm nodding, nicely napping, he's assiduously tapping,
Anxiously engaged in tapping, rapping—the Barometer!
Oh! that is the maddest matutinal habit, my good Sir,
Tapping the Barometer!
Very likely 'tis November, that or black and bleak December.
When—as I can yet remember—morning tubs make men go
"Br-r-r-r!"
Last night he conceived, with sorrow, that it *might* be wet
to-morrow,
And he seeks surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the wild wind's whirr,
That with swishing wet is laden, lonely, chilly, first astir,
In that false Barometer!
Then with fingers cold, uncertain, he puts by the damask curtain.
Silly, chilly, poor fantastic slave of terrors! While I purr
Cosily upon the pillow, he of tennis or the willow
Worrying, poor foolish fellow! asks if weather signs concur
With his wishes. He's a goose who, from his chamber snug
will stir,
Tapping the Barometer!

OLD PODLER'S ADIEU.

OLD PODLER's mystic and thankless labours are now at an end. It is not probable in the nature of things, this being the ninety-seventh consecutive occasion on which he has come forward to interpret the voice of Fate, that he will be spared to do so for many more anniversaries. Still, he trusts for a continuance of past favours, and that his friends and pupils will rally round him as on previous occasions, and that the satisfaction he has given by the accuracy (on the whole) with which he has foretold innumerable Calamities in the Past may continue to reward the efforts which it is his constant endeavour to make to deserve such which—
OLD PODLER must really ask to be excused completing the above sentence, owing to his style having got somewhat influenced by habitual intercourse and communication with the Planets, and on that account not invariably seeing as far through a sentence as what he does into Futurity, and so he bids all his patrons a hearty farewell till next year, when, as usual, he will once more triumphantly point to the literal fulfilment of all his predictions.

(Signed)

NOSTRADAMUS PODLER.

The Observatory, Black Lion Lane, Lambeth. Third bell from the top.

** Characters discerned at any distance. Horoscopes while you wait. Ask for PODLER'S Penny Packet of Predictions.

The Ancient Sexton



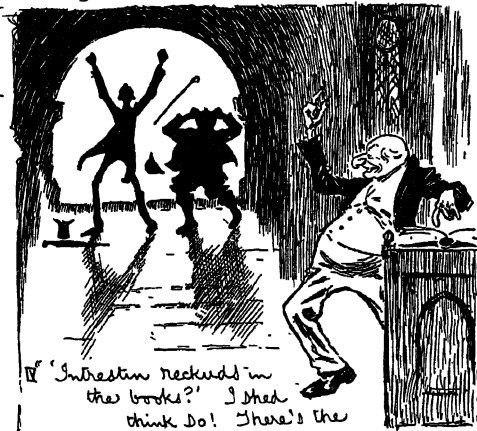
I "Ha! Fine old church," they said.
"Let's have a look at it."
But a looking figure loomed
round a corner
in wait for them



II "Ancient and interesting?"
said that sexton; "I believe you! Ninety-six,
come Wensday week - that's wot I am!"



III "This ere font ancient?" An - yew'er
right
"Wg. I was christened at
it
"Wg. ain't that story empy
for yer?"



IV "Interesting reckoned in
the books?" I shed
think so! There's the
registry o' my birth an' marriage -
'Ere it is! Come an' look for yer
belikes!



V "I've
bared
five vicars
'ere with
my
own hands
I care an' and
I'll bury six
more!"



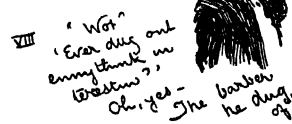
VI "Hag!" "Elder found any remarkable
relics?"
"Wg. yes, they picked
up my last
double-broth
in the chance
one Sunday
year
ago
I've got
'em
in my
pocket!"



VII "Emy history of the place
bin written?" "Oh, yes
Mister Jones at the post-office
he wrote a lot about me
in the Doddleton 'Ereld
'Ere it is - I'll head
it to yer."



VIII "Wot?"
'Ever dug out
emy think in
treasures?"
"Oh, yes -
The barber
he dug a stump out
of ere last Wth-munday
in the year, as
finner 'Eer was"



IX "Wot?"
'Ever dug out
emy think in
treasures?"
"Oh, yes -
The barber
he dug a stump out
of ere last Wth-munday
in the year, as
finner 'Eer was"

The Topet's Soliloquy.



Excuse me, would you kindly bleg me th' light?



vj.

— nre Rivar! x x x x Imushbedung.



ix.

She'll make i'—
i-rrred ot f' me.

S



i.

Jollygoo'shuppr:
Jollygoo'sellis.
Shiwalkome — domegoo!
Shgar, 'domegoo' too. x x x
x x x No mashesh.
Dann!



ij.



iv.

Sha'anshincab:
Worra sillyfool I am!
I b'lievz I'm 'bit sherewed.



v.

'Oo cars?
Leshavasorag!
"Way down upon
the Swa—



vij.

Thiswördo:
pull mishelf t'gether
in girrome.



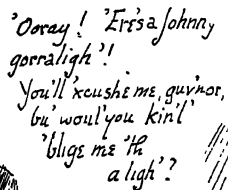
vij

Worzev'er 'll
thimshushay?



x.

You'll 'keushe my troubl'n' you,
but woud' you kin'ly bleg me 'th—
no: trashlamposhit



L. Bernard

THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF PUNCH

STARCH AND STEEL.—A New "Ballad of East and West."

(Not at all by Rudyard Kipling.)

*Oh, East is East, and West is West, as KIPLING truly swears,
And "Infidel dogs" have a taste in togs that your Afghan hardly
shares;
And steel is steel, and starch is starch; and a starchy style looks
silly;
Yet a Masher's a man in Afghanistan as he is in Piccadilly.*

RHU-BUB is out with his pal BAAR-LAM, the banes of the Border-side,
And they have spotted the Masherman who is Peshawur's pride.

A Johnny he of true Burlington breed, and the good old Gaiety stock,
With knickers neat, and grey-gaiter'd feet, and a puggree'd billy-cock.

Then up and spake RHU-BUB THE RED: "O BAAR-LAM BLACK, I see
A stiff-starched guy, with a collar high, an accursed Feringhee!"

Then up and spake BAAR-LAM THE BLACK: "O RHU-BUB called the Red,

Let us sharpen our steels to a razor-edge; we'll have his berlooming head!

The Feringhee fool is too cussed cool, with his 'gingham,' glass, and guide;

And he putteth on too much of what the Kaffi dogs call 'side.'

I loathe the pig, from his 'spatted' shanks, which be shrunken shapeless things,

To the corn-cob pipe whence he blows his cloud in a series of puzzle-rings!"

So the Black he set his turban tight, and the Red whipped out his steel,

While the Masherman strolled on, as cool as the shadow at his heel;

And the Red and the Black his tread did track like jackals swift and sly.

Till RHU-BUB THE RED he pounced, and said, "Now, Kaffir, you must die!!!"

The Masherman he has turned him round, with a cool, brief British bow,

And clear as a bell responded, "Well—old chappies—what's the row?"

Then he was aware of a fiendish glare in the eyes of Black and Red,

And he knelt him down on the sand-flats brown, smoked on, and nothing said.

RHU-BUB THE RED he felt the edge of his broad and glittering blade,
And he measured the Masherman's comely neck, in six inches of collar arrayed.

That snowy cylinder, God wot, was tall and stiffly starched
As that of the best-groomed Masherman who hath ever proudly marched

In the Burlington Brigade. Right well the local laundry-maid
Who had scrubbed, clear-starched, and ironed the same, knew her ingenious trade!

RED RHU-BUB raised his broad keen blade, and strongly, swiftly smote

That coolly puffing Masherman midway his long fair throat;
That mild and unmoved Masherman he abode the swashing stroke,
And from his placid lips forth puffed three regular "rings" of smoke;

And where starched linen met sharpened steel, behold RED RHU-BUB's blade
A rugged, jagged, six-inch gap in its razor-edge displayed,—
As when some hungry urchin bites at a hunk of bread-and-butter!—

RED RHU-BUB glared, BLACK BAAR-LAM stared: no word might either utter.

But up and spake that Masherman, still puffing regular rings,
"I—rather think—that's gapped it—eh, old chuppies?"—



1. "Here is an accursed Feringhee!"



2. "Kaffir, you must die!"



3. "I think that's rather gapped it, old Chappie!"



4. "I'm awfully glad my Laundress put plenty starch in this Collar!"



5. And they erected a shrine to the "Invulnerable One."

It took the starch clean out of them!—Say, that is a rippin' 'wheeze'!
Well, serve 'em right! They've made me spoil my knickers at the knees!"

RHU-BUB and BAAR-LAM raised a shrine in Candahar, whereon
They placed a private Idol, called "The Invulnerable One,"

Four-arm'd, cross-legged, with a pale profile in the Oriental style,

Which reproduced most skilfully the Masherman's placid smile.

With Burlington accessories, book, gingham, pipe, and glass,

Whereto they make a special point of bowing whene'er they pass!

Oh, East is East, and West is West; mail's mail, and starch is starch,

And the modern Masher's linen is as hard as the Marble Arch.

*And when Gaiety "buff-shooter" against Afghan thief's arrayed,
You may bet your bottom dollar upon Burlington Arcade.*

HARCOURTIANA.

"My dear CHAMBERLAIN," I once said to an old friend, "the greatest ambition adroitly conceals itself when it finds that what it aspires after is unattainable." It was to another friend I remarked: "We had better affect to appear to be what we are not than present ourselves as we are." I cannot say that in either case the observation was enthusiastically received.—*Extract from Harcourt MS.*

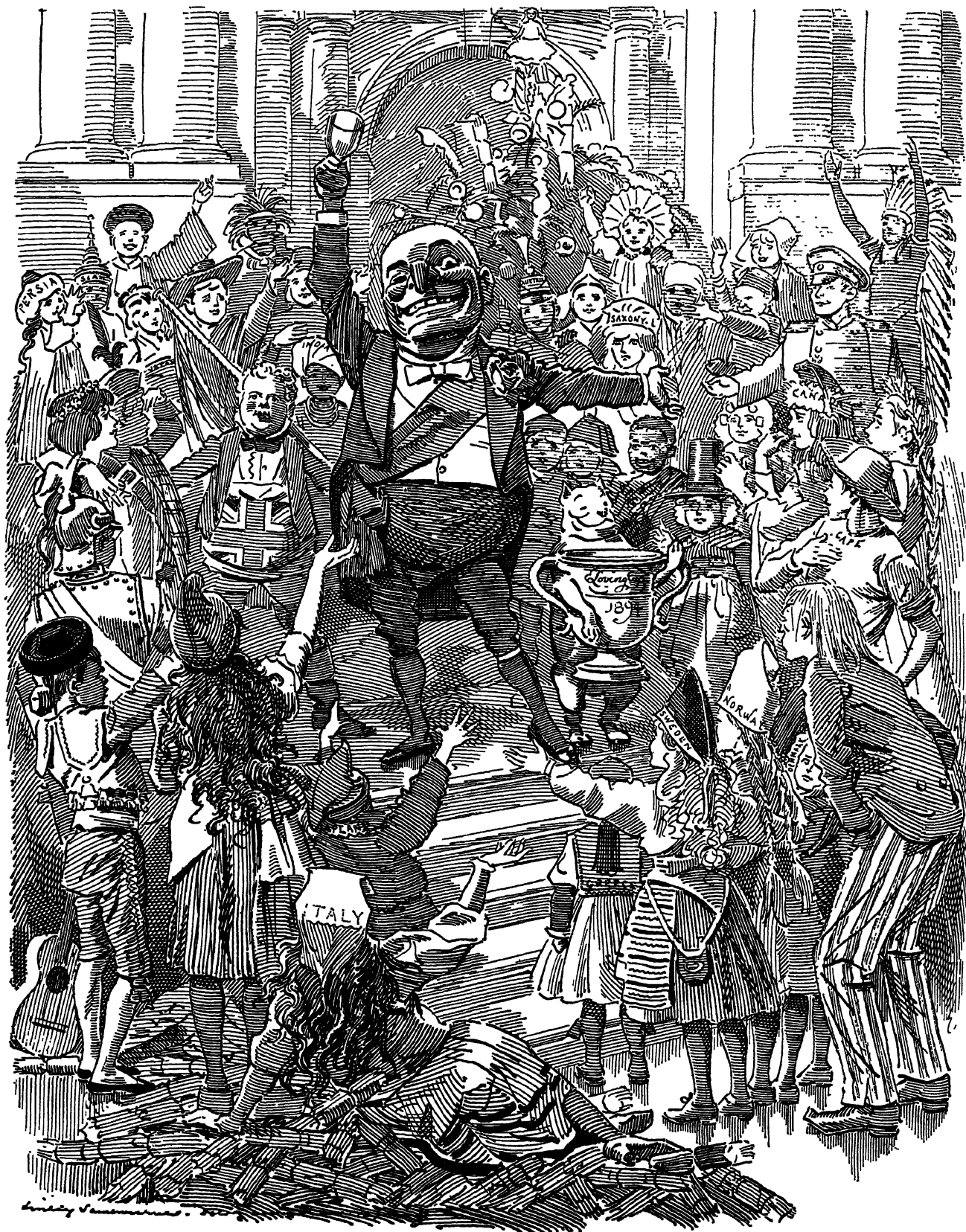
To err is human, to forgive feminine.—*The Harcourt MS.*



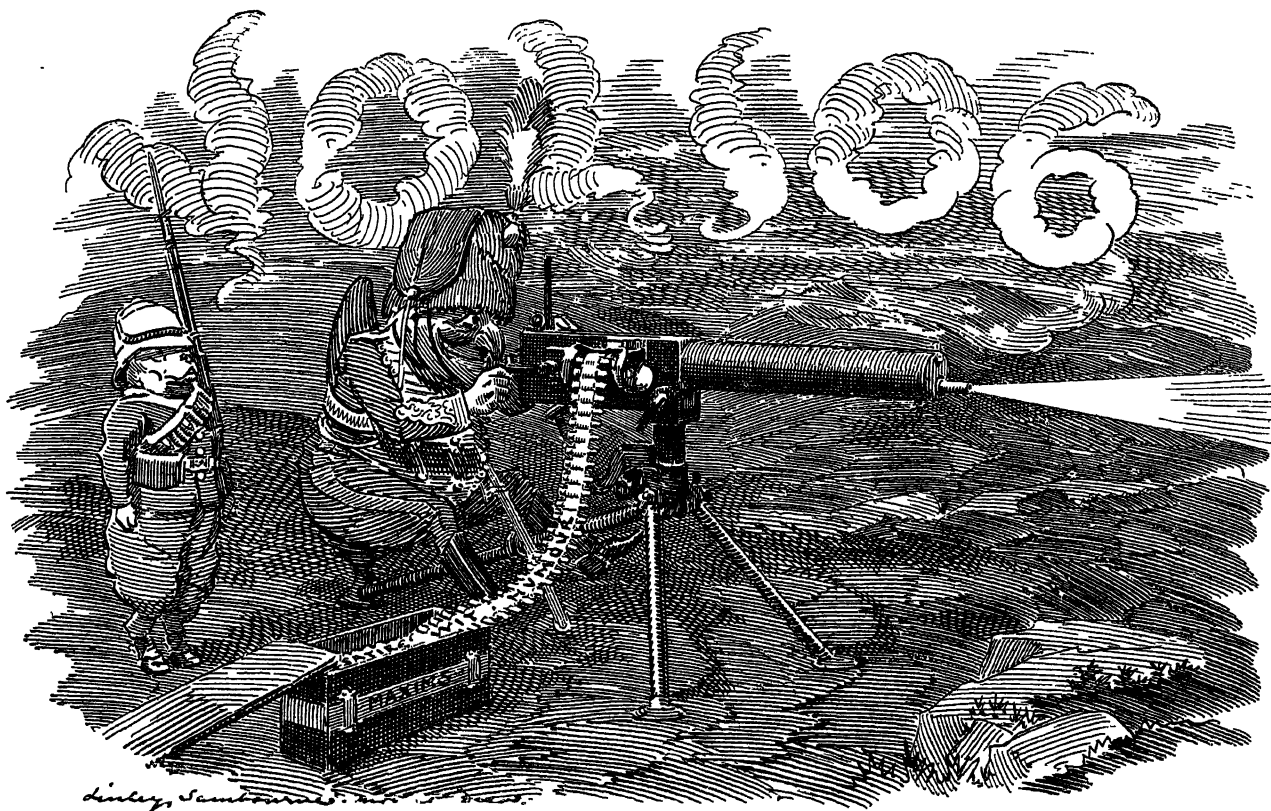
— « UNE HEURE DE VOS CHEVEUX, MAESTRO ! » —

MUSICAL COMPETITION.

“ A LOCK OF YOUR HAIR, MAESTRO ! ”



MR. PUNCH DRINKS TO EVERYBODY—WISHING THEM A HAPPY NEW YEAR!!



VERSES À LA CARTE.

(A New Year's Greeting.)

My dear Miss TRAVERS. H'm! that's stiff;
I wonder now if sudden death 'll
Befall your humble servant if
I boldly dare to call you ETHEL.

Enclosed herewith please find a card,
Which as we shan't, alas! be meeting,
(Though you, perchance, *don't* think it hard)
Is meant to give a New Year's greeting.

What would you like in '94?
A lot of fun? A round of pleasure?
May yours be all you wish, and more—
Pressed down and overflowing measure.

Ere '94 is dead and done,
And our account of Life is carried
To one more page, you may be won,
And even—though it sounds odd—married.

What! you have sworn a solemn oath
That marriage vows you'll not commingle,
That you will never plight your troth,
But dying be, as living, single?

Well, ETHEL, I quite understand.
'Twas ever thus. And one fine morning
You'll wake to find your heart and hand
Are gone without the slightest warning.

If I were not upon the shelf,
Removed from masherdom and chappiness,
I'd help you break your vows myself
If you'd permit me so much happiness.

Well, anyhow, in this New Year,
Good luck attend your each endeavour,
And recollect you have a dear,
Devoted friend in me for ever.

P.S.

If you (two verses back) should find
That I was wrong in self-dispraise. Oh!
Then if you're what I think you—kind,
Please send me just a word to say so.

BILLETS DE DEUX.

[It is announced that ringlets are to be worn again by ladies, and that side-whiskers are coming in for fashionable men. So it would also appear from the following epistles, which, it should be added, crossed in the post.]

I.—TO ANGELINA.

DEAR ANGELINA, you are mine,
The dearest, sweetest, loveliest, fairest
Of all the girls. Your face divine,
Of all the faces quite the rarest.
With thoughts of you, my ownest own,
My brain is nearly always teeming,
When I'm with others or alone,
By night or day, in waking, dreaming.

I am a lucky man indeed,
In fact, we're well and truly mated,
And all the world is quite agreed.
We're both to be congratulated.
I'm yours, you're mine for aye. Yet stay
I'd have you know of one small thing. Let's
Have no mistake. We part the day
I see you first decked out in ringlets.

II.—TO EDWIN.

DEAR EDWIN, I'm content with you,
I love you, sweetheart, more than ever,
You're all you should be—gallant, true,
Affectionate, devoted, clever,
My beau ideal of a man.
Dear, if we ever should be parted
I feel quite certain that my plan
Would be to perish broken-hearted.
Still, darling, I would have you know—
You always listen, dear, to reason—
There is one danger, sweet, and so
Just heed, my own, this word in season.
My happiness is much to me,
And no sane girl would care to risk hers
With any male monstrosity [whiskers!
Who dared to wear these new side-

SONNET TO THE THERMOMETER.

BY A DESPERADO.

[The National Skating Association propose to hold examinations, *weather permitting*, in Figure-skating . . . Temperature, Dec. 29, 52° Fahr.]

UNSEASONABLE Tube, are you aware
Your ways are ill-behaved beyond excuse?
Though doubtless spring's delights may
have their use,
You drive the figure-skater to despair!
For, with the sprightly aneroid set fair,
Each day you stand, impervious to abuse,
At *fifty* odd, and simply play the deuce
With zephyrs premature and vernal air!

New blades I've bought, and learnt the
figure-test
(On paper) for the N. S. A. "third-class";
I've studied Q's and "rockers" and the rest,
On *terra firma*—but in vain, alas!
For, since the necessary ice *non est*,
My skating Little-go I'll never pass!

A BACHELOR ON BUTTONS.

"No pins! No buttons! No studs!"
An advertisement runs. Say, old chappie!
Were that so, in spite of his "duds"
Fallen man might contrive to be happy.
What made Eden's soon-ended rapture so
great
Was this, bet your boots; 'twas a *buttonless*
state!
And I am disposed to believe, on my soul,
'Twas with his first button man got "in a
hole."

Q. WHY does a lady wear her watch on her wrist?

A. Because she finds it so difficult to see the "clock" on her stocking.

TRICOUPI'S COUP; OR, THE GREEK MICAWBER AND HIS CREDITORS.

(Adapted from that great, if genial, Economist, "David Copperfield.")

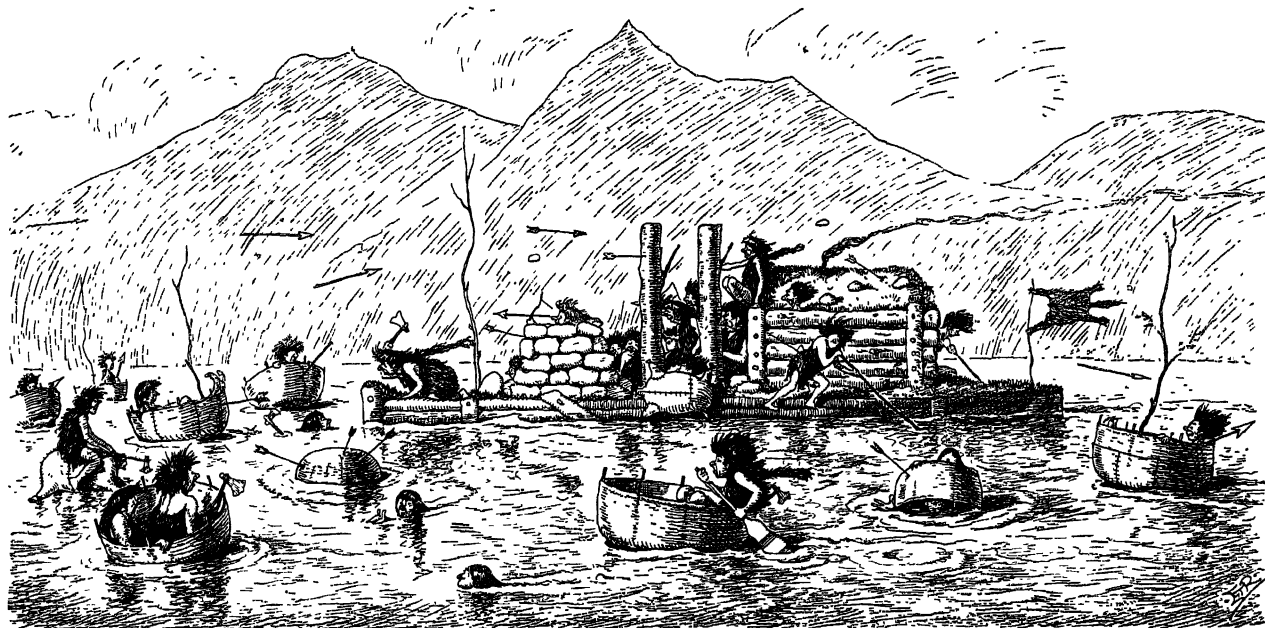
["The insolvency which M. TRICOUPI contemplates with so much philosophic calm. . . . The soothing assurances of M. TRICOUPI amount to very little. . . . As there was to be bankruptcy, M. TRICOUPI apparently thought it might as well be carried out on a magnificent scale. . . . Thirty per cent. was accordingly offered to the creditors, not as being the most Greece could pay, but as a sort of bid for a settlement that would relieve her from the necessity of paying any more."—*Times*.]

Mr. MICAWBER	:	:	:	:	M. TRICOUPI.
Mrs. MICAWBER	:	:	:	:	GREECE.

"My advice," said Mr. MICAWBER, "you know. Annual income, twenty millions; annual expenditure, nineteen millions nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine nineteen and nine; result, happiness! Annual income, twenty millions; annual expenditure, twenty millions ought and six; result, misery! The blossom is blighted, the leaf is withered, the god of day goes down upon the dreary scene, and—and, in short, you are for ever floored."

"My poor CRISPI's maxim," Mrs. MICAWBER observed.

"My dear," said Mr. MICAWBER, "your poor CRISPI is very well



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

AN UNRECORDED NAVAL ENGAGEMENT IN PRIMEVAL TIMES.

in his way; but he applies that maxim very imperfectly. Now, I propose to work it out consistently, at the expense—well, of all whom it may concern. My advice is, never to pay to-day what you can put off till—say, the middle of next week. By that time something may—well, in point of fact, something may, and in all probability *will*, turn up!”

“Just so,” returned Mrs. MICAWBER. “It is precisely that. And the fact is that we can *not* live without something widely different from existing circumstances shortly turning up. Now I am convinced myself, and this I have pointed out to Mr. MICAWBER several times of late, that things cannot be expected to turn up of themselves. We must, in a measure, assist to turn them up. I may be wrong, but I have formed that opinion. I am aware that I am merely a female, and that a masculine judgment is usually considered more competent to the discussion of such questions.”

“I have no scruple in saying, in the presence of my friends here,” said Mr. MICAWBER, “that I am a man who has, for some years, contended against the pressure of pecuniary difficulties. Sometimes I have risen superior to my difficulties. Sometimes my difficulties have—in short, have floored me. There have been times when I have administered a succession of facers to them; there have been times when they have been too many for me, and I have given in, and said to Mrs. MICAWBER, in the words of CATO, ‘It must be so! PLATO, thou reasonest well. It’s all up now. I can show fight no more.’ I am constrained to admit that such a moment is the present.”

“Mr. MICAWBER’S difficulties are almost overwhelming just at present,” said Mrs. MICAWBER. “If Mr. MICAWBER’S creditors *will* not give him time, they must take the consequences; and the sooner they bring it to an issue the better. Blood cannot be obtained from a stone; neither can more than THIRTY PER CENT.—on account—be obtained at present from Mr. MICAWBER!”

“Thirty per cent.,” said Mr. MICAWBER, solemnly, “is—save to bloodsucking bondholders and grasping creditors—*no trifle*! And I need hardly say that *should* anything turn up in the early or more remote future—of which at present I am exceedingly sanguine—MICAWBER would be the last man in the world to wish to play the classical part of *Græculus esuriens*. And then,” added Mr. MICAWBER, “I have no doubt I shall, please Heaven, begin to be beforehand with the world, and to live in a perfectly new manner, if—in short, if anything turns up!”

“I will never desert Mr. MICAWBER,” cried Mrs. MICAWBER, with effusion. “Mr. MICAWBER has his faults. I do not deny that he is improvident. I do not deny that he has kept me in the dark as to his resources and his liabilities both; but I will never desert Mr. MICAWBER. No!” cried Mrs. MICAWBER, more affected than before; “I will never do it! It’s of no use asking me!”

MEM. BY A “STEEPLE JACK.”—To try to climb to the top of a steeple would be for most people a vane attempt.

CHAT À LA MODE.

BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON discovered discussing the state of the Navy in a first-class compartment.

Brown. My dear fellows, I can assure you we are in a terrible condition of unpreparedness. If France was to declare war to-morrow we should be nowhere—absolutely nowhere!

Jones. You mean, of course, with Russia?

Robinson. Or was it Italy?

Brown. It doesn’t matter which. I fancy that France alone could tackle us. Why, a man was telling me the other day that if Gibraltar was seized—as it might be—we should not get a shipload of wood for months—yes, for months!

Jones. But what has Gibraltar to do with it?

Robinson. Why, of course it guards our approaches to the Suez Canal.

Brown. Oh, that’s only a matter of detail. But what we want is a hundred millions to be spent at once. COBDEN said so, and I agree with COBDEN.

Jones. But upon what?

Robinson. Oh, in supporting the Sultan, and subsidising the Ameer.

Brown. I don’t think that sort of thing is of much importance. But if we had a hundred millions (as Mr. COBDEN suggested), we might increase our coaling stations, and build new ships, and double the navy, and do all sorts of things.

Jones. But I thought we were fairly well off for coaling stations, had lots of ships on the stocks, and, with the assistance of our Merchant Marine, an ample supply of good sailors.

Robinson. That’s what all you fellows say! But wait till we have a war, and then you will see the fallacy of all your arguments. No, we should buy the entire fleet of the world. There should be no other competitor. BRITANNIA should *really* rule the waves.

Brown. Yes, yes. Of course; but after all that is not the important matter. What we want is a hundred millions available to be spent on anything and everything. And it’s no use having further discussion, because that was COBDEN’S view of it, and so it is mine.

Jones. But where is it to come from—out of the rates?

Brown and Robinson (together). Certainly not.

Jones. Or the taxes?

Brown and Robinson (as before). Don’t be absurd.

Jones. Well, it must come from somewhere! Can you tell me where?

Robinson. Why should we?

Brown. Yes, why should we? Even COBDEN didn’t go so far as that, and— But here we are at the station.

[Invasion of porters, and end of the conversation.]

THE LEARNED WOMAN.—She who in her zeal gets up—Herself!

'IGHER UP!

(A Sketch Outside an Omnibus.)

The Omnibus is on its progress from Piccadilly to the Bank; the weather is raw and unpleasant, and the occupants of the garden-seats on the roof of the vehicle are—for once in a way—mostly men.

First Passenger (to Second, an acquaintance). I see young BASH-AWAY the other day. (Significantly.) Jest been to see his father, so he told me.

Second Passenger (with interest). 'Ad he though? And 'ow did he find him?

First P. Frustrate, young JIM said; didn't know when he'd seen him lookin' better—(with sentiment)—quite like his old self!

Second P. (heartily). That is good 'earin', that is! (Reflectively.) Seems rum, though, come to think of it.

First P. 'Ow d' yer mean—rum? It's no more than what yer'd expect, bein' where he is. Look at the air o' the place—there ain't a 'elther situation all round London, to my mind!

Second P. No, that's right enough, and, from all I 'ear, the food's well cooked, and served reg'lar, if it is plain.

First P. Ah, and BILL enjoys his meals now, he does—the work gives him a appetite, and it's years, to my certain knowledge, since he done a stroke, and o' course he ain't allowed no drink—

Second P. And that's enough, of itself, to be the savin' of 'im, the way he was!

First P. Then, yer see, there's the reg'lar hours, and the freedom from worry, and the like, and nothink on his mind, and the place with every sanitary improvement and that—why, he owns his own self it's bin the makin' of 'im. And from what young JIM was a tellin' me, it appears that, if BILL goes on gittin' good-conduck marks at the rate he's doin', there'll be a nice little sum doo to 'im when he's done his time at Wormwood Scrubs.

Second P. (sympathetically). Well, and that makes suthin' to look forward to, don't it, when he does git let out. Talkin' o' that, you've known 'im longer 'n what I 'ave. Do you 'appen to know what it was as he got inter trouble for?

First P. (with the consciousness of superior delicacy). Lor' bless yer, I never thought o' arskin' 'im the question!

Second P. (with feeble self-assertion under this implied rebuke). Well, it all depends on 'ow yer put a question o' that sort.

[He is silent for the remainder of the journey.]

A Chatty Passenger (to a Contradictory Passenger, as the 'bus passes Trafalgar Square). Pretty these 'ere fountains look, with the water playin', don't they?

The Contradictory Passenger. The fountings are well enough, if it wasn't fur the water—norsty messy stuff, I call it.

The Chatty P. (abandoning the fountains). It's wonderful what an amount o' traffic there is in the Strand, ain't it?

Contrad. P. Nothink to what it was forty years ago!

[His neighbour not feeling in a position to deny it, subsides.]

The Driver (to a Passenger with a Badge, immediately behind him). 'Ow is it you're orf yer keb to day, Bob?—takin' a day orf, or what?

The Passenger with a Badge. Not much; goin' up to Bow Street to gimmy evidence in a collision case, that's all.

Driver (dubiously). Bow Street! Ain't that rorther shovin' yer 'ed in the lion's mouth, eh?

The P. with a B. (with virtuous serenity). Not it! What ha' they got agen me all the time I bin licensed? Only three drunks and a loiter!

The Chatty P. (returning to the charge). Orful state the roads

are in with all this mud. I s'pose that's the London County Council, eh?

The Contrad. P. London Kayounty Kayouncil! No, it ain't. Nothink o' the sort! I'll tell yer 'oo it is, if yer want to know; it's GLADSTONE!

The Chatty P. (mildly surprised, but glad to have discovered common ground). I see you're a Conservative—like myself.

The Contrad. P. That's jest where you're wrong! I ain't no Conservative, nor yet I don't want none o' GLADSTONE neither. I'm a Radikil, I am. JOHN BURNS and BEN TILLET—that's my lot!

The Chatty P. (reluctantly relinquishing politics). Ah, well, every man's got a right to form his own opinions, ain't he?

The Contrad. P. No, he ain't—not if he goes and forms wrong 'uns! (A pause.) 'Ave yer got the time about yer?

The Chatty P. (accepting this as a sign of softening). I'm sorry to say I come out without my watch this morning, or else— But there's plenty o' clocks about as 'll tell yer.

The Contrad. P. (with intense disdain). Clocks! You don't ketch me trustin' no clocks—with no two of 'em alike!

The Chatty P. (as they pass a well-known watchmaker's). Well, 'ow about that clock with the figgers? Won't that do yer? They set it to Grinnidge time every hour, so it's bound to be right!

The Contrad. P. (as he descends). There yer are! Think I'd put my faith in a clock as 'as to be set right every hour? 'Taint likely! Good day to yer.

The Chatty P. So long! (To himself.) A pleasant feller enough, I dessay, if you leave the subjee' to 'im!

Driver (to smart Hansom Cabman). Now then, outer the way with that 'ere 'Ackney keb o' yours!

Hansom Cabman (with hauteur). As it 'appens, it ain't a 'Ackney cab—it's a private ker-ridge, this is!

Driver. Ah, I might ha' known you was a hammytoor by yer silly hasslike method o' conductin' yer business!

[Drives on triumphant.]

A Political Passenger (with a panacea—to a "Knowledgable" Passenger). No, I don't want no 'Ome Rule, nor yet no Parish Counsels, nor nothink o' that. What I want see inter-dooed 'ere is Tereenial Porliments.

The Knowledgable Passenger (with respect). Tereenial Parliaments? I don't know as I've 'eard o' them.

The Pol. P. Ain't yer? Well, they're what we want. Why, they've 'ad 'em in America, they've 'ad 'em in Ostralia, they've

'ad 'em in Orstria; and everywhere, mind yer, everywhere they've been in operation they've turned out a success!

The Kn. P. Then it's 'igh time we 'ad 'em. What is it they're called again?

The Pol. P. Tee-reen-ial Porliments. It stands to reason they work well; there they are, a settin' eight months in the year fur seven year on end—somethink's bound to come of it! I'd like to see any o' our lot settin' like that. It's a pity we don't take more pattern by America in our law-makin'.

The Kn. P. Except in our criminal law. Why I've 'eard there's States out there where a man may go and commit a crime, d' ye see? and once he gits across the boundary from one State into another—like as it might be a line across this 'ere street like, d' ye see?—once he's over that, they can't do nothink to 'im!

The Pol. P. (thoughtfully). Ah, that wouldn't never do 'ere that wouldn't!

[The Conductor comes up to collect fares. Conductor (to a Sleepy Passenger in a corner). Now then, fare, please?

The Sleepy Passenger (with manly regret). I ain't gorrit, ole pal. If yer 'd asht me jes' two minutes afore I gorrip, I could ha' done it for yer; but I took jes' anorrer glash an' blued th' lot. No man can



"Thash where 'tis, yer come on me too late!"

say I don't part s' long's I gorrer money; no freehanded man anywheresh 'n wharri am; but yer come on me too late. (*Shaking his head reproachfully.*) Thash where 'tis, yer come on me too late!

Cond. 'Ere, I ain't goin' to stand no nonsense. If yer 'aven't got the money, git down orf o' my bus, and quick, too!

The Sl. P. Ged down? An' quick! You wouldn't tor' li' that if you'd sheen wharrer bloomin' 'ard job I 'ad to get up!

[*He resumes his slumber.*]

Cond. (*passing on, softened.*) I can't go and break the beggar's neck for tuppence, and he's got it somewhere about him, as likely as not. (*To a Litigious Passenger.*) Tuppence is the fare, Sir, if you please.

The Litigious Passenger. One penny is the legal fare, and all I intend to pay. I know the law!

Cond. And so do I. It's wrote up tuppence inside the bus. If yer ain't going to pay more, yer'd better git down; ye've 'ad over your pennorth a'ready!

The Litig. P. (*with spirit.*) I decline to get down. I insist on being taken to the Bank for my penny.

Cond. Oh, do yer? We'll see about that.

[*He stops the 'bus and calls a Constable, to whom he briefly explains the situation.*]

Constable (*pacifically, from below, to the Litig. P.*). Come, Sir, don't block the traffic, like this 'ere! Either pay the man his fare or get down—one of the two.

The Litig. P. (*from the roof.*) I have a legal right to remain here if I like!

Const. That may be, Sir, but if you do this man can summons you, that's all!

The Litig. P. (*warming with the joy of battle.*) That's just what I want him to do! Can't I make him summon me?

Cond. (*disgusted.*) 'Ere, 'ang it all, do yer think I'm goin' to cart you 'arf over London for a penny, and throw yer in the luxury of a lawsoot? 'Ere's yer penny back, and I give yer the ride free—there!

The Litig. P. (*accepting the penny, and descending with dignity.*) Very well, and let me tell you this, it was just as well you gave way when you did, for I was quite prepared to carry the case to the House of Lords!

Cond. Ah! and I s'pose yer think yer'd git there for a penny?

[*The Omnibus goes on before the Litigious Person has time to think over such an obvious repartee as asking the Constable to take the man's number.*]

A PARLIAMENTARY POST-CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(*To be sung at St. Stephens.*)

HEAVEN help you "English Gentlemen"!
You heard, with sore dismay,
That Parliament could scarce adjourn,
This year, o'er Christmas Day.
Keeping poor squires from rural rites
Which now must go astray,
Was scarce tidings of comfort and joy!

Now you've come back to Parliament,
It seems you've come to play
Still at Obstruction's sad, bad game.
To loiter and delay;
To fudge, and fib, and snap, and sneer,
Just in the old, old way.
That's not tidings of comfort and joy!

Still BOWLES blares on, still BARTLEY jaws,
Still twitters TOMLINSON;
Hour after hour about one Clause
They hammer on, on, on!
"Amending" purely fancy flaws,
Till FOWLER's chance seems gone.
Is that tidings of comfort and joy?

Ah, would some strong man rise and smash
This stale sophistic sham,
The taradiddles and the trash
Expose as faction's flam;
Brummagem bare, and Bunkum bash,
Oh! that were "real jam"!
True tidings of comfort and joy!

Heaven help the Members of this House,
The Grand Old Man also!
Let the huge Mountain yield its Mouse,
And the tired doctors go;
Obstruction choke and faction chouse,
And shut up spiteful Joe,
And send you all a Happy New Year,
A New Year,
An honest, kindly English New Year!



"MUTATO NOMINE."

"WELL, CHARLIE, DEAR BOY, WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

"OH! A RETURN OF MY OLD ENEMY!"

"THE D——!"

"No, no! THE GOUT, MAN—THE GOUT!"

BOOKING-OFFICE CORRESPONDENCE.

A PROPOS of the portrait of the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS in the Number dated December 23, we have received the following letter of inquiry:—

"Why is the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS this week wearing an Earl's Coronet? Yours with respect, B. DOD-BURKE."

Why? Because it is the only one he has got at home at present; and by special leave and license all to the contrary, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the Baron is at full liberty to wear exactly what best suits him. BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

SECOND FIDDLES TO THE FORE.

["Seconds were appointed by both parties. They met at Naples on Saturday, and yesterday published their decision, excluding the possibility of a duel between Signori Sonzogno and Boiro."—*Daily News.*]

SECOND to none in setting matters right,
Seconds to none, as there's to be no fight,
Bravissimi! "For this relief much thanks."
We liked not these "enraged musicians" pranks.
Your would-be principals now needn't die
On seeing Naples. You have said "Don't try";—
And stopped the "little rift," or big dispute,
Which might indeed have made much music mute.

A STAGGERER!—"His official existence being indeed not recognised by statute." We quote from that most useful work *Hazell's Annual for 1894*. About whom is this absolutely trustworthy information given? Why, it is concerning the PRIME MINISTER! Concerning the G. O. M!! "His official existence is not recognised by statute." But the G. O. M. is inseparable from WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. Therefore WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE is not recognised by statute! Without his "official existence" he does not exist. No one can possibly think of him apart from his political existence. Try it! It can't be done. It is unthinkable. But "Statute Law" does "not recognise" him! Statute Law, then, like Justice, is blind; and so much the worse, perhaps, for Statute Law. This reduces the Premier to a mere Nobody! He is the Embodiment, so to speak, of Nobody. Nobody is at the Head of the Government! Nobody is right, or Nobody is wrong. Here! Somebody! take us to Hanwell!



A LITTLE LUNCHEON AT TIMMINS'.

Host. "MAY I GIVE YOU SOME ROAST HARE, LADY JONES?"

Master Tommy (Lady Jones's Godson). "AH! I SAW COOK PEEL THAT CAT!"

"COME ABOARD, SIR!"

Captain PUNCH *loquitur*:—

Come aboard, Sir? You're welcome, smart
yunker!

You've hit off the time to a tick.
You're young, but I trust you're no
funker,

Or apt to turn timid or sick.
For we may have rough weather before
us,

And even a fight *mayn't* be far.
What odds, if you're true
To the Red, White, and Blue,
The glorious old flag that floats gallantly
o'er us,

O tiny but stout-hearted Tar?

You're clearly a sea-going "Nipper."
Unwhiskered, and "only so high."
But you'll have a tempest-tried skipper;
And don't look like piping your eye.
You seem—like your kit—trim and ready,
Your foot—like the anchor's—a-trip;
You're likely and limber,
And sound as oak timber,
With a voice that can join us in "Steady,
boys, steady!"

A hand that can fight for the Ship!

Come aboard! Ours will be a long voyage,
One all round the world—and the year,
You're now at that juvenile-joy age
That feels not foreboding or fear;
You funk not the storm—or the steward—
The mast-head, the rope's-end, the snub.

Like MARRYAT's middy,

You sing tiddy-iddy,

And think not of shirking or lurching to
leeward

Should tempests assail the Old Tub!

Quite right! That's the true Tarry
"sperit"

That NELSON and DIBDIN proclaimed.
If from Old Salts, and Songs, you inherit
That spirit, you'll never be shamed.

We hear heaps of chat on the Navy.
No need to be braggart or craven!

If we keep up our pluck,
And our Fleet, with fair luck,
Our goal, boy, will not be the Locker of Davy,
But honour, and home, and safe haven.

Come aboard! Well, the night-watch is set,
boy,

Turn in, and—when wanted—turn out!

No need to "pipe all hands" as yet, boy.
But storms, and strong foes, are about.

At perils nor shrinking nor scoffing,
Our duty's to plough on our way,

Steady hand at the wheel,
Dry powder, sharp steel;
And then, lad, if danger *should* loom in the
offing,

Why, up, boy, and at it! Hooray!!!

THE PIOUS POLYGAMIST.

(*New Year's Song of a Happy Husband.*)

WHEN I arrived at man's estate

And felt I ought to wed,

I knew 'twas a crisis in my fate,

A serious thing to contemplate,

And thus to myself I said:

"You need, of course, a dainty cook,

And a needlewoman, too;

And then, in addition, you want a mu-
sician

To chase the devils blue;

A clever talker, a willing walker,

A capable nurse beside,

A thing of beauty devoted to duty—

And a gentle and charming bride."

Well, after a time I found my cook
And my needlewoman fair;
I likewise found an excellent nurse
And a lovely girl who could well converse
And play me any air.

I asked them all to be my own,
And they gladly gave consent,
And then together, in finest feather,
To the parish church we went.
And there we tarried until I married
My sempstress, nurse, and cook,
And my other "flames"—and our
several names

Had been entered in the book.

And then we went on our honeymoon,
And then to my Clapham home,
Where the cook prepares me many a dish,
And the artist plays whate'er I wish,

And, should I chance to roam,
I know the sempstress is well employed
In making my children's dress.

So I needn't worry or be in a hurry,
Or myself in the least distress.
And the nurse is ready, if e'er unsteady
My legs or nerves may be,

With perfect quiet and proper diet
To take good care of me.

So altogether I don't regret

The step I took that day,
When I married a whole domestic staff,
And I merely regard as so much chaff

What foolish people say
About English wives, and their many
faults—

I'm thoroughly well content!
And of any growling or surly scowling
I'm perfectly innocent.

I'm happy, very, and blithe and merry,
And if the saying's true
That occupation kills tribulation,
My wife is happy too!



“COME ABOARD, SIR!”

“‘EN ITERUM!’ HERE WE ARE AGAIN!”

WELCOME to our evergreen friends, Clown, Pantaloon, Harlequin, and Columbine! All of them fresher than ever on the boards of Old Drury! Some of the genuine “good old” business, too, revived



Herbert Campbell Atkins.

In *Robinson Crusoe*, if DRURIOLANUS, with his able collaborateur, Mr. HARRY NICHOLLS, has not given us quite so much of *Robinson* or of *Crusoe* as might have been expected, we have a magnificent spectacle, beautiful dresses, forms fairy-like and unfairy-like, and a wealth of low comedy in Messrs. DAN LENO as *Mrs. Crusoe*, HERBERT

CAMPBELL as the villain Atkins, “Little TICH” as *Friday*—quite the shortest day in the year—and Miss MARIE LLOYD, looking, as *Polly Perkins*, like an expensive doll. Then there are Miss JULIA KENT as *Perky Snooks*, and Miss ADA BLANCHE as the new *Robinson*, with others in a full cast too numerous to mention individually, all of whom, with singing and dancing and “comic business,” contribute to make the Pantomime “a going concern,” to the rapturous delight of a house crowded nightly from floor to ceiling.

“*The History of England in twenty minutes*” is of course given for the instruction of *Friday*, whose education as a man-eating savage had been, it may be assumed, considerably neglected. The conversation of the highly-educated and well-informed grown-up spectators in stalls, during this portion of the entertainment, and the shots made at historical names, dates, and places might be summed up under the heading of “Guesses at Truth.” We hereby advise any Paterfamilias intending to take TOMMY and HARRY to Drury Lane to give himself an hour or two’s

“cramming” in English history, so as to be able to answer correctly the questions that his boys are safe to put to him; for, should he hesitate, or be detected in giving incorrect information, down he will go in the estimation of those young lads from school, and the moral effect on their future will be a bad one. Whereas, if Pater is spry, and not only “up-to-date,” but “up-to-dates,” those dates being absolutely correct, then his visit with his boys to this Pantomime will have raised him on a higher pedestal than ever he was before, and will inspire his lads with a real desire to emulate the rare attainments of their scholarly progenitor. Paterfamilias will do well also to take, or send, them to see *Sandford and Merton* at a *matinée* at the Comedy Theatre, where they will learn how comically ill-behaved two boys can be who have only that amount of respect for their teacher which is

Peculiar interest (we hope DRURIOLANUS will make cent. per cent.) is attached to this particular production, seeing it is announced in the playbill as “the last of the present lease,” and of all the long line of Pantomimes, of which this is the last, most certainly it is not the least. But Sir DRURIOLANUS is not to be evicted, he is to continue as “The Man in Possession,” the right man in the right place, and, being thus re-leased, he is free to remain *ad multos annos*, and to say most happily with “the Ghost who walked” in *Hamlet*, “Leased! Leased! O Leased!”



Mah-rie Lloyd Perkins.

maintained by Doctors Birch and Cane, administered with admirable efficiency by Mr. LIONEL BROUGH BARLOW, M.A., to Masters TOMMY ROBSON MERTON and HARRY SANDFORD HUNT, who, with the girls and the French governess, sing and dance in real holiday time to Mr. EDWARD SOLOMON’S tuneful music. This eccentric and scholastic Operetta is preceded at the same theatre by Mr. BUCHANAN’S poetical version of *The Pied Piper*, which, for the Christmassy season, might have been more appropriately entitled *The Mince Pie’d Piper*. There are plenty of “shows,” all “going strong,” just now, including a Pantomime at the Crystal Palace and another at the Lyceum; also *Noah’s Ark* at Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, which, for the nonce has become “*Holland House*.” Perhaps I may have more to say anon entertainments another week, when I shall still take my seat as

M.P. FOR CHRISTMAS.

QUEER QUERY.—CHEAP LITERATURE.—I see that the “Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge” is issuing such books as *The Talisman* and *Robinson Crusoe* in a penny form. Why should some publisher not start a halfpenny series of equally valuable works? For example, I am convinced that my epic poem called *Hades Revisited* might have been more popular than it actually was had the natural eagerness of the masses to obtain a copy not been ruthlessly checked by the prohibitive price of seven-and-sixpence. There is also a great future before the *Farthing Novelette*. I have several short stories which transcend anything yet done by R. L. STEVENSON, and which, issued in that shape, would circulate by millions. In “touch-and-go comedy,” too, I feel that I could create a *furor*; but publishers, to whom I submit my funny tales, go before they have touched them!—AUCTOR IGNOTUS.

M.P.’s TO BE ENVIED.—The Happy Paired.



Masters Sandford and Merton.

Good Mr. Barlow.



Good Mr. Barlow.



THE LATEST FASHION.

Ratcatcher. "BEG YOUR PARDON, MY LADY, BUT WOULD YOUR LADYSHIP MIND TELLING ME WHERE SHE GETS ALL HER RATS FROM. I'VE BEEN OUT FOR THE LAST WEEK AND CAN'T COME ACROSS ANY!"

"PERSONAL COMMUNICATIONS CORRUPT GOOD-LAWYERS."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Though proud of being a member of the same profession as my good friend Mr. LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., I must (in the interests of the public) at once protest against one expression of opinion in a recent Pickwickian lecture. "I can sufficiently indicate my own feelings," says the Recorder of York, "when I say that any system which prevents a litigant having the fullest personal communication with the person he has paid to represent him is an anomaly and an absurdity." The *fullest personal communication*! Let me give *my* experience of the *fullest personal communication*!

I once had a client who insisted on interviewing me. At last, weakly and unprofessionally, I consented. From that day till years afterwards I never went into Court but what before long I was assailed by this hungry litigant. Finally I had to grow a beard and get rid of him. In another case a man who said he wanted to see me on private business defeated my clerk and got into my chambers. He was my client—of a guinea brief (only a little one, I admit, but, though a poor thing, my own). For six hours he sat and got into legal mare's nests, out of which in turn I had to dislodge him. At last even I—a briefless worm—turned. "Sir," I said, drawing myself up to my full height, "Sir, I am obliged—to your solicitor—for the brief in your case. I am by this time in perfect possession of the facts. Permit me to remind you that it is I who am responsible for the *law*." Then he left. The case went to the House of Lords, and the junior's brief was marked a hundred guineas. I was *not* the junior.

This, Sir, is the result of the "fullest personal communication." I leave a humane public to decide between Mr. LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P., and Yours faithfully, L. ERNEST COUNSEL.
102, Temple Gardens, E.C. December 26, 1893.

FROM OUR OWN SCHOOLBOY'S EXAM. PAPER.

Q. What is the meaning of an "*alumnus*" of a school?

A. The "*alumnus*" is the baker. So called because he puts "*alum*" in the bread.

ONCHYOPHAGY!

[The practice of onchyophagy, we are informed, shows that "the nerve centres are disorganised."]

AIR—"The Clown's Song" (SHAKESPEARE).

WHEN that I was a little tiny boy—
With hey, ho! the Modern Brain!—
To gnaw my nails I did enjoy,
But the world grows wiser every day.

And now I've come to man's estate,
I'm an "onchyophagist," so they prate,
Because—my mother had been sore surprised!—
My "nervous centres are disorganised!"

At the terrible name (and the cause) one pales,
Till one finds it but mean that I—*bite my nails!*

A great while ago the world begun—
With hey, ho! the Modern Brain!—
And I sometimes think 'tis the sages' fun
That they strive to scare us every day.

TO AMANDA.

(In High Feather.)

ONLY the feather you wore in your hat,
What magic there proved to be in it!
I suddenly recognised something, and that
Only the feather you wore in your hat.
My heart fell to beating with loud pit-a-pat;
I knew again then in a minute
Only the feather you wore in your hat—
What magic there proved to be in it!

NEW-YEAR ADVICE TO A SPORTING JOHNNY.—Drop your "gee (on the Turf), and pick them up again in your talk.



NEW YEAR'S PARLIAMENTARY FANCY BALL.

ANACREONTICS FOR ALL.

(Being Bacchanalian Ballads for the use of all Professions, Trades, Crafts, and Callings, and Convivial Carols for the Classes, the Masses, and the Lasses. By Tom Moore, Junior.)

THE PATIENT'S SONG.

AIR—"Fill the Bumper Fair!"

SHAKE the bottle well!
Every dose we measure
Makes the bosom swell
With a patient's pleasure.
Joy's electric flame
Ne'er so swiftly passes,
As when through the frame
It shoots from physic-glasses!
Doctors disagree?—
So the dolts deride us!
Shall we doubt M.D.
With his dose inside us?
No! Let patients sit
With receptive throttle.
Nasty? Not a bit!
Drink—and pass the bottle!

Chorus of Invalids.

Shake the bottle well!
Every dose we drink 'll
Prove a potent spell,
Smooth away a wrinkle!

Homœopaths at first,
With their tasteless doses,
Quenched our physic-thirst,
Made us hold our noses
Over draught and drench,
Salts and oil of castor;
Rhubarb made us blench,
Jalap was our master.
Now we swig them up!
Pills should have some flavour.
Brim the "bitter cup!"
Aloes lends it savour,
Vitriol gives it bite,
Brimstone gives it body,
Squills bring appetite,
Laudanum warms like toddy.
And O joy! when round
The sick-chamber spying,
The Blue Pill is found
By the Black Draught lying!

Chorus of Invalids.

Shake the bottle well, &c.

**HIGHLY SATISFACTORY.**

Mistress. "I'M SORRY FOR YOU, JOHN; BUT IF YOUR WIFE HAS GOT SUCH A DREADFUL TEMPER, WHY DID YOU MARRY HER?"
Coachman (the Fourth Husband). "WELL, MUM, I HAD THREE GOOD CHARACTERS WITH HER!"

Give me GALEN's bowl
For a night of pleasure!
Rapture fires my soul
As the "drops" I measure.
Palatable? Pooh!!!
HAHNEMANN's idea!
Better the strong brew
Blent by dark Medæa!
Tasteless tinctures irk;
Dose infinitesimal,
Which you have to work
Out to the tenth decimal,
Neither tongue nor nose
Aiding its detection;—
Such is not the dose
Of our predilection!
Patients much prefer—
When 'tis mixed and shaken—
Something should occur
Telling 'em 'tis taken!
How it fires the eye!
How it warms the throttle!
Bacchus (sick) might cry,
"Drink—and pass the bottle!"

Chorus of Insatiate Invalids.

Shake the bottle well!
Every dose we drink 'll
Prove a potent spell,
Setting eyes a-twinkle,
Bidding bosoms swell,
Smoothing every wrinkle!

QUEER QUERY.—**STRONG LANGUAGE.**—I read in the paper that "France objects to the principle of a Buffer State." Would somebody kindly explain the meaning of this curious phrase? Does it imply that Lord ROSEBERY has been calling the French people buffers? If so, does International Law allow of such language? A friend suggested to me that "it is Siam, and not France, that is meant." But is it not equally discreditable to use opprobrious expressions to a weak Oriental kingdom that cannot retaliate by a declaration of war? And is not this a specimen of the way in which England habitually treats all feeble races?—**AMATEUR DIPLOMAT.**

"SMART."

OH! Belles of Bonny Bayswater, pray hearken unto me,
And I'll show you how to sparkle in Polite Societie.
Never fear that you'll be visited with contumely or scorn
If you happen not to be aristocratically born;
For success is not dependent on the accident of rank,
And mere birth is badly beaten by a balance at the bank;
So, if only you have money, you need never be afraid
To swagger of the swindles of your former days of trade.
For the World, as they receive you to their heart,
Each to each will the opinion impart:
"Oh, she's vulgar, I admit,
I don't like her, not a bit,
But then you know, my dear, she's 'Smart.'"

Your dress must be—well—daring; you must have a tiny waist,
And the colours must be splashed about in execrable taste—
Your bodice may be decent while your youth is in its prime,
But must lower as you counteract the ravages of time.
The colour of your hair and your complexion must appear
To vary with the fashionable fancies of the year;
And, though your wit lack lustre, the tiara must be bright
That you've hired at a jeweller's at ten-and-six a night.
And the World, as they receive you to their heart,
Each to each will the opinion impart:
"Looks quite odd, I must admit,
I don't like her, not a bit,
But then you know, my dear, she's 'Smart.'"

Then, as to conversation, let each syllable you speak
Be vehemently vapid or extravagantly weak.
Let your words be very risky, though, of course, it must be seen
That you're heartfully pretending that you don't know what they mean.
In the intervals of slander you must prate in flippant tone
On some theologic subject that had best be left alone.
And, though your speech be witless, if not actually absurd,
'Twill be brilliant if a reputation goes at every word.
And the World, as they receive you to their heart,
Each to each will the opinion impart:
"She's ill-natured, I admit,
I don't like her, not a bit,
But then you know, my dear, she's 'Smart.'"
Your parties must be "tidy." So, to compass all your ends,
Find some lady—with a title—who likes living on her friends;
Hint you're ready with the money that's essential to the task,
If only she will condescend to tell you whom to ask.
On your former friends and neighbours you'll politely close your door
(Though they used to give you dresses in the days when you were poor),
Be each guest of yours a Beauty, full of "circumstance and pride,"
A tiara on her head, a co-respondent by her side.
And the World, as they receive you to their heart,
Each to each will the opinion impart:
"She's a snob, I quite admit,
I don't like her, not a bit,
But then you know, my dear, she's 'Smart.'"

SEASONABLE WISH, FOR A VICTIM OF THE VAMPIRE INSOMNIA.—
I wish you a nappy New Year!



REPRISALS.

Phyllis. "YOU'VE NO RIGHT TO SAY THINGS LIKE THAT ABOUT MY MOTHER!"

Corydon. "EXCUSE ME: I SHALL SAY JUST WHAT I LIKE ABOUT YOUR MOTHER!"

Phyllis. "VERY WELL, THEN, I SHALL SAY JUST WHAT I DON'T LIKE ABOUT YOURS!"

THE RHYME OF THE KIPPERLING.

(By the Author of "Sealing-Whacks.")

(N.B. No nautical terms or statements guaranteed.)

AWAY by the haunts of the Yang-tse-boo,
Where the Yuletide runs cold gin,
And the rollicking sign of the "Lord Knows Who"
Sees mariners drink like sin;
Where the Jolly ROGER tips his quart
To the luck of the *Union Jack*;
And some are screwed on the foreign port,
And some on the starboard tack.
Ever they tell the tale anew
Of the chase for the kipperling swag;
How the smack *Tommy This* and the smack *Tommy That*
They broached each other like a whiskey-vat,
And the *Fuzzy-Wuz* took the bag.

Now this is the law of the herring fleet that harries the northern main,
Tattooed in scars on the chests of the tars with a brand like the brand of CAIN:
That none may woo the sea-born shrew save such as pay their way
With a kipperling netted at noon of night and cured ere the crack of day.

It was the woman SAL o' the Dune, and the men were three to one,
SAM the Skipper and NED the Nipper and BILL that was Son of a Gun;
SAM was a Skipper and NED was a Nipper and BILL was the Son of a Gun,
And the woman was SAL o' the Dune, as I said, and the men were three to one.

There was never a light in the sky that night of the soft midsummer gales,
But the great man-bloaters snorted low, and the young 'uns sang like whales.
And out laughed SAL (like a dog-toothed wheel was the laugh that SAL laughed she):
"Now who's for a bride on the shady side of up'ards of forty-three?"

And NEDDY he swore by butt and bend, and BILLY by bend and bitt,
And nautical names that no man frames but your amateur nautical wit.

And SAM said, "Shiver my topping-lifts and scuttle my foe's le yarn,
And may I be curst, if I'm not in first with a kipperling slu'd astarn!"

Now the smack *Tommy This* and the smack *Tommy That* and the *Fuzzy-Wuz* smack, all three,
Their captains bold they were SAM and NED and BILL respectivelee.

And it's writ in the rules that the primary schools of kippers should get off cheap

For a two mile reach off Foulness beach when the July tide's at neap;
And the lawless lubbers that lust for loot and filch the yearling stock
They get smart raps from the coastguard chaps with their blunderbuss fixed half-cock.

Now SAM the Skipper and NED the Nipper could tell green cheese from blue,
And SAM knew a trick and NED knew a trick, but BILL knew a trick worth two.

So SAM he sneaks a corporal's breeks and a belt of pipelayed hide,
And splices them on to the jibsail-boom like a troopship on the tide.

And likewise NED to his masthead he runs a rag of the Queen's,
With a rusty sword and a moke on board to bray like the Horse Marines.

But BILL lies low and he keeps off-shore and he waits for things to stir,
Then he tracks for the deep with a long fog-horn rigged up like a bowchasér.

Now scarce had NED dropped line and lead when he spots the pipe-clayed hide,
And the corporal's breeks on the jibsail-boom like a troopship on the tide;

And SAM likewise, when he ups and spies the slip of a rag of the Queen's,
And the rusty sword, and he sniffs aboard the moke of the Horse Marines.

So they each luffed sail, and they each turned tail, and they whipped their wheels like mad,
When the one he said "By the Lord, it's NED!" and the other, "It's BILL, by Gad!"

Then about and about, and nozzle to snout, they rammed through breach and brace,
And the splinters flew as they mostly do when a Government test takes place.

Then up stole SAM with his little ram and the nautical talk flowed free,
And in good bold type might have covered the two front sheets of the *P. M. G.*

But the fog-horn bluff was safe enough, where all was weed and weft,
And the conger-eels were a-making meals, and the pick of the flotsam left
Was a binnacle-lid and a leak in the bilge and the chip of a cracked sheerstrake,
And the corporal's belt and the moke's cool pelt and a portrait of FRANCIS DRAKE.

So BILL he hauls the dead men's trawls and he booms for the harbour-bar,
And the splitten fry are salted dry by the blink of the morning star.
And SAL o' the Dune was wed next moon by the man that paid his way

With a kipperling netted at deep of night and cured ere the crack of day;
For such is the law of the herring fleet that harries the northern main,
Tattooed in scars on the chests of the tars with a brand like the brand of CAIN.

And still in the haunts of the Yang-tse-boo
Ever they tell the tale anew

Of the chase for the kipperling swag;
How the smack *Tommy This* and the smack *Tommy That*
They broached each other like a whiskey-vat,
And the *Fuzzy-Wuz* took the bag.

THE NEW NYMPH.

(Glorious Result of the Great Game of "Follow my LEADER" (WILLIAMS) played with spirit, pleasure, and, Mr. Punch trusts, great profit at Manchester-on-Sea.)



Mr. Leader-Williams (Chief Engineer to the Manchester Ship Canal) log. ALLOW ME, FATHER NEPTUNE, TO INTRODUCE THE NEWEST SEA-NYPH TO YOUR PARTICULAR NOTICE!

Father Neptune. DELIGHTED TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MY DEAR; AND MUCH INDEBTED TO YOU, SIR, FOR THE INTRODUCTION!

ANACREONTICS FOR ALL.

(Being Bacchanalian Ballads for the use of all Professions, Trades, Crafts, and Callings, with Convivial Carols for the Classes, the Masses, and the Lasses. By Tom Moore, Junior.)

THE PORT-LOVER'S PÆAN.

AIR—"The Steersman's Song."

WHEN briskly blows the winter gale,
And on couch-cushions snug I lie,
I yearn not for October ale,
Or "Fizz"—though bright as
LESBLIA'S eye.
'Longside the fire, insatiate still,
I lol, the bottle standing by,
And sip with sybaritic thrill
The vintage that I love, and
cry,

Port, my boy! Port!

Let others, laud the sparkling
"Boy,"

Or hymn the praise of British
beer;
On me Champagne's seductions
cloy,
Port only, tawny Port is dear!
I think the nectar of the gods
Less worthy of Olympian lip,
Whilst puss upon my hearthrug
nods,
I watch the wine, and smiling
sip,
Thus, my boy! Thus!

See how the roseate, ruby
draught
Gleams in the firelight's ruddy
glare!
Gods! how the gurgling wine-
drops waff
Celestial odours through the
air!



AN ENIGMATIC GRANDMOTHERLY UTTERANCE.

"ANGELS HAVE WINGS—HAVEN'T THEY GRANDMAMMA?"
"I'VE ALWAYS HEARD SO."
"I HEARD UNCLE GERALD TELL MADEMOISELLE SHE WAS AN ANGEL—
IN THE SHRUBBERY THIS MORNING—AND SHE HASN'T GOT WINGS!"
"NO; BUT SHE'LL HAVE TO FLY!" [Uncle Gerald is the son and heir.]

Oh! when I think it is for me
Oporto's vineyards sprout and
spring,
Great Lusitanian Grape, to thee
I brim the glass, and gladly
sing,
Swig, old boy! So!

STOLEN KISSES.

[The Appeal Court at Amsterdam has decided that it is no offence to kiss a lady even if she is unwilling, for a kiss is rather "a warm mark of sympathy."]

HURRAH! I'm off to Amsterdam,
Farewell, ye law-fenced
British misses;
I fly, as doth a wasp to jam,
To where the Judges smile on
kisses.

In Amsterdam I'll live; once
there
'Tis just a case of *libens libens*;
I sally forth and choose my fair,
Comely and plump like those
of RUBENS;

And then, O luxury and bliss,
I march towards her with a gay
eye,
Select my place, and plant a kiss,
Without so much as asking
"May I?"

Slim men like me should have
success, [men:
For native Dutchmen are obese
I'll live on kisses, and I'll bless
The unobstructive Dutch
policemen.

Yet know I some who'd rather
climb
A ladder leading to a gibbet,
Than spend in Amsterdam their
time
On kisses which no laws pro-
hibit.

THE NEW NYMPH.

"[From first to last this great undertaking has been the creation of popular will, and of popular enthusiasm. . . . The Manchester and Salford public at large gave it their ungrudging support, and, as ratepayers, backed their opinion with their money. The Canal could never have been completed without the enormous loans to the Company raised by the local Corporations on the security of the rates."—*Daily News*.]

O, a nice Sea-nymph, Mancunia! Scarce one more neat and sweet is in all fair Amphitrite's train than this north-country Thetis.
Eh? "Come unto these yellow sands?" She needs no special pleader,
For on the sea-shore now she stands—through following of her
LEADER!

Has he not led her manfully, through many years, and miles too?
Not unopposed by Fortune's frowns, yet winning her bright smiles,
too!

By devious ways, through all the maze of Vested Interests guiding her,
Like THESEUS through the Labyrinth. When rival nymphs were
chiding her

For arrogant ambition, and for energy intrusive,
When Parliament seemed dubious, and opponents were abusive,
He planned and fought; and nightly thought by day's determination
He bravely backed, and never slacked until the consummation.
O gallant DANIEL ADAMSON! the earlier stout promoter
Of the Great Plan that, to a man, now charmeth every voter,
The resolute enthusiast, the engineer undaunted,

You should have lived to see this hour, your praises must be chaunted
On the great day you helped to bring, when every ardent talker
Trots out the names of FULTON, BAILEY, EGERTON, STEVENS, WALKER.

Palmas qui meruit, ferat, Sir! Your spirit, if 'tis present,
Must gaze upon the Great Success with selfless smile and pleasant.
And bravo, smoky Manchester, and Salford! Raise ovations
For liberal ratepayers and for generous Corporations.
How to loose the public purse-strings and the public spirit stir well,
They know right well the folks that dwell on either side the Irwell.

And in the adjacent townships. The DE GRESLEYS, stout old barons,
Might wish to book their shadows on another bark than Charon's,
And join the joyous company on the *Snowdrop* and the *Crocus*,
Which sympathetic glances from all England there could focus;
Duke BRIDGEWATER—the Father called of inland navigation—
With his engineer, JAMES BRINDLEY, in the general jubilation
Might join, if spooks were vocal, though their great canal be out
of it

Compared with modern marvels *à la Suez*. There's small doubt of it
DE LESSEPS would smile on it, lay he not in that sad shadow
Wherewith age and anguish shroud the once *Grand Français*.
Eldorado

Is a fabulous far region; but to modern engineering
Few roads indeed are difficult beyond all chances of clearing,
And Mr. Punch hopes heartily that Manchester's new waterway,
That opens to old Neptune's realm an easier and a shorter way,
May tap true Eldorado, and may Plenty show no shrunk horn
To Salford and to Warburton, to Warrington and Runcorn,
And all the towns that line the track along whose winding traces
LEADER-WILLIAMS leads the New Sea-Nymph to Father Nep's
embraces!

THE LONG (DRURY) LANE THAT HAS NO TURNING.

[Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS announces that he has secured a new lease of Drury Lane from the Duke of BEDFORD.]

OLD Drury Lane's saved. Yet another clear proof
That DRURIOLANUS's wonders ne'er cease.
The deed that keeps for us the world-famous roof
Will henceforth be known as a happy re-lease.

MRS. R. heard the word "Anarchist," and "dreadful things were said about her," said our esteemed friend; adding, "But why? I've known plenty of 'ANNAS' who've 'been kiss'd' and they're none the worse for it."

THE ADVENTURES OF PICKLOCK HOLES.

(By Cunnin Toil.)

No. VIII.—PICKLOCK'S DISAPPEARANCE.

NEVER in the course of a long and varied experience have I taken up my pen with a heavier heart than that which now beats mournfully within my breast. It has been my enviable lot to follow my hero, my wonderful friend, my



Picklock Holes disguised.

arch-prince of detectives through many a strange and startling adventure. While he with his matchless acumen has been engaged in checking the ambitious designs of foreign despots, in unveiling to the startled gaze of statesmen the criminal plots of secret societies, in foiling coalitions, in unravelling the tangled skeins of murder-conspiracies, in bringing dark deeds of crime relentlessly home to ducal perpetrators, in restoring jewels to bereaved countesses, in convicting baronets of burglary, and generally in putting local constabularies in every part of the civilised world to shame; while he, I say, has been engaged in these and similar undertakings I have been ever at his side, the faithful foil, the admiring companion, the irremovable fly on the wheel of his world-renowned exploits. And now that fate has taken him from me I scarce know whither I am to turn. Surely never again shall I meet in this world so wise, so cold, so impassive, so friendly a sleuth-hound of detection; never again shall I behold another upon whom my candid flow of irrepressible wonder will pour itself with so small an effect.

"Potson," he would often say to me when I had congratulated him in my impulsive way upon some master-stroke of cunning strategy; "Potson, you are not absolutely clever, but, personally, I do not care for very clever men. They are always wanting to outwit one. The task of course is hopeless, but to counteract it one has to waste valuable time. But you have about you a comfortable non-cleverness, always delightfully ready to burst into admiration whenever I give you an opportunity. Potson, I like you."

"HOLES," I replied, overcome by emotion, "you are an extraordinary fellow. I would willingly follow you to the ends of the world."

I remember this little conversation all the more distinctly because, taking place as it did in an unfrequented thoroughfare of the Bloomsbury district, HOLES was immediately afterwards able to infer from a large stain of milk upon the pavement in front of one of the houses that a bald and fraudulent solicitor was at that moment lying in a fit on the floor of the dining-room. This was how he proved it:

"Milk," he said, "has been spilt here. To spill milk is a blunder which is often worse than, and, therefore, at least equal to, a crime. We have therefore got the certainty of a crime. A solicitor has to deal with crimes. We thus get the fact that we have here a solicitor who has committed a crime. Now fraud is a crime. Therefore, substituting fraud for crime we obtain a solicitor who has committed fraud. I said a moment back that this solicitor was not only fraud but baldulent—"

"Pardon me," I ventured to interrupt, "pardon me, my dear HOLES, you mean bald and fraudulent."

"Of course," he retorted, without moving a muscle; "I said so, bald and fraudulent. Now mark how beautifully it works out. A detected criminal is invariably angry. This man has been detected by me. To be angry is merely another way of saying that one has lost his hair. He is, therefore, proved beyond possibility of doubt to be bald. With regard to the fit, the process of induction is no less delicate and convincing. A solicitor wears clothes which fit him, whether well or badly matters not. He has, therefore, a fit. Have I proved my case?"

"HOLES," I said, "you are a wonderful fellow."

We informed the neighbouring policeman, but I cannot now remember if matters proceeded to a conviction. The incident, however, remains in my mind as one of the most remarkable proofs of my friend's almost superhuman powers.

And now, as I said, I have lost him, and must proceed as best I can to give some account of his disappearance. We were engaged in investigating the mysterious circumstances connected with the theft of one of our best-known public monuments. I do not care to be more precise, though some day in defence of my friend I may have to

tell the story in detail. But at present the honour of a great family is involved, and I prefer to mention no names. I had noticed that HOLES had been even more taciturn than was usual with him during the course of his investigations, but at the time I attributed little importance to this. One night he came quietly into my rooms, and after removing from my coat a speck of dust, which proved, he said, that I had been assaulted by a ticket-of-leave man in Southampton Street at 5.45 that very afternoon, he sat down opposite me in an armchair. "Potson," he said, "there is something in this business which is out of the common. At every turn I encounter a hidden force. I walk in Piccadilly and am splashed with mud by a passing hansom; I turn into Regent Street, and a Music Hall singer—I knew him by his prosperous, well-fed appearance—insists on shaking hands with me. Discouraged by these accidents I stroll into Jermyn Street, when a regiment of Life-Guards charging up Bury Street all but tramples me under foot. There is more in all this than meets the eye. Potson, I am being pursued."

"But surely," I said, "they know you too well. Who would venture to pursue you? Would anyone venture to fly in the face of the public and of probability by tracking one who has always been himself the tracker?"

But my words were unavailing. He insisted upon it that he was being shadowed, and left me with this impressive warning: "If I do not return to you to-morrow before six o'clock you will know that I am somewhere else. Do not look for me in the Serpentine."

On the following day I awaited the arrival of six o'clock with a feverish impatience. As the hour struck the door did not open, but a scrap of torn paper came fluttering down from the ceiling. I grasped it convulsively, and read these words:

"MY DEAR POTSON,—It has been a duel to the death, and both of us perished. By the kindness of my late opponent, MR. SHERLOCK HOLMES, I have been permitted to expire after him, and to use the few remaining seconds of life that remain in me in writing to you. I knew I was pursued, and I knew it was SHERLOCK who was dragging me to my doom. I have killed him, but at the penalty of my own life. If you wish to know more do as I should have done under the circumstances. Commend me to Mrs. POTSON, and believe me yours inductively, "PICKLOCK HOLES."

That was all. The blow was a terrible one, but when I recovered in a measure I set to work immediately to do what I thought HOLES would have done. I assumed a meditative air, I conducted chemical experiments, I despised the police, I picked up clues in unsuspected corners, I proved beggars in rags to be Cabinet Ministers in disguise—but all my efforts were fruitless. My friend's last behest is to me a sacred command. Some other—not I—may search the depths of the Serpentine and which I have sought in vain.*

THE END.

[* We've got the very man to do it, and when either "SHERLOCK HOLMES" or "PICKLOCK HOLES" may be "wanted," we undertake to produce both or either of them.—ED.]

To a Police Sergeant.

[Who confessed in Court to having learnt dancing for seven years, "because it was an art that was never learned."]

OH! ardour almost past belief,
We see your reason at a glance;
And understand now why a thief
Oft leads the Force a pretty dance!

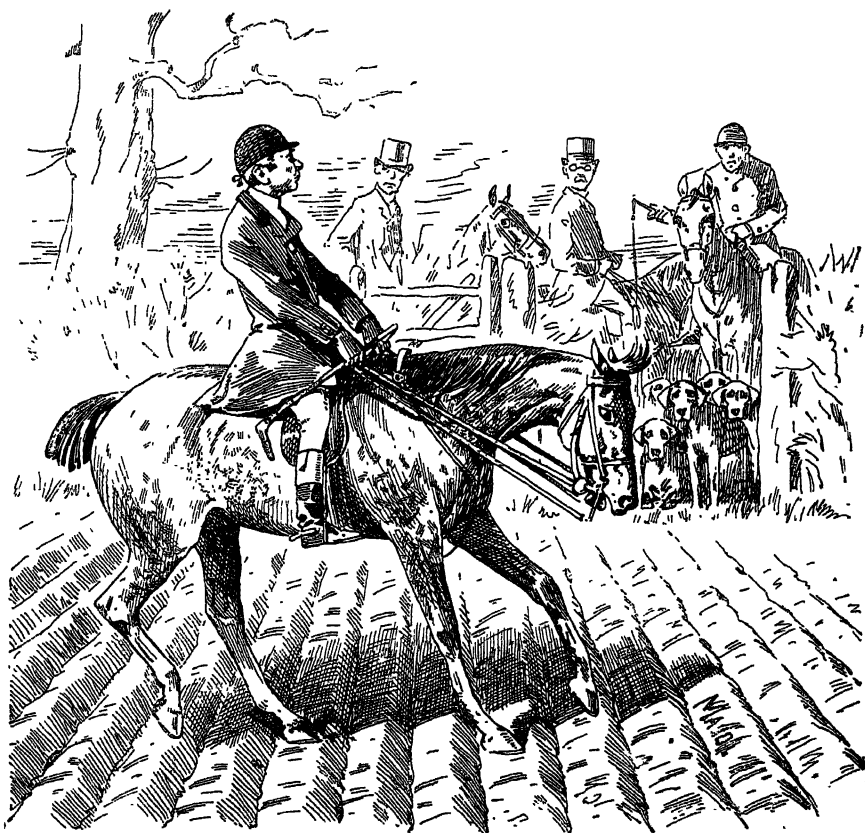
ANOTHER INJUSTICE TO IRELAND.—MR. KNIGHT, agent to Lord MEATH, has been elected a member of the Irish Lights Board. The shores of the distressful country will henceforth, therefore, be illuminated by Knight-lights, while the rest of the United Kingdom enjoys the electric light. Is this right? MR. JOHN MORLEY, please note.

Our dear old lady observed of a very severe friend of hers, that "when he has once said a thing his word is as the law of the Medes and Prussians."



"Dropping an H."

From a drawing taken on the spot, "Picklock H." lets down "Sherlock H." easily.



AN AWFUL FROST.

Huntsman (sending Whip to try the fallows). "WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT, FREED?"
Whip (who sees it is impossible to hunt). "I THINK IT'S VERY HARD LINES, SIR!"

ENGLISH HISTORY AFTER A LIFE-TIME.

SCENE—The Stalls of Drury Lane. TIME—During the Historical Pageant. Uncle, who rather prides himself upon his knowledge of "the Nation's Story," is acting as Lecturer to two rather up-to-date young ladies.

Uncle (at end of career of "Robinson Crusoe"). And now, my dears, you are going to learn all about English History in Twenty Minutes. (Referring to action on the stage.) You see, there are the Ancient Britons, and here they are opposing the Normans.

First Niece. Yes, Uncle; but didn't the Ancient Britons oppose the Romans?

Uncle. Yes, as well. And you see there's WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, and he stops and picks up an oyster, and shows it to his followers in triumph. You know they came to England chiefly on account of its oysters.

Second Niece. Are you not thinking of JULIUS CÆSAR, Uncle?

Uncle. Well, the oysters at Colchester and Hastings had both a reputation for centuries. And there you see, there's HENRY THE FIRST and his books—he was a very fine scholar, you know; but he wasn't very truthful. Very clever indeed! Telling a falsehood at the dinner-table, and dying. Capitally done! Don't you know that was why the sea encroached upon the land off Herne Bay?

First Niece. I thought that was Earl Godwin, Uncle?

Uncle. Yes, very likely. But to the best of my belief it occurred to HENRY THE FIRST too. And see, here's King JOHN signing Magna Charta. Very good indeed! Ah, we owe all our liberties to that!

Second Niece. I forget what were the provisions of Magna Charta, Uncle; will you tell them to me?

Uncle. Oh, to allow people to make wills and to have a right of way across fields and all that sort of thing. Most excellent provisions. And see here, RICHARD is about to hang the burgesses of Calais when his Queen intercedes for them and he lets them off. Really first-rate!

First Niece. But wasn't it EDWARD THE FIRST who spared the burgesses? And look, he has found a garter! Surely that was EDWARD, wasn't it, Uncle?

Uncle. Yes, my dear, one of the EDWARDS; but I am always

rather confused between the EDWARDS and the HENRYS. Ah, here we have the crusades! You see those must be the Saracens. And there's the English King with his banner. He has been taken prisoner.

Second Niece. But why has he got Bannockburn on it, Uncle? Mustn't he be the BRUCE?

Uncle. Ah, of course! It is ROBERT BRUCE in Palestine. Quite right! And look here, EDWARD presenting the first PRINCE OF WALES to the Welsh. Very clever indeed.

First Niece. Which EDWARD was that, Uncle?

Uncle. The second, of course. He afterwards became EDWARD the Black Prince and EDWARD THE THIRD.

Second Niece. Then is that him quieting the mob and killing WAT TYLER? I thought that was RICHARD THE SECOND.

Uncle. Yes; I believe you are right. And see, here is HENRY THE THIRD, pleased with his son yielding to the Chief Justice. You see he has discarded SIR JOHN FALSTAFF on becoming HENRY THE FOURTH, and he has won in consequence Agincourt. Don't you see it on the banner?

First Niece. But didn't HENRY THE FIFTH win Agincourt, Uncle?

Uncle. According to some historians, perhaps; but there is so much dispute about these matters nowadays. And look, here is the origin of the Wars of the Roses. You see, some of them took white and some red. The roses were brought in a basket like that.

Second Niece. But surely those are tennis balls. What had they to do with the battles of the Roses?

Uncle. Why, they were playing with them in the Temple Gardens. Haven't you seen them playing lawn-tennis there to this day? It is perfectly extraordinary how these old customs are continued. And see, here's HENRY THE EIGHTH, and all his wives! Very good indeed! And that's Queen MARY ordering MARY, Queen of Scots, to be executed on the day of her wedding.

First Niece. Wasn't it Queen ELIZABETH, Uncle, who ordered MARY, Queen of Scots, to be executed?

Uncle. She was the actual cause of the death of MARY, Queen of Scots, certainly. But Queen MARY, too, was greatly opposed to her. And see here is Queen ELIZABETH and Sir WALTER RALEIGH and the Spanish Ambassador in black velvet. You see he presents her with a letter asking her to be the wife of PHILIP, and she gives it him back. First rate! That was the cause you know of the Spanish Armada.

Second Niece. But why is she so civil to the Ambassador afterwards. She's leaning on his arm. And why is he so pensive and always in an attitude?

Uncle. Oh, ELIZABETH had wonderful tact, you know. She was all things to all men.

First Niece. Don't you think, Uncle, that the pensive gentleman in black velvet may be meant for SHAKESPEARE?

Uncle. I fancy not. And see, here's CROMWELL and MARLBOROUGH introducing WILLIAM and MARY and CHARLES THE SECOND with his beauties.

Second Niece. Surely WILLIAM and MARY were later than the Stuarts?

Uncle. They were all about the same period. You remember, there was the Old and the Young Pretender. But here we are in our own times. Splendid! See here's the Hall of History and there's the QUEEN! Capital! And here are the events of her present Majesty's reign. You see there's NAPOLEON, NELSON, and WELLINGTON. And here comes WILLIAM THE FOURTH.

First Niece. But surely WILLIAM THE FOURTH wasn't—?

Uncle. Oh, it's all right, but I think, dears, we had better be quiet, now, as we seem to be disturbing other people.

[End of the Lecture upon English History and appearance of Mr. HARRY PAYNE.]

"I FLY TO ISTAMBOL."—BYRON.

Yes, *nemine dissente*,
This shillingsworth is "something like!"
At last, the Golden Horn of plenty!
"Constantinople" "talks the *caique*!"



A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE IS A DANGEROUS THING.

Julia (reading Menu with demure approbation). "POINTES D'ASPERGES!"

Emily (who is not well up in her French). "POINT D'ASPERGES!" WHAT A PITY! I'M SO FOND OF THEM!"

A DIRTY CROSSING.

["Mr. Wilson's criticisms of the Bank of England may conveniently be summarised under these heads. First, it works in secret; second, it is conducted by the wrong men; third, there is good reason to fear that its assets are not what they are represented to be. . . . The fact is, that 'the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street' is growing decrepit, and her sight is getting dim, and she should be permitted to retire from active service, and a young and vigorous member of her family be installed in her seat."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

AIR—"Hot Codlings."

THERE was an Old Lady, her living she got
By dealings in Money, a lot, lot, lot!
Now this wealthy Old Lady, as I've been told,
Though her Notes were good, couldn't do
without Gold;
So to keep herself "warm," and keep up her
circulation,
She indulged now and then in a game of—
Ri-fol-tiddy-iddy-ti-to-tum!

Now this wealthy Old Lady went out for a
trot,
And the weather was anything but hot, hot,
hot!
The roads were wet, and were thick with
mire,
And this wealthy Old Lady, she began to tire.
She gathered up her skirts, from the mud
she shrunk,
And this wealthy Old Lady got in an
awful—
Ri-fol-tiddy-iddy, &c.

Now this wealthy Old Lady, when funky she
got,
Some boys began to do what they ought not,
not, not!
They splashed her with mud, and they pelted
her with stones;

Cried this wealthy Old Lady, "Pray pity my
old bones!"

These mischievous young urchins they wanted
for to send

The wealthy Old Lady on her latter—
Ri-fol-tiddy-iddy, &c.

Now this wealthy Old Lady, her head in
temper tossing
Found herself in the middle of a very dirty
crossing.

Cried she "Such boys as these surely never
were known,

They never will let an Old Lady alone!"

Though she picked her way, and she gathered
up her dress,

This wealthy Old Lady got in a nasty—
Ri-fol-tiddy-iddy, &c.

For what with the mud, and what with the
boys,

And the stones and the traffic, and the
puddles and the noise,

This wealthy Old Lady felt quite at a loss,
And began much to fear she should never get
across.

"I must look (she cried) a timid and untidy
old trollop!

If I once get out of this those young rascals
won't I—"

Ri-fol-tiddy-iddy, &c.

Now this wealthy Old Lady we all of us
admire,

And wish to see her out of the mud and the
mire;

We'd rather help her over than leave her in
the lurch,

And naughty boys who'd pelt her *without*
cause deserve the birch.

But if they'd walk erect and keep clear of
mud and puddle

Old Ladies their poor heads must not muddle
or—
Ri-fol-tiddy-iddy-ti-to-tum!

MADE IN GERMANY.

By LORD BUY-WRONG.

AIR—"Maid of Athens."

MADE by Germans, horrid trash,
Give, oh give me back my cash;
Or, since that has left my purse,
Keep it and accept my curse.
Hear me swear before I quit
Words improper to be writ!

Buy those razors undesigned
For the shaving of mankind?
Buy those shoes of jetty hue,
Made of paper, stuck with glue?
No, for folks would call my kit
Words improper to be writ!

Buy just what will suit my taste?
Buy those diamonds made of paste?
Buy all the wretched foreign heap
Of things that England can't make cheap?
I answer only, as is fit,
Words improper to be writ!

Made by Germans! I've been "had"
By a clerk, a German lad;
Who, to man's estate when grown,
Bagged my business as his own.
May I not then utter—yes,
Words improper for the press!

TOO LIKE TO LIKE.

[A portrait model of "SCOTT," of Ardlamont fame,
has been added to Madame Tussaud's collection.]

No doubt this waxen "counterfeit present-
ment,"

Will give our country cousins much content—
But with our bobbies it will not befall so;
With "SCOTT" scot-free, they wax too waxy
also.



A DIRTY CROSSING.

THE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET (*log.*). "O DEAR, O DEAR! I WISH I WERE OUT OF THIS NASTY MESS!"



PREACHING AND PRACTISING.

Lady Bountiful (to old Parishioner). "I HOPE YOU LIKE OUR NEW CLERGYMAN'S SERMONS, MRS. BROWN?"

Mrs. Brown. "OH YES, MY LADY, HE DO PREACH QUITE BEAUTIFUL; BUT THEN, YOU SEE, HE DON'T PRACTICE. SO WHEN MY POOR OLD MAN BE TROUBLED WITH THE RHEUMATICS, I HAVE TO SEND FOR THE DOCTOR IN THE VILLAGE, AND IT DO COME SO VERY EXPENSIVE!"

DISILLUSION.

(By a Middle-aged Man.)

WHEN I was young, my schemes were vast;
I dreamt by day, not after supper.
I wrote—all bards should be surpassed,
From SHAKESPEARE down to MARTIN
TUPPER.

I drew—dark REMBRANDT, RAPHAEL,
Rich RUBENS, REYNOLDS, I'd resemble.

I played—resolving to excel
Such men as GARRICK, KEAN, and KEMBLE.

I loved—gay maidens I would meet,
With them midst verdant meads meander,
Or risk my life to kiss my sweet,
A nineteenth century Leander.

I write—a lawyer's deeds and bills,
Dull, tiresome work that never ceases;
I draw—conveyances and wills,
Agreements, mortgages, and leases.

PAGES AND PAGES.

WHAT I hate at big hotels is the constant entrance of page-boys calling the numbers of rooms, for the occupants of which there are visitors, telegrams, or messages. The other day, in the writing-room of the Grandest Hotel, I began a letter, "Dearest SOPHONISBA." Funny name, SOPHONISBA. But she is a very serious girl, and refuses to be called by absurd nicknames. "Dearest SOPHONISBA, I have not written to you since this morning. What a long time it is since we parted! When I am away from you the hours in every day seem to be—"

"128," cried a voice just behind me. I started up. It was a page. I murmured "No." "—seem to be interminable. I am simply miserable. But on Friday I am coming home by the train at 12—"

"63," said another boy.

"—at 12.63"—I wrote what was just then in my thoughts, as one often does—"at 12.15, and in the afternoon I shall call at your home and once more—"

"418," was shouted at my ear. I could no longer bear these startling interruptions. I changed my place, and sat facing the door.

"—once more we shall be together. When we are married, darling, we shall be always—"

"2," cried another boy.

"—shall be always two." Of course I meant "united," or "together." I might even have said "one." You can't make "two" look like "one" by any penmanship, and nobody begins "together" with "two." So I had to write the whole letter afresh, hating alterations at important points. For a few minutes I was undisturbed, and I had reached "Ever your most devoted ALGERNON," when I remembered that I had not referred at all to the illness of her favourite brother, a horrid boy, whom I pretended to like. As I wrote the postscript another page rushed in.

"354," he called loudly, looking at me as though I were a crowd, perhaps including the occupant of No. 354. When I raised my hand, implying by the movement "Go away," the boy evidently thought I beckoned to him, and again shouted "354." I muttered some angry words, hastily folded up the letter, and posted it.

When I went to see SOPHONISBA on Friday, she received me coldly, and called me "Mr. GOSLING." I begged for some explanation, and she showed me the postscript of my letter. "I am sorry to hear that TOMMY has the measles. Hang the boy!"

She has refused to see me since then.

"MAIS OÙ SONT LES NEIGES?"

"But where are last year's snows?"

Asks VILLON. I make shift

To answer, No one knows;

But all perceive the drift.

UNLUCKY AND LUCKY.—"The Thirteen Club," which dines at the Holborn Restaurant on the 13th, and sets at defiance all the old traditions about spilling the salt, walking under a ladder, and crossing knives (let us hope none of the members will fall out and cross swords), ought to have a scroll emblazoned and set as a standard in their midst, bearing the legend, "There is luck in odd numbers." But, by the way, to accept this is, so to speak, to cut the ground from under their feet, and down would come "The Thirteen Club."

I play—this very humble part,
I cannot hope for any other;
I love—my wife, she's plain, not smart;
I only wish she had no mother.

MONTE CARLO OVER HERE. — *Last week!*
We only hope it may be! Our noses were
rouge, the sky looked noir, and the thermometer was at zero. The advice given was,
"Put on everything you've got."

NO BAD LANGUAGE.

THE language of Japan,
so we are told,
Contains no oath. How
blissfully serene
The prospect seems!
Well, be it writ in
gold!
But close the diction-
ary; look between
Unwritten lines, and
soon ye shall behold
Men will be men; and
Japs, with pangs as
keen
As Englishmen's when
crossed or badly
sold,
Are just as prompt in
meaning what *we*
mean.

Verse and Worse.

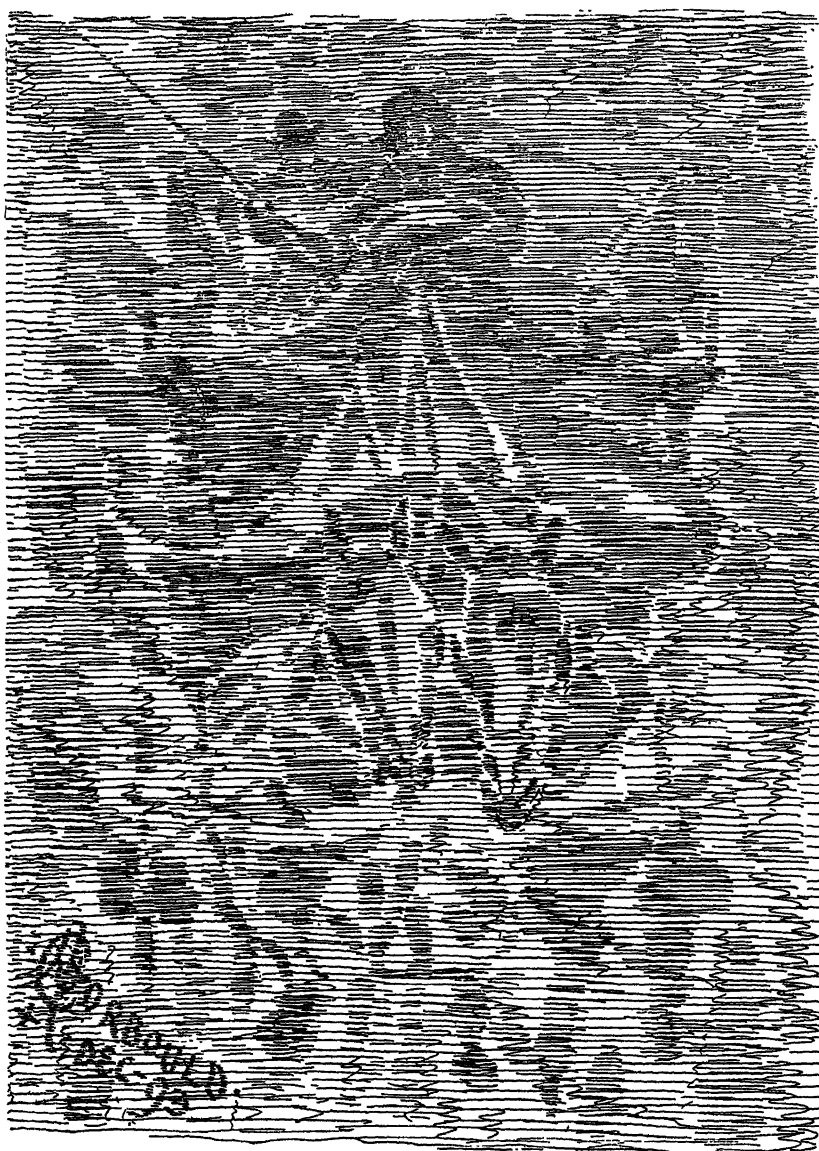
[KHANJEE DHARAMSEY
was recently fined and im-
prisoned for writing a
seditious poem, which, on
second translation from the
Guzerati, turns out to be
eminently loyal.—*Daily
Paper.*]

CONVICTED on a mis-
translation!
Is not this luckless
poet's story
A most alarming illus-
tration
Of "*traduttore tra-
ditore*"?

**"Downy" among
the "Dead Men."**

THE empty bottles stand
arow.
Now what—? But
mere inspection
fails.
I'll take a sniff at each.
Oho!
Who says that "dead
men tell no tales"?

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.
—"How to make both
ends meet." Have
sheep's head and oxtail
soup for dinner, same
course.

**FOGGY EVENING.**

*Driver of 'Bus (to Conductor, whom he has called up). "JIM, TH' OL' GENT IN
FRONT'S FELL OFF!"*
Conductor. "ALL RIGHT, BILL. 'E'S PAID 'IS FARE."

**A PLEASANT CHANGE
IN THE WEATHER.**

THEY were all de-
lighted. They congrat-
ulated one another, and
shook hands all round.
Never was seen such en-
thusiasm since the days
when the late CHARLES
DICKENS wrote his
Christmas stories. Men
who had been silent for
months suddenly be-
came loquacious, and
the most taciturn of
spinsters found that
they had plenty to say.
A spell seemed to have
been removed. England
was herself again.

"During the sum-
mer," observed the first
of the guests, "the
topic was absolutely im-
possible. Nothing but
sunshine and blue sky.
Not an hour of rain for
weeks and months."

"Quite so. If we had
lived at the Equator the
time could not have
been more monotonous.
Oh, it was too dread-
ful!" cried a second.

"Yes, I do not re-
member the like in my
time," put in a third.
"Why, everyone had
become as mute as an
oyster. However, it is
all over now. Do you
think it will rain to-day
or do you think it will
snow?"

"Well, I don't know,
but the glass was fall-
ing and I fear the
worst."

And then they con-
tinued the discussion
with the greatest plea-
sure. For England had
once more become
"Merrie England."
And the reason? Why,
this. After a long
silence Britons were
once again able to talk
about the state of the
weather.

A NEW-YEAR'S GIFT.

WHAT'S this? "By Parcel Post," I see,
Perhaps a friendly gift for me,
A token pleasant
Of some companionship sincere—
Nay, best of all—the writing's clear,
This happy day has brought me here
Sweet MABEL's present!
A pipe! And such a . . . perfect gem.
That slim, impracticable stem,
What man could plan it?
And then, as I'm a living soul,
Just feel this wondrous "meerschau" bowl,
Which fittingly completes the whole—
As hard as granite!
Yet, given by her dainty hand,
What prince or noble in the land
Would dare refuse it?
This present which she's kindly bought
I'll prize sincerely, as I ought,
Keep, love—do anything, in short,
Save only—use it!

King Talk and King Monologue.*A Fable for the Table.*

THE Frogs—who croaked concerning every-
thing—
Got tired of TALK, their constitutional king.
"His easy give-and-take," they cried, "doth
bore us.
We want a brilliant monarch to rule o'er us;
One who in epigram impromptu glories.
And—above all things!—who can 'tell good
stories.'"
Mercury Jupiter's memory deigned to jog;
Ironie Jove sent them—King MONOLOGUE!
Now Frogs squat dumb in silent swamps and
sedge-ways,
Because—they cannot get a word in edge-
ways!

SAGACITY OF AN IRONCLAD.—"Before going
to sea," says a newspaper report, "the *Reso-
lution* was not inclined." Pity to send it to
sea against its inclination.

A FLING AT THE MUSIC-HALLS.

["She is painted also with a wheel."—*Shakspeare.*]

"COME, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,"
Used to be the nation's notion
Of "the poetry of motion."
Now, if toe be but in air,
Everything goes anywhere.
Hand where foot was looks gymnastic;
Net result is—well, fantastic.
This was once a boyish sport,
But there's now no stopping short—
No distinction 'twixt the sexes;—
Hence our latest wheeling x's.
Oh! how handy for a bard,
If he likewise might discard.
Footless measure? Footless metre?
Come now, *pulehriori detur.*

MOTTO FOR HORNCastle.—"*Nous n'avons
pas Tort.*"

DEATH AT THE DOCKS;

or, Dibdin very much up to Date.

["It is notorious that the Docks are wretchedly protected. During the great fogs, a season or two since, drowned sailors were picked out of them like flies out of treacle. . . . The old story—a night foggy and "pitch dark"; a sailor groping his way back to his ship; a splash in the water, and a cry for help; and then a dead body fished out of the water."—*The Daily News.*]

AIR—"Ben Block."

WOULD you hear a sad story of woe,

That tears from a stone might provoke?

'Tis concerning a tar, you must know,

To whom danger and death were a joke.

His name was BEN BLOCK, of all men

The most true, the most kind, the most brave;

But hard-treated by fortune—for BEN,

In his prime, found a watery grave.

It was not upon the high seas, A-fighting the storm or the foe;

No! 'twas not midst dangers like these

He gloriously ended—ah, no!

A land-fog confounded BEN BLOCK;

There was no hand to help or to save,

When poor BEN staggered into the dock,

And plunged deep in a watery grave!

**SO VERY NATURAL.**

Banker. "I WISH YOU A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR."
Smart Broker. "THANKS, THAT DEPENDS ENTIRELY ON YOU, SIR."

A plague on all miserly knaves,
Who neglect their dashed
docks to protect,
A death midst the sea's briny waves

Is what a brave tar may expect;

But to drown like a fly in stale beer,

Because skinflints their cop-pers would save,

No rope, buoy, or life-saver near,
Is a sad sort o' watery grave.

It is time that each miserly elf
Should be taught that that

death-trap his dock

Must not, just to pile up his

self,
Drown dozens of tars like BEN

BLOCK.

Such murder must go on no

more;
Some means must be hit on

to save
Our fog-muddled sailors ashore

From a dark, dirty watery

grave!

VERY PALPABLE HITS.

"JOE doesn't hit it with his

wife," said JIM.

"No, he hits *her*," said JACK,

"and she hits *him*."

"BEAUTIFUL STAR!"—NORMAN LOCKYER, C.B., Professor of Astronomy in the Royal College of Science. So now he'll be able to wear his own new star.

A LITTLE GIBRALTERATION.

SIR,—This plan of neutralising the Mediterranean is really admirable. Let's do it at once! When I say at once, of course I mean as soon as the Government has settled Home Rule all round, Eight Hours, Parish Councils, and the rest of the domestic programme. Then we can sell a lot of our ships, and cut down the Naval Budget by one-half, and, with the money so obtained, give all the unemployed pensions of five shilling a day, together with free dinners, beer, tobacco, and room-rent, for the rest of their lives. The only "Balance of Power" worth having is the balance at our bankers! That's the creed of Yours, unblushingly, COSMOPOLITE.

ESTEEMED EDITOR,—Glad to find dear Old England is talking of neutralising Mediterranean. Always thought it was her best policy. Think so much more now, since Toulon fêtes. Give up Gibraltar to Spain, and there you at once have the immense naval resources of Spain added to your own in case of war. Malta of course will go to France, Cyprus and Egypt to Russia, and you'll find the Cape route to India far pleasanter in every way after you've once got accustomed to it. Such a saving, too, not to have to keep up your expensive Mediterranean squadron!

Yours, disinterestedly, ALEXIS SLYKOFF.

SIR,—Let's neutralise everything! So much safer. Or neutralise, let's say, Dover and Portsmouth. Then, in case of war, no enemy can touch them. The same with London and Paris, Berlin and Constantinople. I know, from an intimate friend of the late Lord TENNYSON, that the line he *really* wrote was "The Parliament of Man, the Neutralisation of the World," only some printer's devil altered it to "Federation," and the P. L. never noticed the error! Then, if the principle were once adopted, we could go on to neutralise the property of all millionaires; that would render it available for the use of the public, and of

Yours, cheerily, IMPERIAL-SOCIAL-DEMOCRAT.

A CHEERFUL COMPANION.—Mr. GEORGE GROSSMITH, now starting on his American tour, will, it is stated, "accompany himself" wherever he goes.

PLANTERS AND THEIR "PLANTS."

[See indignant letters in the *Standard* on the premiums demanded from "creepers" on tea-plantations in Ceylon and farm-pupils in Canada and Australia.]

START IN LIFE!—A Ceylon Tea-Planter has vacancies for half-a-dozen young men on his small and miserably-unhealthy estate in the interior, which, except for the exorbitant premiums which he asks with each pupil, would probably go into the Bankruptcy Court to-morrow. They will gain practical experience of the minutiae of tea-growing, cholera, and jungle-fever. A year spent in this way may lead to a fortune; it may also lead to the local cemetery. A good place for a medical student wanting to study bacilli, or for a coroner in search of active occupation. Delicate English youths come here, and leave in an incredibly short space of time with a wonderful knowledge of tea and no liver whatever. This is a chance which may never occur again.

WHAT TO DO WITH OUR BOYS.—Ship them to Quebec, *en route* for the boundless North-West. Invigorating climate. Thermometer rarely descends more than fifty degrees below zero. Not more than six blizzards a week. Premium required, only £200, for the privilege of working like a navvy for a couple of years without any pay. Just the sort of employment to take the nonsense out of youths found unmanageable at home. Practical farmer has first-rate opening for such. Opening should be closed with. The experience acquired is sure to be profitable—to practical farmer, if not to his pupils.

WANTED.—Any number of "Creepers," with thoroughly stupid and gullible parents, for a coffee-plantation near Colombo. Glorious place for sport. Tigers and cobras found on the estate. Good bags of elephants can be made. Adjoining forests teeming with deer and malaria. As the day's work, of superintending sickly and dissatisfied coolies, only begins at four in the morning, and rarely lasts beyond six at night, there is obviously plenty of time to spare for hunting expeditions. Capital spot for lovers of natural history who do not object to sunstrokes. Apply at once!

GENUINE (PARLIAMENTARY) HOSPITALITY.—Keeping open House during the Christmas Holidays.

"A POPULAR 'CRI.'"

CERTAINLY CHARLES WYNDHAM's impersonation of *The Headless Man* deserves all that has been said in its praise, and his happy speech to his confrères at the "professional *matinée*" was quite in keeping with this eccentric part. There are three admirably-played characters in this piece. First, Mr. VALENTINE's *Nupley*, the confidential clerk, who is the antithesis of *Hedley*, being the sole representative of



The "General" and the "Particular."

law and order in the house of *Hedley*, *Spooner*, and *Meanwell*; then comes the old claimant to a peerage, perfectly played by Mr. J. G. TAYLOR; and, finally, Mr. BLAKELEY's quaint *General Bletchingly*, perpetually being bullied and put through his facings by *Mrs. General* (Miss F. FRANCES). The "three men scene," where in the Third Act *Hedley* tries to arrange matters between the claimant and the sorrowing General, is so well played that it elicits a round of applause at its conclusion—a rare tribute which may remind players of the reception accorded to the serious "three-men scene" in *Diplomacy*. Miss JEFFREYS is a charming *Mrs. Torrington*. Weather permitting,—for wintry snows play the mischief with "runs" of pieces as well as with runs with hounds,—the piece ought to be in the bill for some time to come.

MIXED NOTIONS.

OUR NAVAL SUPREMACY.

SCENE—A first-class compartment in a suburban morning train to London. PERSONS—Two Well-informed Men, an Inquirer, and an Average Man.

First Well-informed Man (concluding a tirade). What'll be the result? Why, we shall be jolly well swept off the sea, that's what we shall be. We're only just ahead of Russia and France now, and in another year or two we shall be nowhere compared to them. There's no getting out of it. You've only got to look through the last list of their ships—

Second Well-informed Man (interrupting). Ah! but does that list include corvettes?

Inquirer. What's a corvette?

Second W. I. M. (with surprise). You don't mean to say you don't know what a corvette is?

Inq. No, I don't, honestly. What is it?

Second W. I. M. (cornered). It's a ship they use for taking messages quickly. It's very heavily armoured.

Inq. Ah! Then are we stronger in corvettes than the other Johnnies?

Second W. I. M. (shortly). Of course we are—ever so much stronger.

First W. I. M. (with deliberation). Now, look here, this isn't a party question. It's far above party. But I should really like to know what the Government mean to do, because if they don't look sharp and do something, we may as well all pack up our traps and

emigrate to America. We can't sit still and do nothing with Russia and France in the Mediterranean, can we?

Inq. Is Russia in the Mediterranean? I had a sort of idea it was somewhere further north than that?

First W. I. M. My dear chap, that's what all the row's about. Russia has made up her mind she's going to have her fleets in the Mediterranean, and we all know that when she's made up her mind about anything she generally manages to do it. Why, she can build hundreds of ships in the Black Sea, or the Baltic, or the Caspian, without anyone knowing anything about it, and then all she's got to do is just to nip into the Mediterranean, and there she is. What I say is that the Government ought immediately to build, say, twenty more ironclads and another fifty torpedo-boats, and a few corvettes and cruisers, and send them out all over the place before the end of the year. That would teach these other chaps a lesson.

Average Man. Yes, I daresay it would. We generally do teach the other chaps all we know, free, gratis and for nothing. But to hear you talk, one might suppose you imagined we could build an ironclad or so every week. I fancy you'll find it takes longer than that. Besides, where's this sort of thing to stop? Twenty ironclads means, I suppose, something over ten millions. You're always laughing at foreign nations for what you call their ridiculous rivalry in armies, and thanking Heaven we're a free country and can rely on volunteers and all that; and then you want to start on an immense race for navies, without a thought of the cost. Why you'll be the first to grumble when the bill comes in.

First W. I. M. That's all very well. You talk as if we'd got the millennium all ready to be turned on at a moment's notice; but you know as well as I do that we're not living in Olympia—

Aver. M. (cruelly). No, nor in Utopia either—which was what you meant, I suppose.

First W. I. M. Well, call it Utopia if you like. You know what I mean, anyhow.

Inq. Where's Utopia? I mean, who does really live there?

First W. I. M. Oh, it's a sort of classical place.

Inq. Ah!

[A pause. They read their newspapers.]

First W. I. M. (suddenly and triumphantly). Aha! Didn't I tell you? Just listen to this. (He reads.) "When France and Russia have finished their present programme of ship-building they will be superior to us both in numbers and in tonnage. With their fast cruisers they will be able to prey upon our commerce, while their heavy ships will be able to block our fleet in its ports. If we do venture out, the first general engagement will prove to the hilt the soundness of all that I have ever said in these columns and elsewhere about the fatal inferiority not only of our present type of armoured ships, but also of the guns they carry. The sun of England will set beneath the waves strewn with the shattered remains of the costly geygaws on which our money has been wasted. Russia will annex India, France will seize the Channel Islands, Spain will re-conquer Gibraltar, and a dishonoured flag will float over an empire from which trade and prosperity will have vanished for ever. An indignant country will then demand a heavy reckoning from the Admiralty, but it will be too late. An obstinate neglect of the warnings of experience will have done its work only too effectually. I remain, Sir, yours, JOHN F. BONSOR, Rear-Admiral." What have you got to say to that?

Second W. I. M. Who's old Bonsor? Everything he says isn't gospel, is it?

First W. I. M. He's an Admiral, anyhow, and I suppose he ought to know better than civilians.

Second W. I. M. (sarcastically). Oh, he couldn't know better than some civilians who know everything.

First W. I. M. Come now, I'll put a plain question to you. Is this blessed Government of yours going to build a proper amount of ships, or is it not?

Second W. I. M. This blessed Government of mine, as you call it, is going to do what your blessed Government never could do, and that is to build ships that will float right side upwards.

First W. I. M. Ha, ha! very funny. That's quite your record joke, that is. But if they're going to do it why don't they tell us so?

Second W. I. M. They have.

First W. I. M. They haven't.

Inq. But what's all this about the Mediterranean? Haven't we got any ships anywhere else?

First W. I. M. Everybody knows that the Mediterranean's the only important sea nowadays. (Boldly.) Why, India depends upon the Mediterranean—

Inq. Does it really? How's that?

First W. I. M. If we lost the Mediterranean, how do you suppose we should ever get round the Cape, eh?

Inq. Of course; I never thought of that. That would be rather awkward. But does the Mediterranean belong to us now?

First W. I. M. Yes, most of it does.

Second W. I. M. It doesn't.

First W. I. M. Well, to whom does it belong, then?

[But before any further geographical information can be imparted, they arrive at the terminus and separate.]

MIXED NOTIONS.

EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY.

SCENE—A first-class compartment in a suburban morning train to London. PERSONS—Two Well-informed Men, an Inquirer, and an Average Man.

Inquirer (putting his newspaper down with a sigh). Well, I'm hanged if I can make head or tail of the whole business. What's the squabble about?—First



it's employers' liability, and then it's contracting out, and then it's common insurance, and then it's accident employment. What does it all mean?

First Well-informed Man (quoting glibly).

My dear chap, the whole question centres round one point, and that is whether great employers of labour, like the London and North-Western Railway Company, are to be allowed to continue their accident insurance funds or not. There ought to be no doubt as to the answer when we know that the workmen themselves are in favour of these funds. Yet the Government says the funds are to be abolished!

Inq. Well, that does seem wrong, of course.

Second Well-informed Man. Steady a bit, my friend; don't you be in such a hurry. The Government says nothing of the kind. (Quoting with equal glibness.) What the Government does say is that the insurance funds may continue, but that no workman shall be deprived of his legal remedy, and that everything must be done to diminish the number of accidents. But (bitterly) of course that's what JOE CHAMBERLAIN and the rest of them won't have at any price.

Inq. Ah, they're wrong there, of course.

First W. I. M. That's right. Put everything down to the Opposition. But I tell you that in this matter the House of Lords are the real guardians of our liberties.

Inq. What have they done?

First W. I. M. Why, they've inserted an amendment allowing contracting out.

Inq. But what is contracting out?

First W. I. M. (gaining time). I suppose you know that these great works are mostly done by contract?

Inq. (dubiously). Yes.

First W. I. M. Well, that's it.

Second W. I. M. No, it isn't. Contracting out is when the employer gets hold of the workman's money by telling him he's going to look after him, and then in the end (caguelly)—well, he doesn't look after him as he promised.

Inq. (hopelessly, to Average Man). Is that it?

Average Man. It's what I should call rather a loose definition. I had a sort of notion it meant an agreement between employer and employed that the provisions of the Act should not apply to them.

Both the W. I. M. (together). Nonsense, it can't mean that.

Aver. M. Why not?

First W. I. M. How can anybody say an Act of Parliament shan't apply to him? What's the use of passing an Act of Parliament at all, then?

Aver. M. Just so; but I shouldn't have expected you of all people in the world to use that argument. [A pause.]

Inq. (returning to the charge). But how about common employment, you know. They call it a doctrine, or something of that kind. I thought that meant a religion. How does that come in here?

Second W. I. M. (hazarding a noble conjecture). That's just the ridiculous part of it; it all comes of having the Bishops in the House of Lords. What I say is, religion and politics ought to be kept absolutely separate. Besides, I'm against the House of Lords anyhow.

First W. I. M. There you go again. Everything's the fault of the House of Lords with you. You're just like that old jossler who couldn't keep King Somebody's head out of his speeches. Same with you: whenever you can't get everything you want all at one go, smack you go against the House of Lords. What have they done to you now?

Inq. (trimming). Yes, what have they done? I wish you'd tell me.

Second W. I. M. (pulling himself resolutely together, and quoting again). What have they done? I like your asking that question. Why, in the first place, they've emasculated the Bill with their con-founded amendments which nobody wants—

First W. I. M. (interrupting). I beg your pardon. Everybody wants them. All the workmen whose opinion is worth anything have declared that they must have these amendments; otherwise the Bill will ruin them.

Second W. I. M. (wearing warm). Oh, I say, tell that to the marines. How on earth is a Bill like this going to ruin the workmen?

Inq. (feeling his ground again slipping from under him). Yes, I don't quite see myself how it's going to do that.

First W. I. M. Don't you? Of course, I can't make you see it if you don't want to. But I should have thought anyone with half an eye could see that the Bill without those amendments must ruin the working-classes, because it'll smash all their insurance funds. Who do you think is going to give 'em any more money when the Bill passes, unless these amendments go in?

Inq. But what are the amendments?

First W. I. M. They simply lay down the principle that these insurance funds are not to be abolished because the Trades Unions say so.

Second W. I. M. Then do you mean soberly to tell me that you wish to deprive workmen of their legal right to compensation if they get choked in a mine or cut to bits in a railway accident? Because that's what your argument means, if it means anything.

First W. I. M. (sneering). A jolly lot of good compensation will do 'em when they've been cut to bits. I suppose you'll want to lay it down that they're to have money in proportion to the number of bits they get chopped into.

Second W. I. M. That was worthy of a follower of Lord SALISBURY'S.

First W. I. M. What do you mean?

Second W. I. M. (fully roused). I mean this; that you and Lord SALISBURY never lose a chance of sneering at the working-classes and their accidents. Why not try a change and give them what they want?

First W. I. M. Well, anyhow, they don't want this precious Liability Bill.

Second W. I. M. I say they do.

First W. I. M. And I say they don't.

[Terminus. Exeunt omnes, the Inquirer reduced to a state of mental pulp, but convinced that he has taken part in a most interesting and enlightening discussion.]

From a New Horn (Castle) Book.

AIR—"On a Tree by a River a little Tom-tit."



Up a tree in his grief sat a poor little Rad,
Sighing, "WILLOUGHBY, WILLOUGHBY,

WILLOUGHBY!"
And I said to him, "Stranger, why sing you so sad,

Your WILLOUGHBY, WILLOUGHBY, WILLOUGHBY?"

Is it taxes, or death, or the prospect of war?"

Then he sobbed as he answered, "I made sure of

TORR,
But the out-voters went down and all voted for

That WILLOUGHBY, WILLOUGHBY, WILLOUGHBY!"

BETWEEN THE PIECES AT THE LYCEUM.

DURING the absence of Mr. HENRY IRVING in America Mr. OSCAR BARRETT is in command at the Lyceum. The new manager seems to be following in the footsteps of the old. As there were clowns in the Shakspearian pieces, so there is a clown in *Cinderella*, the play that has taken the place of *Becket*, presumably with a view to keeping the boards warm until the promised revival of *Faust* and *Marguerite*. The Wellington Street pantomime would have pleased *Polonius*, Lord Chamberlain to His Majesty *Claudius*, King of Denmark, inasmuch as "there is no offence in it." On the contrary, it is a meritorious production. Some of the scenery and much of the dancing is worthy of the highest praise, and if the fun of the book is not always fast and furious, it is quite in harmony with the traditions of the house. In the home of the legitimate drama we are accustomed to smile with becoming mirth. Comparisons are odious, so it is unnecessary to compare *Miss Cinderella* of Wellington Street with *Master Robinson Crusoe* of the second turning to the right. And this is the more satisfactory, as there is no comparison between them. All the world knows that Drury Lane is good, and everyone is pleased to hear that DRURIOLANUS is better.

SPEAKING of a recent novel, Mrs. R. said, "There are some things in it so objectionable they ought to be illuminated." [Her nephew thinks his aunt meant "eliminated." Probably.]

"TROP DE ZÈLE!"



Miss Australia (to Miss SHAW). "THANK YOU SO MUCH, MY DEAR, FOR ALL THE NICE THINGS YOU'VE SAID ABOUT ME. BUT—DON'T SEND OUT THE INVITATIONS UNTIL I AM QUITE READY TO 'RECEIVE.'"



A TRUE SPORTSMAN.

"HOW BEAUTIFULLY THAT HORSE JUMPS!"

A "PAPER" FORCE.

[An M.P. has moved for a Select Committee to investigate the mode of conducting examinations for Commissions in the Army. "The marks now given for proficiency in the dead languages should, it is suggested, be conferred for excellence in riding, running, fencing, and other athletic accomplishments."—*Daily Paper*.]

I.—A TRAGEDY OF TO-DAY.

The Examiner (sternly and suddenly). Whendid JULIUS CÆSAR die? *Young Thewsand Sinews (who is Captain of his School Eleven, Half-back in All-England Football Team, &c., &c., trying his best, but rather nervously).* I—I forget at this instant. Let me see—I shall recollect in a moment.

The Examiner. Hum! We will pass on to Greek History. Mention some of the topics referred to by PERICLES in his speech as recorded by THUCYDIDES. (*An awkward pause.*) I suppose you are aware that such a man as PERICLES existed?

Young T. S. (becoming still more nervous). Oh, yes! He was an Athenian statesman.

The Examiner (sarcastically). I am glad to see you are acquainted with that fact, at any rate, Mr. SINEWS. Now will you take that copy of LIVY in your hand, and translate the passage marked in it. (*Young THEWSAND SINEWS, after great difficulty, manages to give a bald and ungrammatical version of what he thinks the meaning to be. An ominous silence follows on the part of the Examiner, who at length says:*) There is a copy of XENOPHON'S *Anabasis* close to your elbow; just translate the few lines at the top of page 79. (*Young THEWSAND SINEWS makes a gallant effort to do so, but sticks hopelessly in the second line.*) Thank you. That will do. I need not trouble you any further. You are evidently totally unfit for a military career. [*Exit Young THEWSAND SINEWS in despair.*]

II.—A COMEDY OF TO-MORROW.

The Examiner (civilly). Pray take a seat, Mr. SINEWS. We have heard a very favourable account of your athletic distinctions. Could you tell me—just as a matter of form—the date of JULIUS CÆSAR'S death?

Young Thewsand Sinews. I should be most happy to oblige you, but I really haven't the slightest idea.

The Examiner. Don't apologise! It's a matter of no importance. Now we will come to the really essential point for army candidates. Oblige me by seeing how many of these chairs you can lift off the ground at the same time.

Young T. S. With pleasure!

[*He lifts three above his head with his right hand, and takes up the table with his left.*]

The Examiner. Capital! Now step up to that "Try-your-strength" machine, and give as hard a blow as you can.

[*Young THEWSAND SINEWS does so, and sends the index as high on the scale as it will go.*]

The Examiner (enthusiastically). Thanks, oh, thanks! And we hear from our riding master that you are proficient as a horseman, and our fencing expert reports you as being able to run him through the body whenever you feel so inclined. The Government wrestling master is, I believe, unfortunately suffering from a few broken ribs owing to a rather too successful exhibition of the back throw with which you obliged him at your last practise. Your paper-work was, I regret to say, execrable. But what of that? You are evidently just the sort of young man that the army wants. You have not much brain, but you have lots of biceps. We need not trouble you any further. Good-day!

A FEMINE GRIEVANCE.—All the boats used in the transmission of letters are Mail Boats!

A DIALOGUE ON ART.

(A Study in Spirits and Water.)

SCENE—The Smoke-room of a Provincial Hotel. TIME—Towards midnight. CHARACTERS—MR. LUCESLIPP-BLETTERON, a middle-aged Art Patron and Dilettante. He has arrived at his third tumbler of whiskey and water, and the stage at which a man alludes freely before strangers to his "poor dear father." MR. MILBOARD, a Painter, on a sketching tour. He is enduring Mr. L.-B. with a patience which will last for just one more pipe. First Commercial, who considers Mr. L.-B. a highly agreeable and well-informed gentleman, and is anxious to be included in his audience. Second Commercial, who doesn't intend to join in the conversation until he feels he can do so with crushing effect.

Mr. Luceslipp-Bletteron. Yes, I assure you, I never come across a DAVID COX but I say to myself, "There's a Bit!" (Here he fixes his eye-glass, sips whiskey and water, and looks at Mr. MILBOARD as if he expected him to express admiration at this evidence of penetration. The only tribute he extorts, however, is a grunt.) Now, we've a CORNELIUS JANSSEN at home. It's only his story is—my dear father bought it. He was an artist himself, painted a bit, travelled man, an' all that sort o' things. Well, he picked it up for ten pounds!

First Commercial (deferentially). Did he really now? A Johnson for ten pounds! Did he get a warranty with it, Sir?

Mr. L.-B. (after bringing the eye-glass to bear on the intruder for a second). Then I've a Mieris—at least, shome clever f'ler painted it, and it's a pleasure to look at it, and you can't get over that, can you?

Mr. Milboard. I don't intend to try to get over it.

Mr. L.-B. You're quite right. Now I'm the last man in the world to shwagger; still, I'm goin' to ask you to lemme have my lil' shwagger now. I happened to be at Rome shor' time ago, and I met MIDDLEMAN there. We had our lil' chat together and what not—he's no personal friend o' mine. Well; I picked up a lil' drawing by a Roman chap; worth nothing more than what I got it for, or anything, as you may say. MIDDLEMAN had the whole run of this chap's studio. I saw this drawing—didn't care much about it—but thought it wash a gem, and gave the modest shum of a hundred an' fifty lire for it. Put it in my portmanteau between a couple o' shirts—

First Comm. (still pining for notice). When you say shirts, Sir, I presume you mean clean ones?

Mr. L.-B. No man with the slightest feelin' or reverence for Art would put such a question! (The First Comm. collapses.) Between a couple of—(underlining the word) Shirts, and brought it home. Now I'm comin' to my point. One afternoon after my return, I wash walking down Bond Street, when I saw a sketch exhibited in a window by the shame f'ler. I went in and said, "What are you asking for this?" Mind, I don't want to buy it; ask me any price you like!" And they said forty guineash.

Mr. Milb. Apparently they availed themselves of your permission, and did ask you any price they liked.

Mr. L.-B. No doubt; but wait till I've done. I saw another—a finished drawing, not quite so good as mine, there. Then I said to them quietly, "Now, look here, why don't you go an' buy 'em for yourselves, in the artist's own studio?" It shtruck me as sh odd, a man like MIDDLEMAN, being there, and having the pick, shouldn't buy more of 'em!

Mr. Milb. Wasn't worth his while; he can't buy everything!

Mr. L.-B. (after considering this impartially with some more whiskey). No; your answer is a very good one, and a very fair one. He can't buy everything. I did pick, however, an' I gorrit. I said

to him, "How much?" an' he tol' me, and there wash an end of it, do you shew?

Mr. Milb. It's the ordinary course of business, isn't it?

Mr. L.-B. Egshackly. But how few do it! Now, I'll tell you 'nother shtory 'bout my poo' dear father. He came 'pon a sculpture in a curiosity shop; it wash very dirty and used up, but my dear father saw it was worth shpotting, and a thing to be shpotted, and sh he put his finger on it!

First Comm. (undaunted by past failure). And was it an antique, Sir?

Mr. L.-B. That's more 'n I can tell you; it wash very dirty, at any rate, and he only gave fifty guineash for it. Washn't a great shum—

First Comm. (encouraged by this affability). No, indeed; a mere nothing, so to speak, Sir!

Mr. L.-B. (annoyed). Will you have the goodness to lemme finish what I was telling this gentleman? When my poo' father got that busht home, it was the mos' perfect likenesh o' NAPOLEON!

Mr. Milb. Ha! puts me in mind of the old story of the man who picked up a dingy panel somewhere or other, took it home, cleaned it, and found a genuine Morland; went on cleaning, and discovered an undoubted Rembrandt; cleaned that, and came to a Crivelli; couldn't stop, kept on cleaning, and was rewarded by a portrait of GEORGE THE FOURTH!

First Comm. (deeply impressed). And all of them genuine? How very extraordinary, to be sure!

Mr. L.-B. (wagging his head sapiently). I could tell you shtranger things than that. But as I was shaying, here was this busht of NAPOLEON, by some French chap—which you would tell me was against it.

Mr. Milb. Why? The French are the best sculptors in the world.

Mr. L.-B. The French! I can not bring myself to believe that, if only for this shimple reason, they haven't the patiensch for it!

First Comm. So I should have said. For my own part—not knowing much about it, very likely—I should have put the Italians first.

Mr. Milb. If you are talking of all time—

First Comm. (feeling at last at his ease). I should say, even now. Why, there was a piece of statuary in the Italian Exhibition at Earl's Court some years back that took my fancy and took my wife's fancy very much. It was a representation in marble of a 'en and chickens, all so natural, and with every individual feather on the birds done to such a nicety—

Mr. Milb. I was hardly referring to the skill with which the Italians carve—ah—poultry.

Mr. L.-B. Ridic'ulous! Great mistake to talk without unnerstanding shubject. (The First Commercial retires from the room in disorder.) One thing I should like to ask is this. Why are sculptors at present day sh inferior to the antique? Isn't the human form divine ash noble and ash shymmetrical ash formerly? Why can't they reproduce it then?

Mr. Milb. You must first find your sculptor. Providence doesn't see fit to create a MICHAEL ANGELO or a PRAXITELES every five minutes, any more than a SHAKESPEARE.

Mr. L.-B. (wavering between piety and epigram). Thank the Lord for that! Now there's Florensh. Shome of us who have had the run there—well, there you see all the original things—all the originalsh. And yet, if you'll believe me (dreamily), with all my love and charm for Art, gimme the Capitoline Venus living and breathing in flesh and blood, Sir, not in cold lifelesh marble!

Mr. Milb. That of course is a matter of taste. But we are talking about Art, not women.

Mr. L.-B. (profoundly). Unforsh'nately, women are the shubjects of Art. You've got to find out your client's shstyle of Art first, and then carry it out in the besht possible manner.



"They haven't the patiensch for it!"

Mr. Milb. (rising, and knocking his pipe out). Have I? But I'm going to bed now, so you'll excuse me.

Mr. L.-B. (detaining him). But look here again. Take the Louvre. (*As Mr. MILBOARD disclaims any desire to take it.*) Now, nobody talksh about the Gallery *there*, and yet, if you only egshemp the thingsh that are rude and vulgar, and go quietly roun—

Second Commercial (who sees a Socratic opening at last). Might I ask you, Sir, to enumerate any pictures there that, in your opinion, are "rude and vulgar"?

Mr. MILBOARD avails himself of this diversion to escape.

Mr. L.-B. In the Grand Gallery of the Louvre there'sh an enormous amount of shstuff, as everybody who 'sh an artisht and a lover of Art knowsh. If I had a friend who wash thinking of going to the Louvre (*here he looks round vaguely for Mr. MILBOARD*), I should shay to him, "Do you care 'bout pictursh at all? If you *don't*, don't borror yourshelf 'bout it. If you *do*, drop in shome day with Me, and I'll give you a hint what to shée." (*As he cannot make out what has become of Mr. MILBOARD, he has to content himself with the Second Commercial.*) If you were my boy, I should shay to you—

Second Comm. (at the door). Pardon me for remarking that, if I was your boy, I should probably prefer to take my own opinion. (*With dignified independence.*) I never follow other persons' taste in Art! (*He goes out as the Smoke-room Page enters.*)

Mr. L.-B. (hazily, with half-closed eyes). If you wash my boy, I should shay to you, very quietly, very sheriously, and without 'tempting to dictate— (*Perceives that he is addressing the Page.*) Jus' bring me 'nother glash whiskey an' warrer. (*He is left sitting.*)

THE NEXT LITTLE WAR.

(By our Prophetic Reporter.)

THE Cabinet Council met once again on board the flag-ship, so that its members might have an opportunity of being on the spot in conducting the necessary investigations. The Premier, as usual, occupied the chair.

The First Lord of the Admiralty said that after consideration with his colleagues, both naval and civil, he was forced to recommend the carrying out of the scheme originally proposed five years ago. With every wish to be economical, he could not sanction any further delay.

At this point the Council was interrupted by the appearance of a Private Secretary, who informed the members that the combined fleets of the allies were seen to be approaching.

The Premier declared himself extremely annoyed at this intrusion. He should have thought that Mr. TENTERFORE (the Private Secretary) would have known better than to obtain admission at such a moment. He (the Premier) must request that Mr. TENTERFORE immediately withdraw.

The Private Secretary having retired, proceedings were resumed.

The First Lord of the Admiralty continued his speech, and strongly urged that something should be done at once to strengthen the Navy. He (and his colleagues) really did not think that at a time such as this, when war might be declared at any moment, it would be wise or patriotic to delay further.

The Secretary of State for War, after such a declaration on the part of his colleague, begged to add his voice to the entreaty. If the Navy were not immediately strengthened he would not answer for the safety of the country. The fleet was the first line of defence, and the Army would be nothing without it.

The Private Secretary who had been recently expelled now put in a second appearance. He said that he considered it his duty to inform those present that the allied fleets seemed to be clearing for action. This might mean nothing, or, on the other hand, a great deal.

The Premier once more expressed his surprise at Mr. TENTERFORE'S conduct, and begged that he should again immediately withdraw.

The Private Secretary having retired, public business was resumed.

The Premier, before deciding anything further, declared he would like to learn the cause why the scheme had been hung up for so long a period.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said a difficulty had arisen about the price of tar. The tar quoted for the original estimate was a penny a ton dearer than the Council thought reasonable, and it was suggested to delay the execution of the scheme until a tar manufacturer could be obtained who would supply an estimate at the rate selected. However, he had reason to believe that now he could find such a manufacturer.

At this point the Private Secretary again hurried in to say that the Allies had suddenly declared war, and were already engaged in bombarding Herne Bay.

When our report left, the British flag-ship, without steam, was attempting to evade the attentions of a number of torpedo boats of the enemy's fleet. Further particulars (if possible) will be furnished in a later edition.



"THE NORMAN CONQUEST."

A WORD TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—The LORD CHANCELLOR has once more betrayed the best interests of the profession. As a loyal member of the body of which he is the nominal head I am sorry to have to say it, but what else can be said when it is recorded that he has refused me silk, at a time when he has bestowed it upon Mr. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL, M.P., and Mr. GROSVENOR WOODS? I hope I shall not be misunderstood. Against these two gentlemen I have nothing in the world to say. The sin is one of omission rather than of commission. As LEANIN BACKER, the wit of our Common Room, said to me at lunch to-day, "My dear ERNED, we're all astounded not to see *your* name in this batch of silks. Whatever *can* the L. C. have been thinking about?"

I may say that no effort on my part was wanting. I sent in my application in ample time, with full particulars of the extent and nature of my practice. The choice of the LORD CHANCELLOR leads me to the conclusion that the present system of bestowing silk is utterly rotten. Mr. BIRRELL and Mr. GROSVENOR WOODS have each a large and flourishing practice. To be perfectly frank, it would be taking a rose-coloured view of the situation to call mine either. But that was exactly why I wanted to be a stuff gownsmen no longer. The wretched solicitor who once told me that his office boy knew more law than I did would almost certainly repent in hundred-guinead briefs and lavish retainers to Mr. L. ERNED COUNSEL, Q.C.—merely to write it is exhilarating. With this official recognition of merit—the hall-mark of our profession—there are no heights of legal fame to which I feel I could not attain. I am willing to give Lord HERSCHEL one more chance. Let him appoint me Attorney-General of the Out-and-Inward Islands. It would be a wrench to leave England, but if my country calls upon me, I am content to be not at home. If this is denied me, then, though I am sorry to threaten, beware, my LORD CHANCELLOR, of the ghosts of disappointed, unappointed Liberal J. P.'s!

Yours expectantly, L. ERNED COUNSEL.

102, Temple Gardens, E. C. Jan. 10.

DICKENS EXAMINATIONS.—We are afraid the interest of Dickensian students in the works of The Master is not quite what it used to be. Out of many strugglers, only two within a week have successfully answered the query propounded by Mr. Punch. Perhaps had a prize been mentioned the competitors might have been more numerous.



FELINE AMENITIES.

"HOW WELL YOUR DAUGHTER SKATES, MRS. SMALL! EVER SO MUCH BETTER THAN MINE!"
 "SHE'S VERY PLUCKY, YOU KNOW, MRS. LONG. THAT'S THE PRINCIPAL THING! SHE'S NOT AFRAID OF FALLING DOWN!"
 "SHE HASN'T GOT FAR TO FALL!" "NO. BUT SHE'S GOT A PRETTY NOSE TO BREAK!"

ANACREONTICS FOR ALL.

(Being Bacchanalian Ballads for the use of all Professions, Trades, Crafts, and Callings, with Convivial Carols for the Classes, the Masses, and the Lasses. By Tom Moore, Junior.)

THE TEETOTALER'S TRILL.

AIR—"Come send round the wine!"

COME, pass round the "Pop," and leave stingo more stiff [dolts;
 To wine-bibbing boobies and dram-drinking
 The ginger's warm flavour, the lemon's sharp whiff [revolts.
 True Rechabites love, whom the wine-reek
 Your glass may be purple; be mine of the hue,
 The "dunducketty brown" of the morn's (shaving) bowl, [dim blue
 Where soap-suds and bristles, dull drab and
 Are mixed in a "blend" that is sweet to my soul.

Chorus—

Come, pass round the Pop!

Shall I ask the fanatic who fights by my side,
 Though he swigs Zoedone, if our palates agree?
 Shall I give up the tippie I've valued and
 If he pulls not at "Pop" from stone-bottles, with me?
 No! perish the thought! Be it Cocoa or Kopp,
 So that poisonous Alcohol's presence I miss,
 Let him drink what he please; but give me Penny Pop
 Frothed, creamy, and sweet in a "long-sleeve," like this!

Chorus—

Come, pass round the Pop!

COURT AT LAST!

MESSRS. BROOKFIELD and HICKS's clever theatrical *revue*, *Under the Clock*, at the Court Theatre, might have run throughout the year and become a hardy annual, had they adopted the simple process of extracting whatever became stale and unintelligible, and substituted for these withered leaves new matter quite up to the latest date, with tunes by EDWARD JONES, purveyor of harmonies, equally up to time. The *Sherlock Holmes* part of the burlesque was capital; the songs were too long: but Miss LOTTE VENNE's *Second Mrs. T.* was excellent, and her imitation of Miss JULIA NELSON, in her Ellenish-Terryish style, was simply perfect, and might have given a hint to the actress imitated. The *Four Trees* were funny, and one of them very good (which, I don't know). These four Trees ought to have done a "plantation dance." There were some imitations, in this Bravo Hicks-and-Brookfield burlesque, of somebodies which puzzled even the confirmed theatre-goer, and which were as double-Dutch to the ordinary public. These puzzles might have been omitted, or a board exhibited explaining them; and, as it was impossible to keep the steam up for an hour or so, the entertainment might have been advantageously brought within the limits of forty minutes. Alas! why was this not done?

Football Intelligence.

TAFFY is a Welshman;
 Last year, like a thief,
 He at Cardiff, his house,
 Took JOHN's laurel-leaf.
 TAFFY came to JOHN's house,
 Birkenhead, and JOHN,
 This year, gave him tit for tat;
 And so the game goes on.

ADVICE FREE TO THE FRANK.

"NAPOLÉON boom."—*Daily Papers*.
 "There is a notion that a Bonapartist Pretender is arising near Tiflis under Russian auspices."—*Daily News*, January 10.]

"NAPOLÉON boom!" What have we here?
 The cannon's boom seems all too near.
 Is this some new entrapping?
 O France, be warned in time! Awake!
 Have done with dreams, for goodness' sake!
 Don't be again caught napping!

"ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEWS."

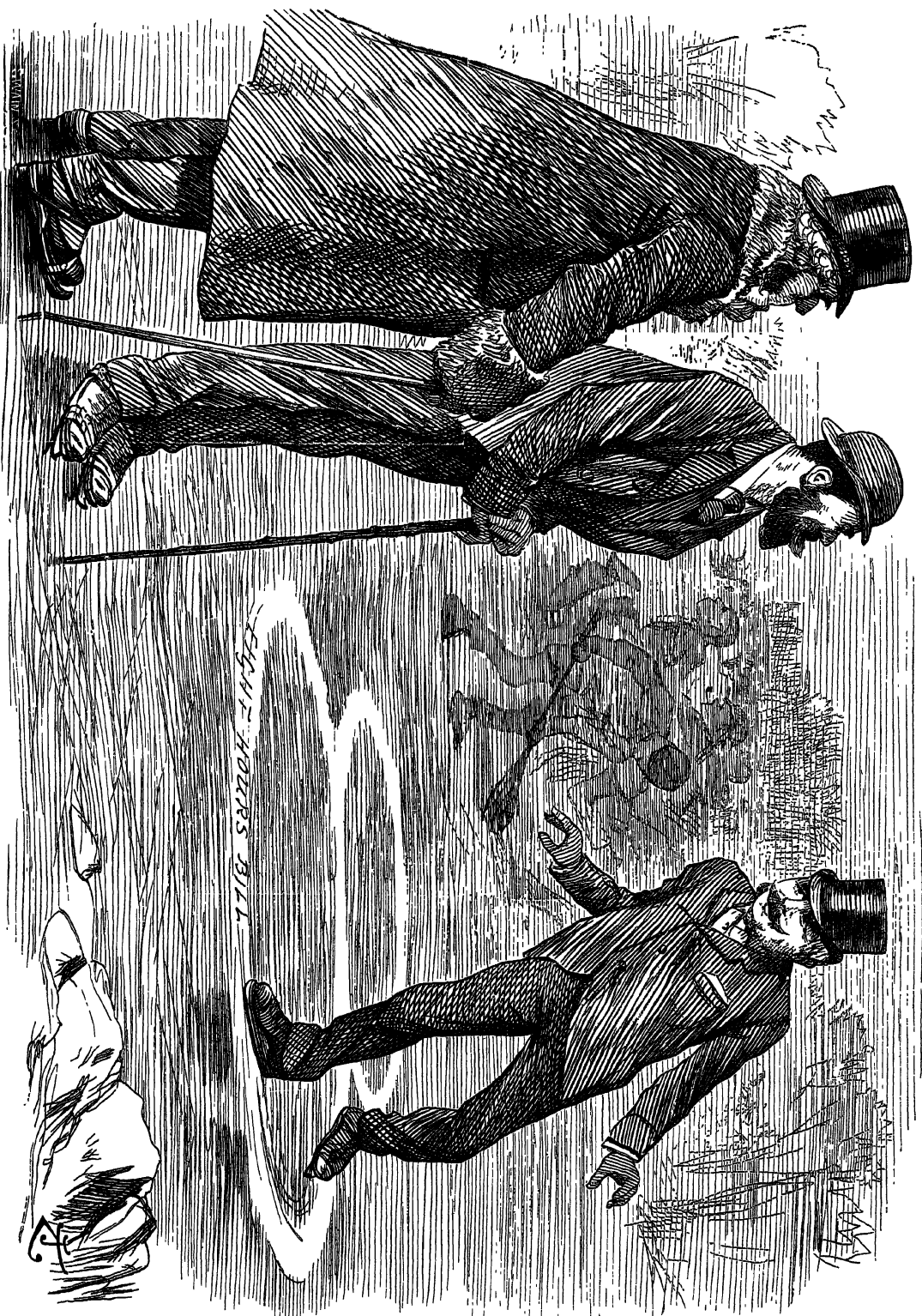
BY HARRY HOW.

OR Interviewer's Question
 And Interviewee's Parry,
 Or (yet one more suggestion)
 How HARRY HOW can Harry.

IN THE LAW LISTS.—Among the cases down for hearing at the present sittings is that of *Koster v. Empire Palace, Limited*. It is to be hoped that the Lord Chief Justice's sense of the artistic fitness of things will lead him to arrange that the case shall be heard at the Albert (CHEVALIER) Hall, before that "first-class judge," Mr. Justice 'AWKINS.

THE LADY AND THE LEOPARD.—A lady has recently presented her pet leopard, "Moti" (Pearl), to the Zoo. The pretty inference that it is a pearl beyond price may be beyond the beast, but the Zoological Society may be expected to appreciate it fully.

OUR WEST AFRICAN TROUBLES.—How to deal with "the Sofas,"—*Sit on them*.



“THE FIGURE 8.”

JOHN BURNS, “BRAVO, MR. BANNERMAN YOU’VE PICKED UP THAT FIGURE PRETTY QUICK!!”
CAPITALIST (*Employer of Labour, to himself*). “AH! I SUPPOSE WE SHALL ALL HAVE TO LEARN IT SOON!”

DALY'S NIGHTLY.

RARELY has SHAKSPEARE's fanciful comedy *Twelfth Night* been put on the London stage, except at the Lyceum, so perfectly as Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY has placed it on the stage of Daly's, where it must certainly prove an attraction for some time to come, and may induce Manager DALY to prolong his stay among us. Except in *Taming the Shrew*, Miss ADA REHAN has neither been seen nor heard to such advantage as in her impersonation of *Viola*.



Shakspeare à l'Américaine.

to his own establishment, and never allowed to perform out of Orsino Hall without special Ducal permission) are most excellent; and for tune, time, unison, and harmony, they may back themselves to compete with any other existing "Operatic Company, Limited," be it where it may. When it comes to the turn of the principals to sing, is not "*O Mistress Mine*," given by Mr. LLOYD DAUBIGNY, the *Clown* (also retained on the Ducal establishment so as to be ready for Christmas time, when, no doubt, a charming fairy pantomime would be got up for the benefit of the Duke's subjects and guests belonging to the "House Party"), exquisitely rendered by both the principal singer, the *Clown* aforesaid (from whom at best the Duke has only a right to expect the venerable "*Hot Codlins*"), and the D. C. C., which initials may stand for the Ducal (or DALY) Court Chorus?

Of course the full measure of the humour in the scene where *Sir Toby* comments upon *Sir Andrew's* written challenge, and likewise of the humour there is in the duel scene, is not reached where *Sir Andrew* is equal in height to *Viola*, who, as represented by Miss REHAN, is a fine-grown youngster of apparently five foot nine at least. Probably SHAKSPEARE wrote the part of *Sir Andrew* for a dwarfish member of his company, while that of *Viola* was written for a tall, slim youth, just as the part of *Maria* was undoubtedly written to suit a small boy, a real "low" comedian, as there are so many allusions to her short stature and figure in the play. Imagine how the duel scene would gain were the *Sir Andrew* a small man, of whom the buxom young page is so desperately afraid! However, *Sir Andrew* is well played by Mr. HERBERT GRESHAM, and if a little over-played, his height must be taken into consideration. That Mr. JAMES LEWIS should be an excellent *Sir Toby* goes without saying; whatever he turns his hand to he does well. Special mention should be made of Mr. GEORGE CLARKE's *Malvolio*. Of all difficult Shakspearian parts, with a tradition attached to it, this is one of the most, if not quite the most difficult, and it is not too much to say that Mr. GEORGE CLARKE plays it exceptionally well. Miss VIOLET VANBRUGH is a most elegant *Countess Olivia*, and Mr. JOHN CRAIG a solid and "convincing" (whatever this word may convey to my readers, it is quite exhaustive to the writer) *Duke Orsino*, an indifferent part, by the

way, though SHAKSPEARE has given him some of his very best lines. Judging the work as a whole, Mr. DALY, author and manager, has done his stage editing of SHAKSPEARE's play most effectively. Of such cuts as he has made, most modern dramatists of any considerable experience will approve. It strikes me, while reading over the original, "as she was wrote," that while it is one of the Divine WILLIAM's happiest inspirations, it was also written *currente calamo*, and without subsequent correction. Several circumstances point to this conclusion, and one especially, i.e., the re-entrance of *Malvolio* in the last scene (wisely omitted in DALY's version), when he is brought on to explain about the Captain, and makes his exit very angrily, without even having uttered one single word of the explanation which he was brought on by SHAKSPEARE to give! When he has gone, the *Duke* exclaims, as an after-thought, probably introduced after the first performance, or at the last rehearsal, "He hath not told us of the Captain yet." How sharply would the modern SHAKSPEARE Junior be taken to task by the critics for such careless construction! And the Fanciful Comedy ends like a modern extravaganza, with a song. Delightful! Of course, in SHAKSPEARE's time, this was the epilogue, sung after all the *dramatis personæ* had disappeared. At DALY's it is sung as a duet between *Maria* and the *Clown*—a very happy idea—with chorus and dance by the Unsurpassed Private Ducal Operatic Company in the pay of *Duke Orsino*. One thing I should like Duke DALY to omit, and that is, the red splotch on the white handkerchief that binds *Sir Toby's* cracked skull in the last scene; and one thing I and every one would like him to insert, and that is the re-appearance of jolly old *Sir Toby*, who won't be put to bed, but who should shake himself quit of *Sir Andrew*, and re-appear in the alcove above, with a flagon, drinking a happy New Year to every one, a very *Twelfth Night* king! But then we are naturally prejudiced in favour of *Toby*, and, everywhere, *Toby* is a popular character.

(Signed)

THE B IN BOX.



Ada Rehan as a Young Illyrian. (Observe the antique Illyrian shoes.)

BALLADE OF THE MAN OF EXPERIENCE.

WHEN I was young I did not like to show
My ignorance to every fellow-flat;
But now I'm not ashamed of "I don't know"
What I've not had a chance of getting at.
Besides, the knowing ones soon smell a rat—
The lack of skill or knowledge we would hide;
The game's not worth the candle-wick and fat;—
Experto crede—trust the man who tried.

A friend of mine—or should I say a foe?—
Who had an Irish hunter, known as "Pat,"
Once said, "Get on him, JACK, and let him go."
Now, though I muttered inly—call it "drat!"—
I leaped across. Alas! not long I sat
In mounted majesty. One cannot ride
The high horse, minus stirrup, rein, and hat;—
Experto crede—trust the man who tried.

I've had my fill of poverty, if so
A man may put it. There's no plutocrat
Among my kin; and often funds are low;
But care, with ninefold slaughter, killed a cat.
I've still a sixpence by me, though on that
One can't go far. Here's SANDY from the Clyde;
When you have got the "pawky chiel" to chat,
Experto crede—trust the man who tried.

Envoi.

Youth, heed an old domestic diplomat,
Do not begin to "educate" your bride,
Nor try your 'prentice hand at tit for tat;—
Experto crede—trust the man who tried.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

THE West, cutely quick, brings
the East, calmly slow,
Amazing us all with a wonderful
show, Ay, BOLOSSY!
Quaint name! Once KIRALFY
seemed curious, strange,
Like IMRE; but yours is a mar-
vellous change, My BOLOSSY.
You bring us such dreams with
these rare Eastern sights—
And HAROUN - AL - RASCHID,
Arabian Nights,

Vie, BOLOSSY,
With Viziers, Sultanas, Ulemas,
and Sheiks—
Your Bosphorus, sooty at times,
where *caïques*

Ply, BOLOSSY!
Though trips in these boats
through the tunnels are
grand,

One's glad to regain *terra firma*,
high and Dry, BOLOSSY!
The harem's excessively indo-
lent ways

You show to the wondering Occi-
dent's gaze; Fie, BOLOSSY!
Whilst Turks wearing fezzes
remark, with such ease,
"The other way in there, Sir.
Pass along, please."

Sly BOLOSSY!
The dancing is much the best
thing which you do;
You cannot excel it yourself,
not if you Try, BOLOSSY.
That line of the ballet girls all
the rest licks—

A mile of respectably decorous
kicks, Shy, BOLOSSY!
But what the dazed Britishers
utterly floors
Is that most remarkably strange
name of yours;
Why "BOLOSSY"?



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

Ernest (who is deeply interested in Transatlantic Steamers). "GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT DO YOU THINK, MARIA? WHY THE 'MELISSA' HAS BROKEN HER RECORD AGAIN!"
His Wife. "POOR THING! SO SORRY!!"

RICH AND POOR.

(By a Poor Parochial Person.)

THEY're clamouring much about
the old Poor-Law
Administered by "new elec-
tive bodies."

Ah me! Though "nominated"
swells can jaw,
And wear trim togs, they're
often bitter noddies.

Poor-Law, indeed! Much of
our law is poor

In quite another sense. Jus-
tice's justice [and boor
Holding the balance between nob
Is worse sometimes than was
thy bed, PROCRUSTES!

A Poor-Law that's administered
by the Rich

Strikes them as something
natural, right, and proper,
'Tis Wealth's divine prerogative
to pitch

On all who "boss," from
Guardian down to "Copper."

But a Rich-Law (by which I
would imply

A law that touched *their* per-
sons and *their* pockets)

Administered by the Poor!!!
Great Scott! Sky-high

Their tempers and tall-talk
would soar like rockets!

The "Old Poor-Law" 's the
theme of their loud cheering,
But 'tis a new "Rich-Law"
they're really fearing.

AT THE CARRICK THEATRE.

"THIS is the Jew
That GRUNDY drew"
(Not *Shylock* versus Law).
If this be the Jew
That GRUNDY drew
Is this the Jew to "draw"?

A DIARY IN A NUTSHELL.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I read some little while since a not uninteresting article upon the subject of keeping a diary. The writer suggested various modes of telling the story of a life day by day. His suggestions were fairly practical, and on that account I respect them. Still, to my mind, they did not seem perfect. What we want is the most work in the least time. I trust that desideratum is obtained in my model diary, which I have now the honour to present to you. You will notice it occupies very little space, and consequently on that score may be worthy of publication. Here it is:

January.—(1.) Began the year well with a considerable sum at my bankers. Good friends with all my relatives. (2.) Commenced the year badly with an overdraw, and a number of neglected county court summonses. Quarrelled with all my relatives, and engaged in law suits with half of them.

February.—(1.) Invested at the proper moment, and netted a good round sum. (2.) My foreign stocks went down with a run, and I have lost all I once possessed.

March.—(1.) Took to the turf, and trained any number of winners. (2.) Having partially retrieved my fortunes, plunged on a favourite, and again lost everything.

April.—(1.) Proposed to an heiress and was accepted. (2.) Jilted a penniless beauty and was summoned for breach of promise.

May.—(1.) Started on a pleasant yachting trip to the Mediterranean, and had a lovely voyage all the way. (2.) Went on board a boat bound for Antwerp, and came to grief at Herne Bay.

June.—(1.) Entered for the Rose Show, and got all the prizes. (2.) Unusual frost killed every plant in the place.

July.—(1.) Took a tour through Europe on horseback, and had a good time. (2.) Started a bicycle, and came to grief in Regent's Park.

August.—(1.) To the seaside, where I thoroughly enjoyed the bathing. (2.) Took furnished watering-place apartments, and contracted the influenza.

September.—(1.) Went out shooting, and contributed, probably, the largest bag of the season. (2.) Tried a few coverts, and shot my host's favourite dog.

October.—(1.) Rented a theatre, and realised a fortune in less than no time. (2.) Put my all in the shares of a music-hall, which went immediately into voluntary liquidation.

November.—(1.) Accepted a baronetage. (2.) Expelled from my favourite club.

December.—(1.) Presented with the freedom of the city of my native town. (2.) Brought up before the Court of Bankruptcy in London.

There, Mr. Punch, you have everything in a concise form. All that the diary-keeper has to do is to strike out either No. 1 or No. 2, and preserve the remaining moiety.

Yours truly,
THE MAN WITH A HEAD.

LADY JOURNALISTIC ASIDES.

["Do the editors of the ladies' papers really pretend that they are not perfectly well aware that the majority of lady journalists who write chatty little articles bringing in the name of somebody's soap, or somebody else's bonnets or coal-scuttles, receive graceful acknowledgments in a substantial form from the recommended tradesmen?"—*A Woman Journalist in the "Times."*]

"FOR gowns you can't do better than to go
To PREYS, their 27s. 6d. is the gown,
By far the most effective frock I know."
(*I ought to get for this a charming tea-gown.*)

"The things you get at Messrs. C. AND D.'s
Are quite A1—their art designs most subtle,
Their furniture of quite delightful ease."
(*If I can choose I'll have a new coal-scuttle.*)

"At MADAME A.'s there's such a charming hat,
The prettiest well could write a poem on it,
The price three guineas, and dirt cheap at that."
(*She's bound to send me now a nice spring bonnet.*)

WHERE TO LOOK FOR THE FATE OF THE PARISH COUNCILS BILL.
—In a Peer-glass.



TOBY-OGGANING ON PARLIAMENT HILL.—"GOING HOME."

TO A BLANK PAGE.

NEW YEAR, the metaphoric throng,
Obeying still Tradition's junto,
Have likened thee in sketch and song
For years, a cradled urchin unto.
Each bygone year has aged and died;
Time blazons epitaphs above him;
Scarce has the wee successor cried,
But lo! we praise, and pet, and love him.
Yet I, whose trade is of the pen,
Would fain regard recurring ages,
Less as a family of men
Than as a tome of passing pages;
A volume big with tears and fun.
With steadfast good, and ill unsteady;
Page 1893 is done,
Page 1894 is ready.
'Tis white and clean; come, take the quill;
Let each inscribe what each is able—
A rhythmic snatch for bards to trill,
A mighty thought for sages sable;
Quotation stale to match the trite,
A lover's lilt for virgin dimple;
A simple prayer for larger light
To lead all souls whose faith is simple.



A NICE DAY FOR A PHOTOGRAPH!

We're authors all; our daily deed,
The wars of will that mar or mend us
Remain a record or a screed
To swell the chronicle tremendous;
Our blurs, our vain imaginings,
And patience sweet when sorely smitten—
Are they not all, with loftier things,
In that Great Book of Instance written?
Yes! Authors all; but authors still
Misjudge their bent in random fashion:
The Poet draws a codicil,
The Lawyer melts with formal passion;
The Sophist claims the Statesman's goal,
And Science vaunts Romance an eye for;
While oft some unremembered soul
Achieves what would - be Thinkers sigh for.
The loudest cries that sway the crowd
Not always hold yon book the longest;
There humble seems what once was proud,
What feeble seems may there be strongest.
So take the quill and write your say,
Nor blush at aught but heartless jingle,
And, if it prove not all it may,
God grant it pure, and true, and single!

A LESSON FOR GRANDMAMMA.

(A Dialogue arranged for Representatives of the Past and the Present.)

Grandmamma. And now, my dear, that I have come from the country, I do hope you will take me to see some nice plays.

Grand-daughter. Certainly, dear. You would like to go to the pantomimes?

Grandmamma. Well, no. I want to see *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. I am told everyone raves about it.

Grand-daughter. They did, but now it's getting a little out of date. But, my dear Grannie, you mustn't go and see it; it's scarcely the sort of piece for you.

Grandmamma. Why not? Hasn't it a good plot? Isn't it well acted?

Grand-daughter. Yes; but you see it's a little advanced. A widower marries a second time, and his second wife is not quite so good as his first.

Grandmamma. What do you mean by that?

Grand-daughter. Well, she belongs to a different class of life; in fact, I really find it embarrassing to explain further. Why not go somewhere else?

Grandmamma. Certainly. I am told *Sowing the Wind* is also very good. What's that about?

Grand-daughter. Well, much the same as *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*. I really think you had better select something else. I am told that the Drury Lane Pantomime is really immense. You had better come and see it.

Grandmamma. Thanks, but I prefer a comedy. How about *An Old Jew*? surely that will do?

Grand-daughter. Well, I am not sure. You see, the leading incident is scarcely suited to a lady of your age. You will be shocked if you go.

Grandmamma. But surely at seventy-five I have come to years of discretion! What is there wrong about *An Old Jew*?

Grand-daughter. Oh, nothing in particular, save— But there, I really cannot tell you. It is so embarrassing! But now take my advice. The drama is too realistic for you. You want milder food than our modern playwrights can give you. So take my advice, and go back.

Grandmamma. But I did so want to go! But if you really think it would be better—

Grand-daughter. I am sure of it. So take all your boxes, bags, and things, and be off. There's nothing for you here. You are too innocent for the end of the century.

Grandmamma. But half a century ago I was the life and soul of everything.

Grand-daughter. Yes; but even in those days you drew the line somewhere, and we don't. So you had better go back to the country.

Grandmamma. Very well.

[Exit Ancient Lady.]

Grand-daughter. I am glad she has gone. What would Grand-papa have said had I let her see them!

[Very Fast Curtain.]

LONDON COSTUMES FOR JANUARY.

8 A.M.—Overcoat lined throughout with fur. Sealskin suit lined with washleather. North Pole gloves, and skates. Temperature 24°.

12 NOON.—Waterproof suit. Umbrella. Goloshes. Fishing boots. Alpine stock. Sou'-wester. Temperature 47°.

4 P.M.—Light overcoat. Suit of alpaca. Parasol. Puggaree. Pith helmet. Sand shoes. Temperature 74° (in the shade).

8 P.M.—Same as 8 A.M., with the addition of foghorn and lantern illuminated with the electric light. Temperature 18°.

12 MIDNIGHT.—Same as 4 P.M., with the addition of blue spectacles. Temperature 84° (in the moonlight).

MRS. R.'S LATEST METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATION.—“No wonder the weather is so bitterly cold,” said Mrs. R., one freezing hard day within the last fortnight, “when the glass shows twelve degrees of frost!”

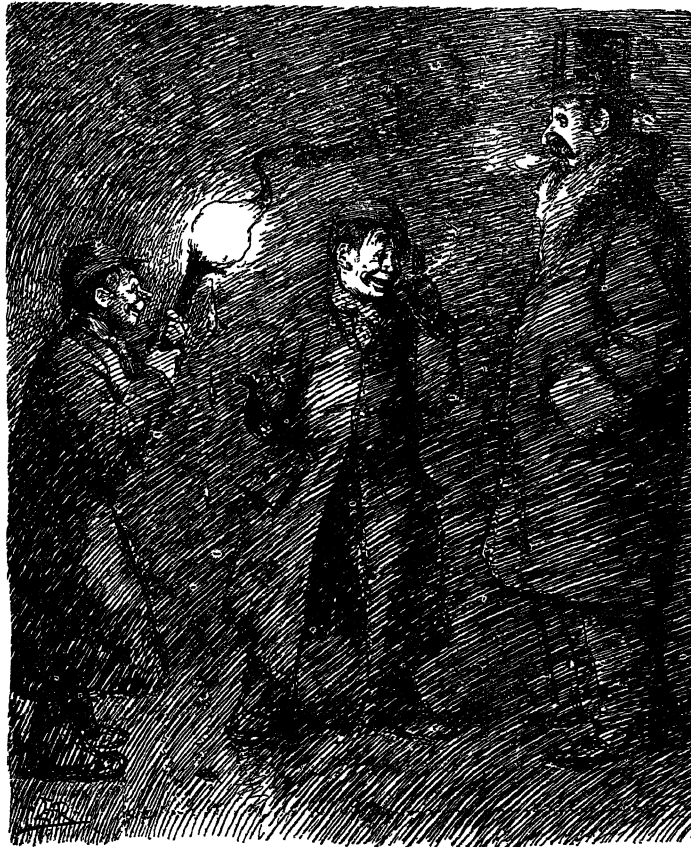
COMFORT.—When is it an advantage to be “left out in the cold”? When you are not invited to a hot and stuffy party.

MOTTO FOR FRENCH AND ENGLISH IN WEST AFRICA.—Sofa, and no farther.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"If there is one serial issue above another for whose existence I am truly thankful," quoth the Baron, "it is the Dryburgh Edition of the *Waverley Novels*, whereof the fourteenth volume has just appeared." The Baron regrets that his many and vastly varied occupations prevent him from reading each novel as it comes out, but he takes them up from time to time, and, while under the spell of the Wizard of the North, he prefers them to the most modern novels and romances, no matter by what talented author they may be written.

"Yet," continues the same eminent critic, "it is some considerable time, since I have been so fascinated by any modern work of fiction as I have been by MARY CHOLMONDELEY's novel entitled *Diana Tempest*." Ere now a large proportion of the Baron's friends will have read this work (though a still larger number await the Baron's *imprimatur*), for Mr. BENTLEY announces that he is publishing the second edition of it, and these will agree with the Baron in recommending it strongly, nay, in pressing it on the attention of those who have not yet read it, or, were it possible, in thrusting it under the very noses, or before the very eyes and into the hands of those who, loving a really good novel, excellent both in story and in literary style, will be



"MEN OF LIGHT AND LEADING!!"

Street Arab. "COME ON, CAPTING! ME AN' THIS HOTHER GEN'L'MAN 'LL SEE YER SIFE HOVER! GIVE US A COPPER!"

thankful to acquire, by purchase or loan, the goods, the extra good goods, which the gods provide. Let no regular novel-reader be alarmed when the Baron informs him that there is neither page nor paragraph in these three volumes that can be skipped without loss to the skipper. Each character is carefully analysed, in so incisive and epigrammatic a style, and with evidently so rare a knowledge of moral anatomy, as will occasionally remind the reader of THACKERAY's handling of his puppets. Oddly enough, the end of the story comes when the hero says to the heroine, "Di! Di!" and then—they live happily ever afterwards. The Baron wishes his friends no worse luck than a rainy afternoon for the perusal of *Diana Tempest*.

It must have struck several persons on reading the number of the *Strand Magazine* for January that the first story [being No. VII. of "The Diary of a Doctor"] ought to have been called "All Her Eye." The illustration to this brief tale is an eye-witness to the *raison d'être* of this correction. By the way, was the title for the series suggested by SAMUEL WARREN's well-known *Diary of a Late Physician*, which, giving EDGAR ALLEN POE's tales the first, and the author of *Uncle Silas* the next place in our private Library of Horrors, contains some of the very best and very creepiest sensational stories? THE BARON DE B.-W.

A MELTING MOMENT FOR WAX.

(By Our Up-to-Date Reporter.)

THE moment the decision (subject to appeal) was announced, I rushed off to the figures in the Marylebone Road with a view to ascertaining their views upon the subject. As a whole, they seemed quite satisfied with their surroundings.

"I have very little complaint to make," said the effigy of the first Sir BARTLE FRERE; "it is true I am now on a level with the Refreshment Department, but still I have the satisfaction of knowing that I am assisting (at a distance) at the last moments of MARY, Queen of Scots. If I might make a suggestion, I would prefer not to be addressing a Zulu Lady, and would be glad to hear the strains of the band above."

"I have certainly been moved about a good deal," returned the portrait model of the late CHARLES DICKENS. "But my present quarters are fairly good. I have the satisfaction of noticing my old friends SALA and TENNYSON in adjacent cell-like apartments, and catching a glimpse of Mr. G. R. SIMS. This is a decided improvement after my site at Baker Street, where I seemingly exercised a vague supervision over the Guide Books."

"Well, it is certainly more cheerful here than it used to be in the extra rooms," admitted the likeness in wax of NAPOLEON III., "and all my family seem to prefer it. Of course the additional sixpence gave a sort of air to our group, but the proximity of the execution party down below was distinctly derogatory to our dignity."

"But you are going back, are you not, to your old quarters?"

"Very possibly. But we are fairly comfortable where we are."

"I have to complain of nothing save my scowl," said King JOHN. "I should not mind it so much were I not looking towards Mr. IRVING, Miss TERRY, and the BANCROFTS. I do hope that the excellent quartette of histrionics do not consider my rudeness intentional. Had I my way I would not make a face at any one of them. On my word, I wouldn't; it is too bad!"

"Well, yes; I think I would apply for an injunction if I could," was the answer of WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. "I have seen myself in a glass, and look a dreadful guy. If I had shown myself in this

form while acknowledging the cry of 'Author!' on the first night of *Hamlet*, I really think I should have been hooted."

"Don't ask me!" said the Old Lady herself; "I hate these new-fangled ideas. Besides, I have got quite enough to do attending on the Sleeping Beauty. However, if you *must* have my opinion, let me say that I would put that football group into the Chamber of Horrors; and as for MARY, Queen of Scots, being near the grill, and close to the steaks, why I think it most appropriate. Isn't HER MAJESTY, with the Executioner just behind her, on the point of having a chop?"

And then the Old Lady laughed so long and heartily that I lost my presence of mind, and came prematurely away. As I quitted the rooms, it seemed to me that CHARLES THE FIRST was trying to obtain an injunction compelling the chronic absence of CROMWELL, and Dr. NEWMAN was asking, on behalf of the Public, for PRUS IX. and Cardinal MANNING.

To the Defeated of Horncastle.

TORR, ask "Why you're not in" no more!

Your friends are very sorry,
If you had thought of "why" before,
And then had placed it *after* TORR,
You'd have become a Torr-y.

CLEAR AS CRYSTAL (PALACE).—Mr. Punch much puzzled to hear that there had been a Peristeronic Society's Show. Very relieved subsequently to find it was only a show of pigeons. "Peristeronic" evidently an interesting example of Pigeon-English.

SUGGESTED ENTERTAINMENT TO BE PROMOTED BY THE "THIRTEEN CLUB."—Instead of *Twelfth Night* give *The Thirteenth Night* at Fri-Da'y's Theatre!

PROUDHON REVERSED (a Motto for Modern Anarchists).—"Le vol c'est la propriété."



MR. G. AT BIARRITZ. "A WELL-EARNED HOLIDAY!"

Lucy Sutherland, Jan 27, 1894.

SO LAKELY!

SIR,—How anybody can pretend that Windermere is a pleasant spot for winter residence is truly astonishing. If you want a *really* dry, warm place, try Coniston. As for rain, we hardly ever see it. Indeed, we are talking of importing a special rain-maker from the Congo, as a shower now and then would be an advantage. Mr. RUSKIN (who lives here) has written a local guide-book which he calls *Hortus Siccus*—or is it *Hortus Inclusus*?—and that *proves* how dry the climate is. During the recent "cold snap" all over England, Coniston was probably the only place where *not a single house had a fire burning in it!* There is excellent accommodation here, too; my own lodgings are about the best in the place. Why go to Cannes when Coniston is almost at your door?

LANCASHIRE LACUSTRIAN.

SIR,—The claims of Windermere as a place for wintering in are simply absurd. When it isn't a misty swamp, it's an ice-house. The average rainfall there has never been ascertained, as no instrument-maker has a rain-gauge with enough inches on it to mark the amount that falls. Now at Ambleside we're obliged to have punkahs going all through January, and not a drop of rain has fallen for three months, so you can tell what a delightful winter-resort this must be, and it is very easy to get to, as coaches meet all the trains on the Kendal Line; and I ought to know, as I happen to own them. N.B.—I hope nobody will be deceived by the shallow artifices of Coniston



A DISAPPOINTMENT.

Jones. "AH! NO. 12! WHY, THAT'S WHERE MRS. CHATTERLEIGH LIVES! AND TO-DAY'S MRS. CHATTERLEIGH'S DAY AT HOME! HAPPY THOUGHT! GO IN AND HAVE A CUP O' TEA AND A CHAT WITH MRS. CHATTERLEIGH! ULLO! WHAT'S THIS? (Reads): 'PLEASE DO NOT RING. EVERYONE IN THIS HOUSE IS IN BED WITH INFLUENZA!'"

people, who are, I hear, trying to pass off that one-horse village as dry and warm. They boast that not a single fire was lit there in the recent frost; and why? Because not a ton of coal could be brought to the place, owing to snow-blocked roads, and the trees were frozen so hard no axe would cut them! Comment is needless.

WESTMORLAND WISEACRE.

SIR,—Let everybody who isn't a Polar bear avoid Ambleside in winter. It ought to be called Archangel instead! No rain, they assert, has fallen there for months. This is quite true, because there has been nothing but snow and hail. For real comfort and warmth come to Keswick—especially to my hotel here. Keswick is dry enough in summer (particularly during the "Convention" week), but the dryness is much greater now. Invalids bathe in the lake all through the winter, and find the water *too hot!* We are close to Borrowdale, and, as I daresay you know, that valley was so-called because the inhabitants have to borrow all their water from places where rain does sometimes fall. Derwentwater itself derives its name from an African prince who once visited it, and remarked on "der want o' water," and the title stuck. The poor prince died of a sunstroke on Christmas Day, it is said. Such heat was probably a little exceptional, but people who've been at Algiers in winter-time say it can't be compared with Keswick.

CANNY CUMBRIAN.

"I do *not* like his style of conversation," observed Mrs. R., warmly; "he does make use of such amphibious expressions."

TO A Houri.

(At Constantinople.)

SWEET daughter of Araby, truly the Blest
If all of its women are equally fair,
Enraptured I gaze at thine ivory breast,
Thine ebony hair!

Mohammedan maiden, so freely unveiled,
I long to converse in thine orient speech,
But Arabic, Turkish, my schoolmasters failed
Entirely to teach.

O, maid from the Bosphorus, or from the land
Of HAROUN-AL-RASCHID, what tongue can I
try?

I cannot speak thine; I should not understand
If thou shouldst reply.

Yet BYRON and MOORE, I remember, may tell
Some words to express untranslatable love,
To say—what's the Turkish?—my rose, my
gazelle, My tulip, my dove!

Here goes! Fair Sultana of Stamboul's
bazaars,

O Houri, O Peri, salaam to thee now!
Bulbul! *Lalla Rookh!* Sweetest attar of
Fars! I'll add—*Zah mu!*

Oh, horror! My dreams of the East take to
flight;

Thou art but disguised, for, with cockney-
fied sound,
Thou answerest, "Genuine Turkish Delight,
One shilling a pound."

AT THE GARRICK.

ADMIRABLE in every way is Mr. HARE's performance of the part of *The Old Jew* in one of the dullest pieces it has ever been my lot to see. Five Acts of it, too! Written by Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY, author of *Sowing the Wind!* Hardly possible to believe, but so it is. If what the author intends for satire had only been partially redeemed by here and there a flash of wit or humour, the acting of Mr. HARE, of the three GILBERTS—GILBERT HARE, GILBERT FARQUHAR, and GILBERT TRENT, of Messrs. ANSON, DAY, DE LANGE, and ROBERT HARWOOD (a most amusing "bit" of character), and the acting of Miss KATE ROOKE and Mrs. WRIGHT, the latter appearing in a most trying and unsympathetic part, might have secured for it a certain amount of success. But what can possibly be done with an uninteresting story, told depressingly in Five Acts? It is preceded by *THEYRE SMITH'S A Case for Eviction*. But if ever there were "a case for eviction" it is that of "An Old Jew," and consequently out of the bill he goes; and, to adapt the refrain of Mr. GRUNDY's song in the piece, we, "Unforgiving, bid it at least Good-bye!" And so farewell, Old Jew! And, "if for ever, then for ever, fare thee well!"

ALL AT (L. C.) C.—Proposed now to tax site values. Presumed that ground which is lost to site (though to memory dear) will be exempt.

TO AN EDITOR AND COMMENTATOR.

O you, made bright with alien rays,
Whose work is one long string of "quotes,"
Who spend your too-laborious days
In sucking brains and spitting notes:

Who to some great and ancient name
Tack on, for pay, your puny self,
Go, go, where clothed with praise or blame
Your books precede you—on the shelf.

AN APPROPRIATE ELECTION.—Mr. SWAN elected an Associate of the Royal Academy. A SWAN-song the appropriate prelude to the end; very thoughtful of the R.A.'s to secure their own SWAN to sing it.

'NEARLY RED-DY!—*The Red Shirts*, an appropriate volume to follow Mr. MCCARTHY'S *Red Diamonds*. Why not have colourless titles, and hope that when the public sees the books they'll get re(a)d?

WELL—NOT QUITE—EH?—According to some persons' views, recently expressed, "The Chamber of Horrors" at TUSSAUD'S Waxwork Show should be re-entitled "The Chamber of Honours."

KEWRIOTS.—"The most popular show at Kew Gardens," says Mrs. R., "is the Topical House."

FLUFF SITS FOR HIS PHOTOGRAPH;

OR, THE INSTANTANEOUS PROCESS.

SCENE—A Photographer's Studio on the Seventh Floor. It is a warm afternoon. MR. STIPPLER, Photographic Artist, is discovered alone.

Mr. Stippler (to himself). No appointments while this weather lasts, thank goodness! I shall be able to get ahead with those negatives now. (Sharp whistle from speaking-tube, to which he goes.) Well?

Voice of Lady Assistant (in shop below). Lady just brought her dog in; wants to know if she can have it taken now.

Mr. Stip. (to himself). Oh, dash the dog and the lady too!

The Voice. No, only the dog, the lady says.

Mr. Stip. (confused). Eh? Oh, exactly. Ask the lady to have the goodness to—ah—step up. (He opens the studio door, and awaits the arrival of his client; interval, at the end of which sounds as of a female in distress about half way down are distinctly audible.) She's stepping up. (Another interval. The head of a breathless Elderly Lady emerges from the gloom.) This way, Madam.

The Elderly Lady (entering, and sinking into the first plush chair). Oh, dear me, I thought I should never get to the top! Now why can't you photographers have your studios on the ground floor? So much more convenient!

Mr. Stip. No doubt, Madam, no doubt. But there is—ah—a prejudice in the profession in favour of the roof; possibly the light is considered somewhat superlative. I thought I understood there was—ah—a dog?

The E. L. Oh, he'll be here presently. I think he saw something in one of the rooms on the way up that took his fancy, or very likely he's resting on one of the landing mats,—such an intelligent dog! I'll call him. Fluffy, Fluffy, come along, my pet, nearly up now! Mustn't keep his missis waiting for him. (A very long pause; presently a small rough-haired terrier lounges into the studio with an air of proprietorship.) That's the dog; he's so small, he can't take very long to do, can he?

Mr. Stip. The—ah—precise size of the animal does not signify, Madam; we do it by an instantaneous process. The only question is the precise pose you would prefer. I presume the dog is a good—ah—rattah?

The E. L. Really, I've no idea. But he's very clever at killing bluebottles; he will smash them on the window-panes.

Mr. Stip. (without interest). I see, Madam. We have a speciality for our combination backgrounds, and you might like to have him represented on a country common, in the act of watching a hole in a bank.

The E. L. (impressed). For bluebottles?

Mr. Stip. For—ah—rats. (By way of concession.) Or bluebottles, of course, if you prefer it.

The E. L. I think I would rather have something more characteristic. He has such a pretty way of lying on his back with all his paws sticking straight up in the air. I never saw any other dog do it.

Mr. Stip. Precisely. But I doubt whether that particular pose would be effective—in a photograph.

The E. L. You think not? Where has he got to, now? Oh, do just look at him going round, examining everything! He quite understands what he's wanted to do; you've no idea what a clever dog he is!

Mr. Stip. Ray-ally? How would it do to have him on a rock in the middle of a salmon-stream?

The E. L. It would make me so uncomfortable to see it; he has a perfect horror of wetting his little feet!

Mr. Stip. In that case, no doubt—Then what do you say to posing him on an ornamental pedestal? We could introduce a Yorkshire moor, or a view of Canterbury Cathedral, as a background.



Fluff (to himself). "What's she got hold of now?"

The E. L. A pedestal seems so suggestive of a cemetery, doesn't it? Mr. Stip. Then we must try some other position. (He resigns himself to the commonplace.) Can the dog—ah—sit up?

The E. L. Bee-yutifully! Fluffy, come and show how nicely you can sit up!

Fluff (to himself). Show off for this fellow? Who pretends he's got rats—and hasn't! Not if I know it!

(He rolls over on his back with a well-assumed air of idiocy.)

The E. L. (delighted). There that's the attitude I told you of. But perhaps it would come out rather too leggy?

Mr. Stip. It is—ah—open to that objection, certainly, Madam. Perhaps we had better take him on a chair, sitting up. (Fluff is, with infinite trouble, prevailed upon to mount an arm-chair, from which he growls savagely whenever Mr. STIPPLER approaches.) You will probably be more successful with him than I, Madam.

The E. L. I could make him sit up in a moment, if I had any of his biscuits with me. But I forgot to bring them.

Mr. Stip. There is a confectionary next door. We could send out a lad for some biscuits. About how much would you requiah—a quartah of a pound?

(He goes to the speaking tube.)

The E. L. He won't eat all those; he's a most abstemious dog. But they must be sweet, tell them. (Delay. Arrival of the biscuits. The Elderly Lady holds one up, and Fluff leaps, barking frantically, until he succeeds in snatching it; a manœuvre which he repeats with each successive biscuit.) Do you know, I'm afraid he really mustn't have any more—biscuits always excite him so. Suppose you take him lying on the chair, much as he is now? (Mr. STIPPLER attempts to place the dog's paws, and is snapped at.) Oh, do be careful!

Mr. Stip. (heroically). Oh, it's of no consequence, Madam. I am—ah—accustomed to it.

The E. L. Oh, yes; but he isn't, you know; so please be very gentle with him! And could you get him a little water first? I'm sure he's thirsty. (Mr. STIPPLER brings water in a developing dish, which Fluff empties promptly.) Now he'll be as good—!

Mr. Stip. (after wiping Fluff's chin and arranging his legs). If we can only keep him like that for one second.

The E. L. But he ought to have his ears pricked. (Mr. STIPPLER makes weird noises behind the camera, resembling demon cats in torture; Fluff regards him with calm contempt.) Oh, and his hair is all in his eyes, and they're his best feature!

(Mr. STIPPLER attempts to part Fluff's fringe; snarls. Mr. Stip. I have not discovered his eyes at present, Madam; but he appears to have excellent—ah—teeth.)

The E. L. Hasn't he! Now, couldn't you catch him like that?

Mr. Stip. (to himself). He's more likely to catch me like that! (Aloud, as he retreats under a hanging canopy.) I think we shall get a good one of him as he is. (Focussing.) Yes, that will do very nicely. (He puts in the plate, and prepares to release the shutter, whereupon Fluff deliberately rises and presents his tail to the camera.) I presume you do not desiah a back view of the dog, Madam!

The E. L. Certainly not! Oh, Fluffy, naughty—naughty! Now lie down again, like a good dog. Oh, I'm afraid he's going to sleep!

Mr. Stip. If you would kindly take this—ah—toy in your hand, Madam, it might rouse him a little.

The E. L. (exhibiting a gutta-percha rat). Here, Fluffy, Fluffy, here's a pitty sing! What is it, eh!

Fluff (after opening one eye). The old fool fancies she's got a rat! Well, she may keep it!

(He curls himself up again.)

Mr. Stip. We must try to obtain more—ah—animation than that. (He hands the Elderly Lady a jingling toy.)

The E. L. (shaking it vigorously). Fluffy, see what Missis has got!

Fluff (by a yawn of much eloquence). At her age, too! Wonderful how she can do it!

[*He closes his eyes wearily.*]

Mr. Stip. Perhaps you may produce a better effect with this.

[*He hands her a stuffed stoat.*]

Fluff (to himself). What's she got hold of now? Hul-lo! (*He rises, and inspects the stoat with interest.*) I'd no idea the old girl was so "varmint"!

Mr. Stip. Capital! Now, if he'll stay like that another— (*Fluff jumps down, and wags his tail with conscious merit.*) Oh, dear me. I never saw such a dog!

The E. L. He's tired out, poor doggie, and no wonder. But he'll be all the quieter for it, won't he? (*After restoring Fluff to the chair.*) Now, couldn't you take him panting, like that?

Mr. Stip. I must wait till he's got a little less tongue out, Madam.

The E. L. Must you? Why? I should have thought it was a capital opportunity.

Mr. Stip. For a physician, Madam, not a photographer. If I were to take him now the result would be an—ah—enormous tongue, with a dog in the remote distance.

The E. L. And he's putting out more and more of it! Perhaps he's thirsty again. Here, Fluffy, water—water!

[*She produces the developing dish.*]

Fluff (in barks of unmistakable significance). Look here, I've had about enough of this tomfoolery. Let's go. Come on!

Mr. Stip. (*seconding the motion with relief.*) I'm afraid we're not likely to do better with him to-day. Perhaps if you could look in some othah afternoon?

The E. L. Why, we've only been an hour and twenty minutes as yet! But what would be the best time to bring him?

Mr. Stip. I should say the light and the temperatuh would probably be more favourable by the week aftah next—(*to himself*) when I shall be taking my holiday!

The E. L. Very well, I'll come then. Oh, Fluffy, Fluffy, what a silly little dog you are to give all this trouble

Fluff (to himself, as he makes a triumphant exit). Not half so silly as some people think! I must tell the cat about this; she'll go into fits! I will say she has a considerable sense of humour—for a cat.

OMNIBUS SED NON OBESISSIMIS.

THE *Daily Graphic* wisely recommends That omnibus conductors, with a tape, Should measure those to whom Dame Nature sends

Too corpulent and elephantine shape,
That they, neglectful of the learned
BANTING,
No more should squeeze in, pushing,
puffing, panting,
So loudly on the want of space descanting;
And then all extra payment quite escape.

An excellent suggestion—for the thin—
For all the fat "a double debt to pay."
Let adiposity spend more than skin
And bone, is what mere skin and bone
would say.
The fat can, grumbling, pay this fine or
ransom,
Can walk, or be extravagant as can some,
And ride in easy, sybaritic Hansom,
Not go for just "a peenny all the way."

"WHERE DO THEY EXPECT TO GO TO?"
—Question for the Blue-coat Boys. If the present building is pulled down, and if no site be obtained outside London, it is "rather a blue look-out" for the Blue-coat School.

BALLAD OF THE PROFESSIONAL MODEL.

So there you are, old patriarch,
I sat for in the spring—
If you'll permit me to remark,
As like as anything!

But now you're in a gorgeous dress,
And in a big gold frame;
The passers stare, but hardly guess
We are the very same.

Also, you're looking twice as fresh
As I am, you'll agree—
You've got more colour and more flesh,
Which ain't as it should be.



You know you'd never have been there
Without me, to enjoy
These many blessings—can't we share
And share alike, old boy.

You're used to having your square meals,
If I may make so bold—
Come down and tell us how it feels,
And also if you're sold.

Then I'd slip up there in a trice—
And shouldn't I be snug,
With victuals handy, and a nice
Old oriental rug.

Not you—you're looking as serene,
As lofty and benign,
As if you'd never, never seen,
A countenance like mine.

You see a green and flowery land,
A sky that's dazzling blue:
You've everything at your command—
A lucky chap are you!

Good-bye to you, old patriarch,
There in your frame of gold—
The days are growing short and dark,
The nights are bitter cold.

And the winds on the Embankment probe
One's life out as one lies;—
But I'll think of you in your robe,
Under those sunny skies.

MARRIAGE LINES EXTRAORDINARY.

WE read that in Belgium marriage certificates, already for some time past in book form, are henceforth to be morocco-bound and gilt-edged, suggestive of durability, and gilding the pill, some will say. A summary of the Belgian laws on the married state is given herein. Then amongst a mass of miscellaneous information are directions for the feeding and care of infants—surely? Our eye ran on hastily, then came back carefully, but no! This conspicuous omission seems the more unaccountable and ominous upon the historic battle-ground of Europe. However, to proceed, there are also provided twelve spaces for entering the names and birthdays of the children of the marriage; and, we doubt not, the national motto, *L'Union fait la Force*, is well to the fore. If after all this plain statement of the case the marriage rate remains undiminished, who shall deny honour to "les brave Belges" of both sexes?

I. O. Umenos to His Bride.

MAID of Athens, ere we "part"
To a creditor, we'll start
For some place where we'll be free
From re-spon-si-bi-li-tee!

JAW-BREAKING LAW-BREAKING.

THE *Daily News* of the 19th inst. informs us that a Swabian living at Rottweil, in Würtemberg, has just committed an offence against the law. The crime with which he has been charged is conveyed in the title appearing in the German law books as "*Hausirgengerbetriebsausdehnungsabgabengefährdung.*" We have heard of "deeds without a name," but it is abundantly manifest that this is not of them. At the same time, we think it would be rather hard on a man to call him a hypocrite because he would rather do than say such a thing as—but we decline even the labour of merely writing the word over again.



To a Silent Poet.

"POETICUS, you seem distraught."
"Excuse me, Sir. A train of thought"—
"A train of thought"? At least, confess
Your train of thought is not express."

A BRILLIANT CANDIDATE.—"Give me your definition," quoth the Examiner very distinctly, "of 'a finite intelligence.'" The youth paused, repeated to himself several times the words "Fine night intelligence," and then triumphantly made answer, "Sir, it means when someone comes in to tell you that the moon and stars are shining beautifully." Of course the candidate was passed—over.

A YOUNG friend of Mrs. R.'s has lately joined an amateur orchestra. Mrs. R. informs us that "the instrument he plays is the buffoon."

"AH," observed Mr. MUDDLE, "how true is the old saying that 'One man may look over a hedge while another steals a horse!'"



AWKWARD SPEECHES TO ANSWER.

Old Lady (devoted to the Rector). "TELL YOUR FATHER THAT IT IS MY EARNEST WISH HE SHOULD BURY ME WHEN I DIE."

The Rector's Daughter. "I'M SURE HE'LL BE DE— HE'LL BE PL— I MEAN HE—HE—A—A—WOULD BE SO—A—REALLY I MUST NOW BID YOU GOOD-BYE."

THE NAUGHTY DAUGHTERS.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Whatever is the meaning of all this nonsense about the Revolt of the Daughters? I've three myself—such nice, good girls, and I'm sure they don't want to indulge in "a mild kind of *wanderjahr*," whatever that may mean. I asked them all this morning if they were perfectly happy and contented, and, of course, they all said "Yes," as I knew they would. They have not had me for a mother for nothing. I think that where girls have no "virginal tranquility of soul" it's the fault of the mother for letting them read these horrid new books, and go to all these wicked plays. GERMAN REED'S once a year is quite enough for anyone. As to this talk about latch-keys, it's moonshine. What's wanted is not that our daughters should have them, but that our sons should *not*. No one of my boys (I have six) have ever had—or wanted—a latch-key, and I never allowed my husband to have one till he was 49. I sometimes regret I ever gave one to him, though as it is we always chain the door at 11 o'clock. I enclose my card, and am

A MOTHER OF THREE GIRLS.

DEAREST MR. PUNCH,—We fancy Mamma has written you a letter about us, and if she has we want you to know it's all a mistake. She asked us this morning if we wanted what we thought she called some kind of "jar," and we said "No," not in the least understanding that she intended to say "*wanderjahr*." Now that we find that she was taking what Pa (who's in the House) calls one of Ma's snatch-votes, and that the meaning of it all is latch-keys and staying out late, of course we should like it. Poor dear Mamma does give us such a time of it. I wonder what she'd do if she knew that all the boys have had latch-keys made like Pa's, and that the chain which goes up religiously every night at 11 o'clock is so long that you can undo it from outside. We three girls are determined to have latch-keys, read "Latch-Key Notes" (is that right?), thoroughly indulge our "primeval traits," and generally have a real good time. —Yours *wanderjahring*,

MAMMA'S THREE DAUGHTERS.

DEAR SIR,—Would you mind telling me what "a mild kind of *wanderjahr*" means? I asked REGGIE, my brother, to-day, and he said he thought a smoke of some kind. Ma says she fancies it's German for influenza. Pa, when I asked him at breakfast, only said, "Some more toast, my dear. When do you go back to school?" So please what does it mean? Because if it is a kind of cigarette, I shall get some. —Yours don't-knowingly,

A MERE SCHOOL-GIRL.

JOHNSONESE.

"LET *obserration* with extensive *view* *Survey* mankind from China to Peru." Tautology indeed! Here half an eye Would serve mankind, we fancy, to descry A lexicographer; but, shelving this, A more important point appears amiss. Was ever order, large, to say the least, More loosely given? Looking east-south-east From shore to shore (the way you'd travel, mind) You'd miss, as much as possible, mankind!

THE SAGA OF THE SHIELD-MAIDEN.

[A "Viking Club" has recently been founded, with a "Jarl" for President. (Please pronounce *Weaking*, *Yarl*.) Other officials are called "Things-bothman," "Skatt-taker," &c., while the lady members are designated *Skjald-maijar*, or "Shield-maidens." According to the prospectus, "it behoves everyone interested in the North to give it such support as will entitle it to take its *proper* place among the *foremost* societies of Europe." The italics are ours.]

If you're Weaking, call me Yarly, *skal* me Yarly, mother dear! For we've started a Norsemen's Club in town—we began with the young New Year! I don't know whether I sound the word in the proper Icelandic way, But I'm to be one of the *Skjald-maijar*—a Shield-maiden, that's to say!

There'll be many a black, black eye, mother, in the club to-morrow night, For the Things-bothman and the Law-bothman have together arranged to fight; While the stakes will be held by the Skatt-taker, and the Jarl will join the fray, And we Shield-maidens will shriek and whoop in old Norse, as best we may

If we scratch up a scanty Scanian skill with *skald* and *skal* and *ski*, In the foremost place of societies in Europe soon we'll be! To-morrow's to be of all the year our first Walhalla-day, And I'm to be chief Shield-maiden, and proud Vi-queen of the May!



“WAITING FOR RELIEF.”

TURKEY. “HULLO! YOU’VE ALL COME TO IT, HAVE YOU? WHY, I’VE BEEN A CASUAL FOR YEARS!”

DREAMED IN THE TEMPLE.

(A Communication from an old Contributor.)

A MATTER of so much importance has recently attracted the attention of the Bench that I feel it my duty to call serious consideration to it in the columns of a paper that has been renowned all the world over as the organ of the legal profession. I need scarcely say that I refer to a decision that a barrister-at-law, although he may be ready and anxious to practise, can be called upon to serve on a jury unless he can say in open Court that he has received a brief within six months! With all due respect to the judge who is answerable for the ruling, I must declare that I consider such an announcement made from the seat of justice an intolerable wrong to a large number of worthy, if unfortunate, professional men. In years gone by I have shown in these very pages that circumstances over which he has had no control may prevent a counsel really learned in the law from attracting the lucrative attention of solicitors.

Taking my own case, I can say that, although I have since my call enjoyed a very gratifying practise, I have known it happen that I have not received a brief for months, I might almost add (without laying myself open to a charge of gross exaggeration) years together. It is not because a man has rooms at the top of a staircase of chambers in the Temple, and pays a guinea a year for a locker in the Carey Street Robing Room, that he can secure the suffrages of those he would willingly count amongst his clients. I have made it my custom of a forenoon (following in the footsteps of my father) to attend regularly at one or other of the courts of the Queen's Bench Division to extend a matutinal greeting to the presiding judge. This I have done to show my respect for the profession to which his lordship and I in common belong. That I have not had any papers before me requiring immediate attention (save perhaps the current literature of the time) has been no fault of mine. If Bedford Row, Ely Place, and Lincoln's Inn Fields are so blind to the best interests of the litigation-loving public that they do not retain me is their business, and their business only, and I refuse to take any responsibility in this strange, this deplorable business—business that has been called (by members of my own family) absolutely disgraceful.

And having given this my deliberate opinion upon the affair, I should have thought my duty performed, had not something remained behind. As a rule, I do not attach any serious importance to visions or dreams, but on the present occasion I am inclined to accept as reliable evidence that which at other times I might declare to be of questionable value. Since the decision to which I have referred no doubt the matter has frequently occupied my thoughts, and possibly—I might almost say probably—the clue to the mystery can be found in that admission. Having confessed as much, it may be well to give the story *in extenso*.

After a day's hard work at my chambers setting the circulars I had received during the past half year in order, I fell asleep, and, in a state of somnolence, found myself on my legs in one of the Courts of the Q. B. D. I was naturally surprised to find



"A PAINTED LADY."

"O, MUMMY DEAR, WHY DID PAPA SAY HE WAS THINKING OF HAVING YOU PAINTED BY SIR JOHN MILLAIS? I'M SURE HE WOULDN'T DO IT BETTER THAN YOU DO IT YOURSELF!"

"ETHEL, DEAR, I THINK YOU HAD BETTER GO AND PLAY IN THE NURSERY WITH YOUR LITTLE BROTHER!"

had been arranged that the plaintiff should board and lodge with the defendant at the rate of £20 a quarter. At the end of the first quarter the plaintiff considered that he had received only £5 worth of board and lodging, and consequently was entitled to recover £15 balance. You see, my Lord?"

"Certainly; and I presume that your client had paid the £20?"

"Well, not exactly, my Lord. But then the defendant did not raise that plea. She had been advised by counsel not to do so."

"Dear me! And who was the counsel?"

"Well, my Lord, I myself made the suggestion."

"Really, Mr. BRIEFLESS, I am surprised at such an admission! You appear for the plaintiff and advise the defendant! Surely that was *ultra vires*?"

"I venture to think not, my Lord, as the defendant was my wife."

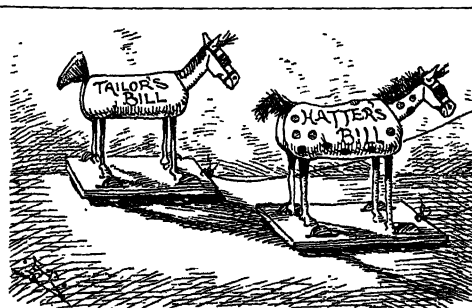
"I see your contention—that she was a part of yourself. But surely the Married Woman's Property Act disposes of that point? However, let that pass. And the plaintiff—who was he?"

"My son, my Lord," I replied, with emphasis; "my son, my Lord! And that justice might be done, I have paid all the costs. And now, my Lord, you see the shifts—"

I woke. PORTINGTON was beside me. "I think this is for you, Sir," said he, holding out a paper. I seized it with a gleam of hope. It was only a form for the assessment of income-tax.

And now I am debating whether I shall follow the suggestion of my dream or not. It seems to me the only course I can pursue until Ely Place ceases to be inattentive, and Bedford Row becomes more kind.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.
Pump-Handle Court, Jun. 20, 1894.



"YEARLINGS."



WHITHER.

Brown (startled by rushing animal, which has bolted, just as he was going to potter over where the rail is down). "NOW THEN, WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO?"
Groom. "DON'T KNOW! ASK THIS BRUTE!"

SONGS OF SOCIETY.

THE HAPPY HEDONIST'S CREED.

I'm of the Cyrenaic School,
 A Pleasure-hunting Hedonist;
 I hold the World's most arrant fool
 An Altruist.

An Aristippus of the Club,
 My faith is firm in self and sense;
 My love of comfort and choice "grub"
 Immense.

Perfectibility I deem
 A figment, which my soul revolts.
 All those who dream that dotard's dream
 Are dolts.

Of all loud follies that infest
 This period of stress and storm,
 I do most cordially detest
 Reform!

The word's on everybody's tongue.
 I know that it is *but* a word,
 Making the speaker, old or young,
 Absurd!

But there be words which din and dun
 Until they seem far worse than blows,
 And this, upon my soul, is one
 Of those.

"Mesopotamia" sounded sweet
 On the dissenting *Durden's* ears,
 And this "Reform" the mandlin greet
 With cheers.

'Tis like these "loyal toasts" outgushed
 In hackneyed terms when Britons dine,
 And which the witless cheer, when flushed
 With wine.

They bore one awfully, they tax
 The speakers, put the hearers out,
 Yet all enthusiastic wax,
 And shout.

So with "Reform." When it is named
 By Premier, scribe, or platform prig,
 Humbugs applaud, and shams, unshamed,
 Look big.

What does it mean? If aught at all
 (Which usually it does *not*),
 It means the rule despotical
 Of "Rot."

It signifies the utter rout
 Of all whose motto is "Enjoy!"
 Of every pleasure that's without
 Alloy!

It means that Twaddle on a Tub
 Shall rob me of my cent-per-cents,
 My wine, my weed, my cab, my club,
 My rents.

It means that Fustian with a vote
 Shall push Me from my pleasant perch
 Of Privilege. The hand which smote
 The Church,

Would smite the Land, and smash the Law,
 And, SAMSON-like, Caste's bastions storm,
 All with that modern Ass's jaw,
 Reform.

Et après? Afterwards, of course
 The Many would put on the screw,
 And subjugate by brainless force
 The Few.

Now is it not preposterous stuff?
 The world's whole stock of Pleasure's
 small,
 And obviously is not enough
 For all.

The Romans knew this. What a State!
 NERO is my ideal, quite.
 We must spread Toil, and concentrate
 Delight.

There's the true Social Formula,
 Purged from humanitarian bosh.
 The monstrous maxim of to-day
 Won't wash.

The greatest number's greatest good?
 You might as well say "ortolans round!"
 Or claim for every hind his rood
 Of ground.

Children of Gibeon must exist
 To hew and draw, fifty to one;
 That gives the happy Hedonist
 Life's fun.

That's Nature's law, as wise men know,
 To keep "the fittest" snug and warm,
 With but one formidable foe—
 Reform!

STILL "THE DARK CONTINENT."—The subject of "Africa opened up," it appears from M. CAMILLE DOUCET's statement, has not inspired any of the competitors for the annual prize for poetry, granted by the French State, with a poem worthy of the name. There will be no happy prize-winner to "speak of Africa and golden joys." We are surprised, and suppose we must now look upon "*Ez Africa semper aliquid novi*" as another of our old beliefs gone over to the majority.

SHE HAS GOT IT QUITE RIGHT THIS TIME.—Mrs. R., who is a great playgoer, expresses herself as being very sorry to hear that *The Old Joe* is to be withdrawn from the Garrick Theatre; but, on the other hand, she is very pleased at being informed that one of her favourite actresses, Mrs. BERNARD TREE (or is it Mrs. TREEBOHM BARE?) is now so very successively appearing as *Charlotte Anne* in a new piece at the Haymarket.



PRIVATE REHEARSAL OF "EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY" AND "LOCAL GOVERNMENT" AT 20, ARLINGTON STREET, FOR T.R. STEPHENS.



TRUE HUMILITY.

Prosperous Briton. "AH, WELL—GOOD-BYE! YOU MUST COME AND SEE ME, AND WE'LL TALK IT OVER—TWO HEADS ARE BETTER THAN ONE, YOU KNOW."

Poor Relation (with grateful emphasis). "YES; ESPECIALLY YOURS, GEORGE!"

TO A "DISTRICT" DIVINITY.

[NOTE.—Several of the trains on the District Railway are now fitted with automatic electric reading lamps, which, upon a penny being placed in the slot, supply a light for half an hour.]

O GODDESS with the classic features pale,
And eyes of blue and hair of golden sheen,
Who daily goest by the District Rail
From Charing Cross to distant Walham Green,
These lines—to tell the secret of my heart meant—
Are written in a second-class compartment!

For day by day as homeward both we speed
Each other we invariably face—
It seems as if we tacitly agreed
To each secure a "platform" corner place.
Our frequent meetings spring from best of reasons,
For we are technically known as "Seasons."

My fate thou art—my happiness or doom!
And oft, as vainly at thy beauty bright
I've tried to peer through murkiness and gloom,
I've cursed the Underground's pale, fitful light!—
The gas was not turned up to any *virid* end,
Except perhaps the prospects of a dividend.

But now my heart is filled with sweet content,
Since tiny boxes each compartment dot
For public use (and private profit) meant
Contingent on a penny in the slot.
O little box, do you approve emphatically
The use to which I put you—automatically?

For as I drop the coin with gentle thud,
And press a knob with all my manly might,
The face of my divinity I flood
For thirty minutes with electric light!
Obliging box, I hope these verses indicate
The thanks I owe your enterprising syndicate!

These automatic tactics I've pursued
With regularity for one short week;
But now that classic face is scarlet hued,
And she, whose marble lips declined to speak,
Has spoken out, and asked me "kindly not to";
And close acquaintanceship at last we've got to!

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY (for the *O. W.'s* next comedy).—
Manners make the man, but manors make the nobleman.

A "RIDER" AND FOOT-NOTE TO LINDLEY MURRAY.

Le Vélo has recently consulted MM. ZOLA, GRÉARD, and FRANCISQUE SARCEY as to whether it is better to say *aller à bicyclette*, or *en bicyclette*. These distinguished authorities have decided that the former phrase is correct. *En tricycle*, however, should be employed. From a similar correspondence between the Secretary of the Scorchers' Club and some eminent masters of the English language we extract the following:—

Coniston.
SIR.—You ask me which I prefer—"to ride a bicycle," or "to ride on a bicycle." I reply emphatically, NEITHER. I am astounded at your temerity in putting the question at all, since you must be aware that I consider "cycling" (as I believe it is termed) to be an invention of the devil. Use in their proper way the legs with which Heaven has blessed you, and eschew excursion-trains, balloons, penny-omnibuses, dandy-horses, steam-launches, flying-machines, and all other artificial aids to locomotion; or, if you *must* be carried from spot to spot, let the pack-horse, the sedan-chair, and the waterman's wherry, be sufficient for your needs. J-N R-SK-N.

Dorking.
Mr. G-RGE M-D-T-H very cognisantly presents his compliments to the Secretary of the Scorchers' Club, and, as he is ever ready to fertilise a brain-pan vacuum with a dot-running-epistolary-rostrum-lecture, begs to state that a parley-phrase (or piece of word-patch-work) lacks value, unless with rational yet crazy hocus-jugglery of metaphors it cheat of its meaning the squab work-a-day gobble-gobbets; 'wilder with tricky mangle-mangle of brumous trope the fogged intellects of the puff-wheel trundle-trotter; and, dizened with lark-mirror of verbal leger-de-main, darkly-light and obscurely-flashing, daze (for some drunken minutes) the rag-bag tag-and-file of the bird-witted body-public into hypnotic unthinking acquiescence. He hopes that the Secretary (who is at liberty to make either head or tail of the foregoing *ipse dixit*) will—if he succeeds in reading or reding it—nerve his admonished understanding to arrange accordingly.

Blarritz.
MY DEAR SIR.—To any question affecting, relating to, or even concerning, the matter of *locomotion*, by which term I would imply

per se the transit, whether voluntary or involuntary—but my pencil is breaking; my pens have been removed! I will write fully on returning to London. Yours, W. E. G.

CHAT À LA MODE.

SCENE—*A Railway Carriage.* BROWN, JONES and ROBINSON *preparing to descend at the Terminus.*

Brown. Still serious in Africa. We really ought to do something. *Jones.* But what?

Robinson. Ah! that's the point. It's all very well to say "do something," but what?

Brown. It seems simple enough to me. "Trade follows the flag," so we should plant the flag.

Jones. But where?

Robinson. Yes, where? Certainly plant the flag somewhere—but where?

Brown. Why, of course, wherever we have possession.

Jones. Yes, but where have we possession?

Robinson. Yes, it's easy enough to say "Where we have possession," but *where* have we possession?

Brown. Why, in Africa to be sure. We ought not to give up an acre of ground.

Jones. But have we an acre of ground?

Robinson. Quite so—*have* we?

Brown. Well, of course we ought to have. Where the flag goes we go. Surely that's plain enough?

Jones. But then the flag didn't go. It was the Chartered Company that took the land.

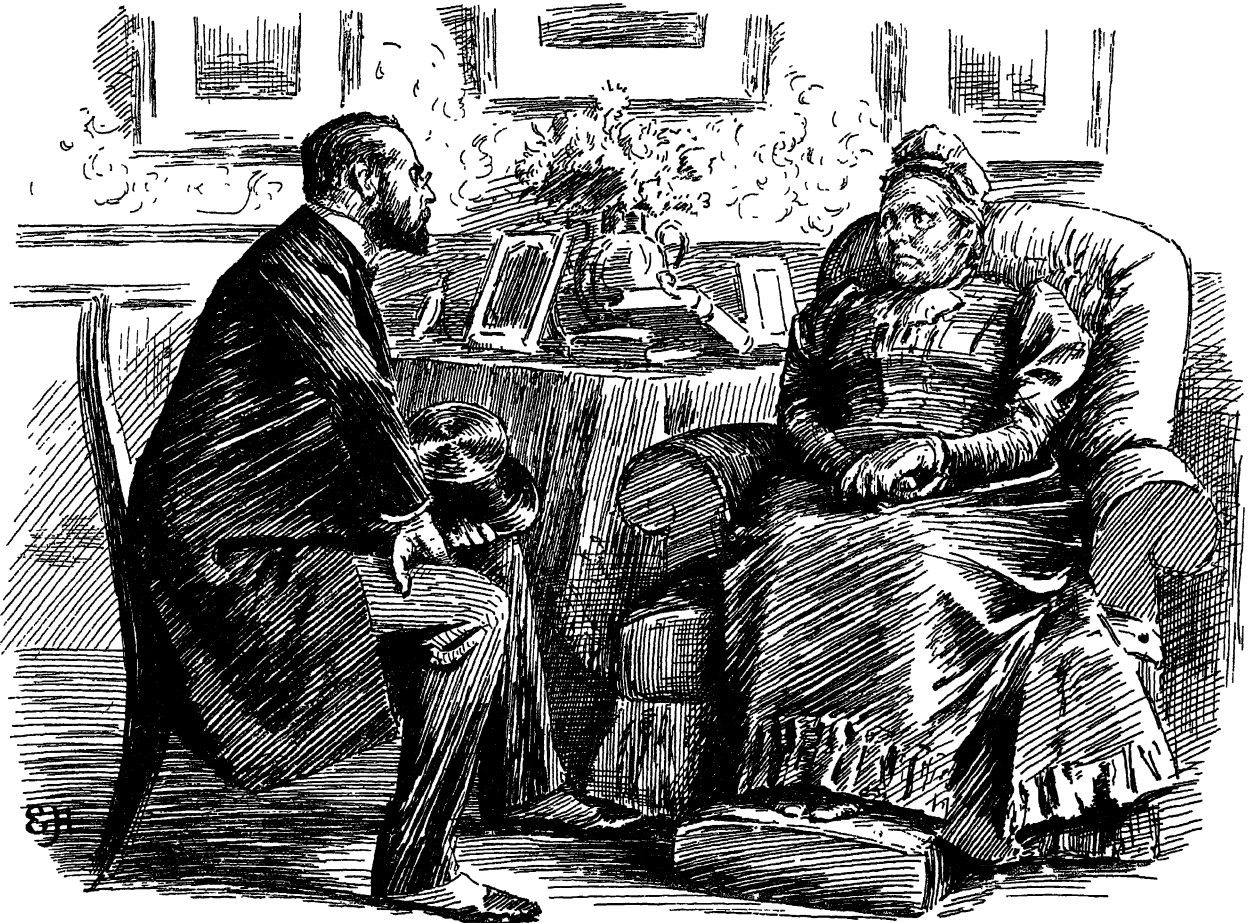
Robinson. Certainly, you see we were nowhere

Brown. Then it's a crying shame that we weren't. It's as simple as A B C. You see just a century ago a British settlement—

Jones. Awfully sorry, but here we are. Good morning.

Robinson. Most interesting, but I'm afraid I must wait for the story until another occasion. Good day.

[*The train stops. African Problem deferred indefinitely. Curtain.*]



THE GILDED PILL.

Doctor. NOTHING IN OUR EXPERIENCE, MADAM, IS MORE MYSTERIOUS THAN THESE OBSCURE NERVOUS COMPLAINTS, AND THE SYMPTOMS THEY EXACTLY SIMULATE; AS, FOR EXAMPLE, IN A HIGHLY-STRUNG NEUROPATHIC CONSTITUTION LIKE YOUR OWN, WHERE ALL THE PHENOMENA ACCOMPANYING—ER—OVER-EATING ARE EXHIBITED, AND WHICH, ABSURD AS IT MAY APPEAR, MUST BE TREATED AS IF FOR THAT ACTUAL DISORDER !”

THE THEATRICAL CRITIC'S VADE MECUM.

Question. I see that a Sunday paper has recently told us how a theatrical criticism comes to be written—can you point out the way?

Answer. Why, on paper, using only one side, and with the aid of a pen or pencil.

Q. Naturally; but ought not the critic to master his author before he commences his review?

A. Certainly. For instance, if the critic has to criticise a drama of SARDOU, he should make himself thoroughly acquainted with all the works of that talented author.

Q. Is it necessary to see the new piece more than once?

A. If the critic adopts one course open to him, it would certainly be advisable.

Q. Why would it be advisable?

A. Because, unless the critic sees a new piece several times, he cannot thoroughly adjudicate upon the merits or demerits of the acting.

Q. Then a theatrical critic should see a new piece several times before he writes about it?

A. Such a course is to be recommended, the more especially as after the sixth visit he should be able to understand the play *quid* play thoroughly.

Q. And presumably he would have time to examine authorities?

A. Quite so. That too is a matter that should not be overlooked. Three or four days can be spent in the Reading-room of the British Museum in this connection most usefully.

Q. And no doubt the theatrical critic should have ample time to compose a well-considered essay?

A. He should. To follow precedents set by the reviewers of the

past, he should have at least a fortnight to digest his opinions and to polish his sentences.

Q. I think you said that this is one method of writing a theatrical criticism, and you hinted there was another?

A. I did; because although presumably theatrical critics prefer the first mode, they often are forced to adopt the alternative.

Q. What is the alternative method?

A. To form an opinion in the auditorium, to digest it in the lobby, and to write the notice on the road to the office in the cab.

Q. And which method is the more popular with the public?

A. The latter, because the public wants its reviews with its breakfast-rolls.

Q. And which are the more valuable, the notices or the rolls?

A. It is impossible to say; the public pays its money, and takes its choice.

Crooked Chivalry.

[“The chivalrous instinct seems, in truth, to have been little more than a caste sentiment.”—*Observer*.]

BURKE mourned over Chivalry dead,
But the Knight of old days was but dark.
To a man with no crest on his head
He'd be insolent, cruel, and stark.
He couldn't see straight, poor old Knight!
His “Chivalry” squinted, and why?
He was purblind too poor human Right
Because of the “Caste” in his eye.

MRS. R. says her nephew has struck up a great friendship with a very rich young lady; but when she asked his intentions, the foolish fellow said it was only a “Plutonic friendship.”



THE IMPERIAL PINT.

(Between the Acts. Friday, January 26, 1894.)

William Emperor (heartily). "THERE, MY DEAR OLD BOY, YOU DON'T LEAVE US TILL YOU 'VE FINISHED THAT!"
Bismarck. "AH—DELIGHTED! (*Aside.*) HOPE IT ISN'T 'CORKED'!"



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

A VISIT TO AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"*The Prophet John*, by FREDERICK BOYLE, suits me!" quoth the Baron, cheerily. Messrs. CHAPMAN AND HALL bring out a capital sensational story in one natty, easily-handled, easily-read volume. "The time occupied," continues the Baron to his friends, "in swallowing whole *The Prophet John*, as if you were the whale taking in JONAH,—which sounds as if JONAH were a magazine in parts,—is just what you can spare, if only you give your mind to it, 'between the lights,' or, more properly speaking, within the limit of the time that may intervene between entering your sanctum and retiring to your *sanctum sanctorum*, yclept your bed. Should you luxuriate, and by a coquetting and titillating process defer the crisis, this 'thriller' may last you out two, or even three, evenings." But having once taken it up, having once put your hand to it, and your eyes on it, the Baron ventures to think that you will not part with it in a hurry. It will be your "loss" if you "cut the Prophet," though with a paper-knife *The Prophet* must be cut, else you cannot read it. Looking through Mrs. DAVENPORT ADAMS's bulky but handsome volume, *The Poets' Praise*, the Baron, like the Admiral in the immortal ballad, "*Werry much admiring wot she's done*," begs to suggest that in her next edition, whenever it may be called for, Mrs. D. A., eminent collector as she is, should not omit from her threnodies on the death of ALFRED LORD TENNYSON, the verses which appeared in *Mr. Punch's* pages on that occasion, for these, the Baron is certain, may triumphantly challenge comparison with any contemporaneous poetry on the same subject. Not alone is the Baron in this opinion. Mrs. D. ADAMS should supply this want, when she continues the collection "in her next."

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

OUR HIGHEST APPROVAL.—For the office of Chairman of the Conciliation Board no better choice could have been made—*Mr. Punch* always excepted, *cela va sans dire*—than Lord SHAND. Of course, he will be expected to drive about in a Shand-radan, drink Shand-ygaff, and be well up in *Tristram Shandy*.

"YOUR HEALTH, MA'AM!"

THE sprightly Mrs. KEELEY (this deponent remembereth her as the Sprite-ly too, a Queen of the Peris) runs the rare evergreen Mr. G. pretty close. Mrs. KEELEY is in the eighty-eighth (or eighty-ninth is it?) year of her exceptionally long dramatic run, and she is still "going strong." There she was at the Lyceum last Thursday afternoon, so the *D. T.* reports, making a neat little speech to the actors and actresses assembled in the green-room after playing their parts in the pantomime of *Cinderella*, whose heroine finds a perfectly charming representative in Miss ELLALINE TERRISS, the entertainment itself being, as "this deponent" is further credibly informed, exceptionally good. Mrs. KEELEY returned thanks for her health, which couldn't, it appears, be better, and hoped that "present company" might be all exceptions as to illnesses and infirmities when they everyone of them should reach her time of life. The lively actress, who appears to have been livelier than ever, was, it is reported, "in great spirits." She is evidently preserved in the very best of spirits, and long may she so continue.

Hint to a Literary Hotspur.

IN shallowness and prudery to grovel,
And with o'er-nice *naïvetés* stuff the Novel,
Good Mrs. GRUNDY's countenance to keep,
Or please the pink Young Person chastely callow,
Is servitude befitting silly sheep.
Yet *mud* makes not profound the mental shallow,
And Art's high mission prudence will not hallow
By calling spirits from the *Nasty Deep*!

MEM. FROM MANCHESTER.—Mr. BALFOUR was last week reported to have spoken at "a parochial tea-party." In future he will doubtless be known as a Tea-party Leader!

THE IRREPRESSIBLE SHE.

(A Drama of the Day after To-morrow.)

SCENE I.—Boudoir at Lady STONEYBROKE'S, No. 157½ (round the corner), Belgrave Square, S.W.

Lady Stoneybroke (to Miss MEDUSA MINKS, Hypnotist and Faith-healer). No, Miss MINKS, I cannot truthfully say I am satisfied. You know how absolutely necessary it is for me to get rid of my insomnia and nervous breakdown if I am to cope with all the difficulties and embarrassments that surround me. Yet you have never once succeeded in getting me into a trance state, and, although I've believed in you as I never thought I was capable of believing in anything, I'm not a *bit* better! Now how do you account for it?

Miss Medusa. In the simplest way in the world, dear lady. I don't believe I could send a dormouse to sleep for five minutes, and, as for faith-healing—well, it would take a greater simpleton than your ladyship to be any the better for believing in me!

Lady S. Then do you mean that you have come here on false pretences?

Miss M. I do, but from the best of motives. The fact is, I am contributing a series of racy and realistic articles on "The Childish Credulity of our Upper Classes" to a leading daily. I resolved to personate a Faith-healer and Hypnotist, and turn my experiences to journalistic account. I acquired the necessary qualifications for the part by the simple process of paying two visits to a conjuror, and practising the mesmeric art on any cat I could induce to spare me a few minutes. Then I came here and offered my services. I am deeply indebted to you for affording material which is calculated to throw a startling light upon the mental crookedness of a decadent and neurotic type of well-bred womanhood.

Lady S. (faintly). But—but surely you won't publish *everything* I told you in confidence!

Miss M. Don't be alarmed. It will appear under an altered name.

Lady S. But suppose people guess who it is!

Miss M. I can't be answerable for other people. My only object is to prove to my sex that faith-healing is a light and remunerative occupation, likely to suit a young woman with plenty of self-confidence and a fund of quiet humour. I need not assure you that to you personally I bear no malice whatever, and if my revelations incidentally injure you, I shall be the first to regret it. Still duty is duty, and I must perform mine, in the interests of the public and the paper I represent! Under the circumstances, "I shall give myself the pleasure of forwarding you an early copy." However, I am willing to waive the question of fees for this particular visit, and will wish you good afternoon.

[She goes out, leaving Lady STONEYBROKE in acute discomfort.]
Lady S. (to herself). What a terrible young woman! I do trust she won't make her disclosures too recognisable! And I shall have to find another cure now! Insolvency is dreadful enough, but with insomnia too! (To the New Governess, who enters.) Oh, Miss FIMSEY, I was most unfavourably impressed by your French accent to-day at lunch. I thought you told me you were almost a Parisian!

Miss Fimsey (with spirit). I took half a dozen lessons on purpose to come here. I really don't know what more you require!

Lady S. We won't discuss the question, but I must ask you to make other arrangements at the end of the month.

Miss F. They are already made. I was about to inform you, dear Lady STONEYBROKE, that the purpose for which I entered your household is now happily accomplished. I don't know whether you have seen a series of lively and popular sketches which are coming out in *The Perfect Lady* just now, entitled "My Pupils and their Dear Mamas. By an Amateur Governess." I am the Amateur Governess, and you may like to know that a character sketch—quite one of the most telling things I have ever done—of your daughter

DOROTHY, with a description of her proceedings in the sulks, and her views on your treatment of children, will appear in next week's number. I shall give myself the pleasure of forwarding you an early copy.

Lady S. (gasping). Upon my word! And you propose to mention my daughter and me by name?

Miss F. Well, I have thought very carefully over that, and, on the whole, I have decided that, while it is the duty of a journalist to suppress no facts that are material, there may be occasions when she is justified in using her discretion. You have treated me fairly well during my stay here, although I cannot but think that a governess has a moral and inalienable right to breakfast in bed and receive her male friends in the drawing-room at all hours. However, I shall not go beyond initials in your case. I am leaving at once; so perhaps, while I am getting my things together, you will kindly write me a cheque for my month's salary, to which I need not remind you I am legally entitled.

Lady S. (wringing her hands). A cheque, with my balance overdrawn as it is, oh dear, oh dear! What a mercy my dear boy

HARTUPP is about to repair our shattered fortunes by an alliance with a lovely and incredibly wealthy Colonial girl, who, according to him, is the dearest and most delightful of her sex! So nice and unexpected of the dear fellow, for he never *was* mercenary! Didn't he say he was going to bring her this afternoon to make my acquaintance? Perhaps I had better receive her in the big drawing-room. I'll—yes, I'll tell them to light a fire there!

SCENE II.—The Big Drawing-room. Later.

Miss Gracie Guntrey (taking her leave, after having been effusively welcomed as the future daughter-in-law). I'm sure you're very kind, Lady STONEYBROKE; you almost make me feel as if I oughtn't to have come. But I simply couldn't resist the chance of this extra "copy."

Lady Stoneybroke and Hartupp Stoneybroke. Extra copy! Of what?

Miss G. (modestly). Perhaps I should have mentioned before that I am under contract with a Colonial syndicate to do a series entitled "How Patricians Pop. By a Girl they Proposed to." Your dear son is number eleven. I shall complete the series—most probably—with the dozen.

Hartupp S. (crushed). And all this time you have been merely trifling with me!

Miss G. (with angelic sweetness). Trifling! No; HARTUPP, you cannot do me the injustice to believe that I should have encouraged you—as I admit I did—except for purely professional purposes. It was necessary to immolate you upon the altar of Journalistic Enterprise, that is all,

and I think even you yourself will be struck by the spirit and the absolute fidelity with which I have reproduced the exact manner and terms of your proposal. There was a deliciously fatuous inanity, too, about some of your endearing epithets during our brief engagement, which was all your own, and is certain to make a hit and boom the whole series. So it is not without gratitude that I terminate an episode which, to myself at least, has been both pleasant and profitable. Farewell! Do not forget me altogether!

Lady S. My boy, my boy, try to bear this blow! Reflect. She may not be an heiress after all!

Hartupp S. As if it was only her money! And yet, Mother, we must get money, or else—

Lady S. (to herself, gloomily). Or the STONEYBROKES will come to a complete smash! Fortunately, I am in correspondence with the daughter of a Chicago millionaire, a Miss CHLOE CHITTERLING, who wants a chaperon to introduce her to the best society. I think I could do it for five thousand pounds—and extras. I hate the idea, but what can I do? (Re-enter Miss GUNTREY.) That dreadful girl again! (To Miss GUNTREY, with a reaction of hope.) Ah, you do love HARTUPP after all, then!

Miss G. Love! We have no time for all that nonsense—except as



copy—nowadays. No, I came back because I suddenly recollected that you're one of the fifteen hundred members of the peerage with whom I've been in correspondence,—as Miss CHLOE CHITTERLING of Chicago, you know. I thought you might be interested to hear that your reply (which is admirably characteristic and full of unconscious humour) will probably appear shortly in a first-class Society weekly which is taking up the question "Are Chaperons Cheap To-day?"

Lady S. (writhing). My letter was headed "Private and Confidential!"

Miss G. I know that; it was trustful of you, but we Lady Journalists are not without a sense of honour. No indication of the writer's identity will be given (*relief and gratitude from Lady STONEYBROKE*), except, of course, the address. (*Lady STONEYBROKE has a fit.*) As you seem rather pre-occupied, I will intrude no longer, and, indeed, in all I have done I have merely endeavoured to show that,—whether in sheer hard-headed "grit," "go," and enterprise, or single-hearted, self-sacrificing devotion to the interests of the journal she represents,—Woman is as much Man's superior as—she is in everything else! Good afternoon!

[*She goes out, leaving Lady STONEYBROKE in convulsions.*]

FIELD AND COVERT.

(First of February Reflections.)

FAREWELL, for a space, my gallant hammerless ejector! Farewell, O cartridge bag, seasoned by wind and rain! Farewell gaiters, shooting boots, knickerbocker breeches! The end of the season has come, and I shall require you no more for the present. What a season it has been! Grouse plentiful, partridge abundant, pheasants as strong and tall as the heart of a moderate shooter can desire, or his uncertain aim attain to; swarms of hares in defiance of mournful prophecies of extinction given forth year by year by those who see in the Ground Game Act the death of sport, and look upon



Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, who brought it in, as an iconoclast worse than any follower of JOHN KNOX; here and there a glinting woodcock to give a spice of danger to the day and fill up the gaps in our shooting conversation; rabbits of almost Australian plentifulness—this is the record on which I look back as the evening's shadows close in on the First of February.

Did I shoot well? Hum, well—ask me another. Did I shoot badly? No-o-o, I don't think I did; no, I'm certain I didn't. Still, there was one awful day, when the pheasants seemed to come merely to "cock (or hen) a snook" at me, and then sail away unharmed into the distance in spite of my two despairing shots. But of course I knew I shouldn't shoot well that day. I had slept on a feather-bed, which is fatal to accurate shooting, and had eaten devilled chicken for breakfast, which is equally fatal. Besides, I'm quite certain there was something wrong with my cartridges, and there was a yelping retriever who got on my nerves. Curious, he didn't get on DICK's nerves, and DICK is as a rule more irritable than I am. Perfect rot, DICK trying to make me believe he had filled his cartridge-bag by mistake with my cartridges. He couldn't have done that, because he shot extraordinarily well. Yet DICK was never a gratuitous liar. Anyhow, I couldn't hit anything that day. The miserable recollections, however, were almost wiped out two days afterwards. Really flatter myself I held as straight as the straightest that day, and was quite modest about it. DICK, who is one of the glories of the Gun Club, didn't come off that day. Much annoyed because I wiped his eye three times running at what he called "impossible birds." He said it all came from sleeping on a feather-bed, but I had slept on a feather-bed too. So it couldn't have been that. But why, oh, why, are rabbits so hard to shoot? They are small, of course, but so is a partridge; and they go very fast, but so does everything else, except a land-rail, and I've seen a slow old land-rail flap the gauntlet of three A1 shots without losing so much as a tail-feather. "By gad," they explained, "that was a rum 'un, but you can't expect to hit a thing that goes a yard an hour when you've been shooting at flashes of lightning all day."

Of all created things rabbits in covert are the most perverse and elusive. They don't want to be shot. Perhaps that's natural; but then they're no sportsmen, for they don't give you the ghost of a chance of making ghosts of them. Yet LOVER, my friend LOVER, doesn't seem to feel this. He sees a flash of white fur in the thicket, and, while I'm wondering whether I ought to fire, bang! the rabbit's dead, and LOVER's score is increased by one. The beggar doesn't even trouble to put his gun to his shoulder always. It's not right.

Another day stands out in my memory, a day when all the birds,

moved by the diabolical impulse that sometimes afflicts them, would insist on going wrong. If we stood forward, with all proper regard for wind and every other circumstance, streams of feathered demons kept whirling back where JOHNSON, the sporting solicitor, missed them with a genial regularity that nothing could disturb. If we left our best guns back, as we did eventually in desperation, JOHNSON, who was placed forward, again stood under a canopy of pheasants, and shot, with brilliant success, into the gaps. The host was furious, the keeper was in sombre despair, the good shots were depressed, only JOHNSON was jubilant. On such occasions the only theory which is accepted as explaining the catastrophe is one that imputes a malignant cunning to the birds. This is the kind of conversation you will hear.

Host (at the end of the beat). Done again, by the living Jingo! Did you ever see such infernal birds? I've shot this wood on the same plan for five years, and I've never known the birds to go that way. It's perfectly sickening.

The Keeper. Ah, they've fairly beat us this time, Sir. Pity you didn't leave the two Captains back as I asked you. They'd 'ave 'ad first-rate shootin'.

A Gun. Oh, it's no good calculating on these pheasants doing anything for certain. Do you think they don't know what we want them to do? Of course they do, and they jolly well make up their minds to best us. They're just as blessed cunning as they make 'em. Nothing beats an old cock-pheasant for cunning. Why, when I was shooting with JACK BAILEY the other day, we only got twenty-five out of his best wood, where we ought to have got about 150 (and so on, with the usual reminiscence of a sporting disappointment).

Host. You're quite right. Pheasants are the knowingest brutes that ever flew.

You have only got to substitute grouse or partridge for pheasants, and you have in the above dialogue a formula that will fit every case. And so farewell till next season, ye guns, cartridges, shooting-lunches, muffed birds, lost birds, winged birds, eager dogs, liable to your masters' anger, ye beaters, hot in pursuit of the innocent bunny, ye keepers, men of sterling quality both in skill and in the tips we offer you, farewell, a brief farewell to all of you. Heaven prosper all good shooters in the interval.

TO PYRRHA.

WHAT if I send you trinkets, flowers, and gloves;
GRUNDY herself must grant we've known each other
So long that I emerge through furnace-
loves

A negligible sort of distant brother.

Where is the harm, since in soft, level
tones,

While lavishly my floral gifts you
scatter,

You say "How pretty! They're from
Mr. JONES.

He does these things, you know; it
doesn't matter."

Those little hands were never made to
spurn

The floral symphonies from Covent
Garden,

The dainty gloves that fit them to a
turn,

And plead the unromantic donor's
pardon.

E'en when the small glove holds that
tiny hand

We truly may declare there's nothing in it;
Such loyal tribute all may understand—
But all would change if others should begin it.

With them indeed you'd rightly look austere,
Chillingly check their offertory zealous;
Not that I deem I really am more dear,
Not that I claim the right of being jealous.

Yet if presumptuous posies offered be,
Howe'er their worth and beauty may commend them,
Remembering that they do not come from me,
Turn like a pearl at bay, and rend the swine who send them.

Applied Mathematics.

EPICUS beats ETICOLD! A fight "on the cross,"
Among pugilists, now seems the commonest thing.
At "squaring the circle," wit's quite at a loss;
But there seems little trouble in "squaring" the Ring!





WIFELY COMFORT.

"OH! HOW I WISH I'D TAKEN YOUR ADVICE, MARIA! THERE—I'M A BORN FOOL!"
 "NO, NO, DEAREST! YOU'VE ONLY MADE YOURSELF ONE!"

"E DUNNO WHERE 'E ARE!"

(Tommy Atkins's Egyptian Version.)

AB-BAS is well known to everybody,
 Known all over Egypt, don'tcher see;
 I've no fault to find wiv AB at all,
 When 'e's as 'e used ter be.
 But, somehow, since a Khe-dive 'e 'as bin,
 'E's altered for the wust;
 When I see the way 'e treats old pals,
 I am filled wiv nuffing but disgust.
 'E sez 'is sojers isn't class enuff,
 Ossifers ain't on a par
 Wiv 'im! Thinks 'e's sech a bloomin' toff,
 Though but a kid, young ABBAS Pa-shar!

Chorus.

When 'e tours the frontier province 'e thinks
 'e's gwine to stand alone;
 Won't join in with quiet JOHNNY BULL,
 Fancies Egypt all 'is bloomin' own;
 'As the cheek and impidence to play the
 Prince Pooh-Bah.
 Since AB-BAS came into the Khedivate,
 Why, 'e dunno where 'e are!

'E once was werry fond o' playin' at sojers,
 But now 'e's not a bibby on all fours;
 Now 'e cracks of "inefficiency,"
 And thinks off KITCHENER 'e scores.
 'E want to "discipline" the native force?
 Take my word they'd mizzle if 'e did.
 Fine show they'd make agin black Fuzzy-
 Wuz,

Led on by a little angry kid!
 'E'd cheek a CROMER or a KITCHENER,
 Show 'is discontent with the Sirdar,
 Kicks agin the army at which 'is friends 'ave
 toiled,
 Which plainly shows 'e dunno where 'e are.

Chorus.

'Ad 'e bin up at El Teb 'ow 'e'd 'ave jibbed
 at standing all alone;
 Wished 'e'd got a troop of Tommies near,
 When afore the Fuzzies 'is 'ad flown.
 'As the cheek and impidence to wish our
 work to mar.
 Since AB-BAS came out with quite a
 little splosh,
 Why, 'e dunno where 'e are!

See 'im stormin' at the Egyptians,
 Makin' 'em "support" the old wrong wy,
 Whereat our ossifers must do a grin,
 Larf as if they 're fit ter die!
 'E make sojers of the fellahin?
 'E teach troops the art o' war?
 See 'ow 'is fust commands 'ave muddled 'em
 Till they dunno where they are!
 Quite plain we must put the stopper on.
 Why 'e's wuss than was 'is old grandpar!
 Wants to kid us, though 'e's but a kid,
 Which shows the josses dunno where 'e are!

Chorus.

Wouldn't 'e be "up a tree" if we let 'im
 stand alone?
 Wouldn't France and Fuzzy make a rod?
 'Ow they'd prick the bladder 'e 'ad blown!
 'As the cheek and impidence to wish J. B.
 tar-tar!
 Since AB-BAS went to see 'is soo-zer-rain,
 Why, 'e dunno where 'e are!

"FRENCH AS SHE IS SPOKE" AT DALY'S
 THEATRE.—Whenever it unfortunately may
 happen that Miss ADA REHAN is not in the
 cast, they say of the piece "*Ça ne fera Re-
 han*," which, being translated, means that
 the play is one "of no importance."

"ONE OR TWO MOST PATHETIC LINES."

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I beg to send you
 some passages of real pathos, which were
 quite unaccountably crowded out of the
 "Anthology of Woe," in the *Pall Mall*
Gazette of this week. Yours tearfully,
 HERACLITUS GUMMIDGE.

The Coffin, Harrow-on-the-Hill,
January 26.

... 'Tis lost, and for ever, my splendid
 original joke! C. S. CALVERLEY.

You too muchey laugh! What for sing?
 I think you no savey what thing!
 Supposey you no b'long clevah inside,
 More bettah you go walk topside,
 Topside galah!

Excelsior (Hong-Kong Edition).

ὦ ἄνθρωπε γὰρ ὅμως τίλλας μόνον γὰρ,
 τίλλας δαίμων δὲ δ' ἀπ' ἡμέρας.

HOME-R.

Vare ish dot barty now?
 HANS BREITMANN.

I believed her faith—less
 Af—terr the ball!
Contemporary Poet.

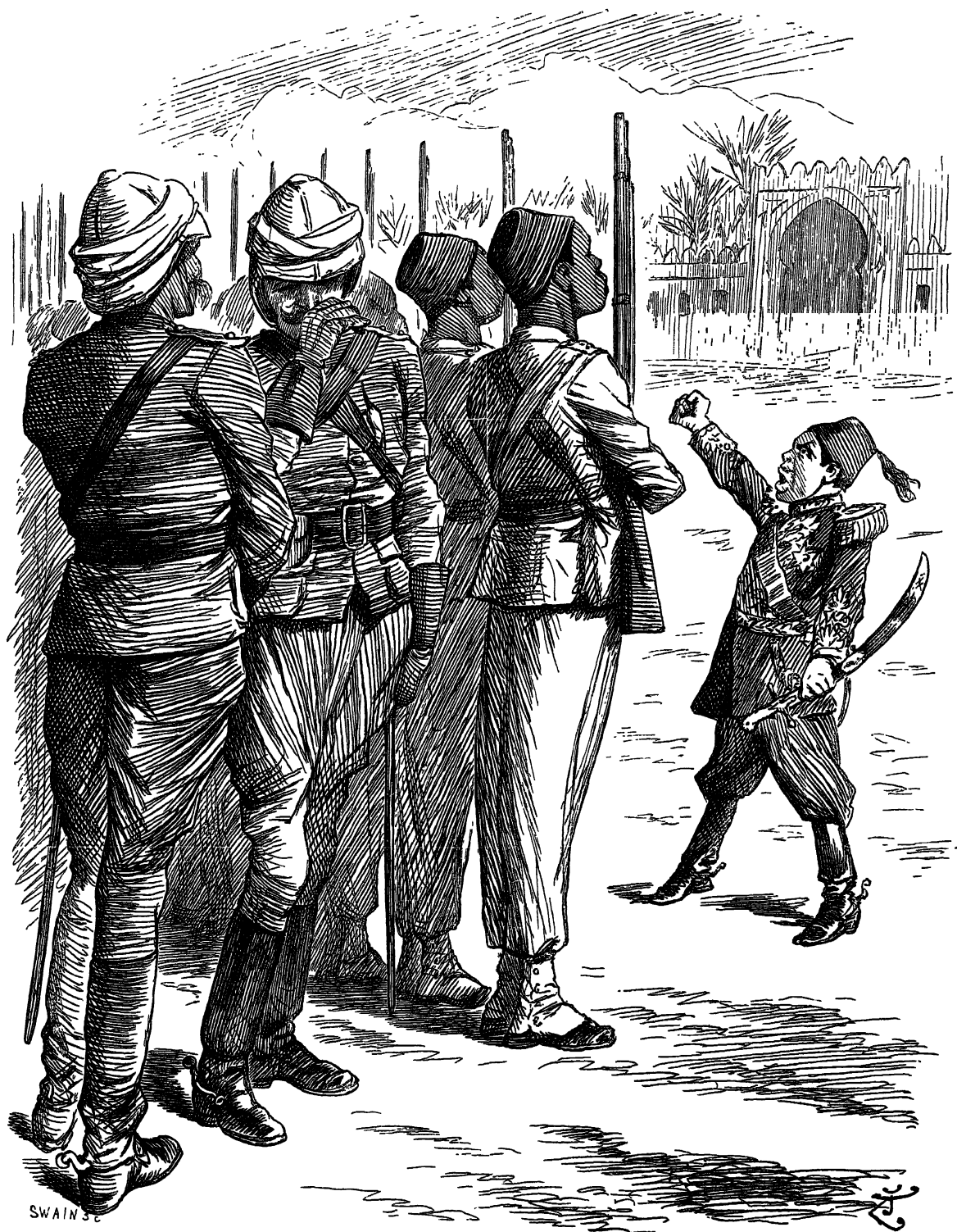
Now 'e's got a bit o' splosh... Ditto.
 'E dunno where 'e are!

Barbara, celarent, darii ferioque, prioris:
 Cesare, camestres, festino, baroko, secundæ.
 VIRG., *Æn.*, Bk. XIV.

O! O! O!

SHAKESPEARE, *Othello*, Act V., Scene 2.

Poor Tray charmant!
 Poor Tray de mon ami!
 INGOLDSBY, *The Cynotaph.*



“‘E DUNNO WHERE ‘E ARE!”



ENCOURAGING.

Nervous Man (who hires his Hunters). "KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS MARE? RINGBONE TELLS ME SHE'S AS CLEVER AS A MAN!"
Friend. "CLEVER AS A MAN? CLEVER AS A WOMAN MORE LIKE IT! SEEN HER PLAY SOME FINE OLD GAMES WITH TWO OR THREE FELLOWS, I CAN TELL YOU!"

MISUNDERSTOOD.

(A Story of the New Profession.)

CHAPTER XCIV.—*The Truth at Last.*

"AND now you know the secret of my life. Can you forgive me?"

And in an agony of tears, but not remorse, FREDERICK threw himself at the feet of Lady MAUD.

"But it is all so strange," replied the nobly-born maiden, dazed and wandering; "so unnatural—so wrong!"

"No, not wrong," cried FREDERICK, rising to his feet; "not wrong, darling. I acted from the purest motives. My every word, my every thought, my every deed, were guided by conscience, and conscience alone. I know that there is a prejudice against the profession. I know that by many my career would be condemned. How little do the gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease know the danger of the official detective."

"You have found a prettier name for your calling than that usually bestowed upon it," answered the now weeping girl, not without bitterness. "I have heard you, and such as you, described as spies!"

"And why not?" cried FREDERICK, proudly. "I am a spy, and I glory in it. I claim to be the protector of the community. It is through my efforts that the good and true live in safety. It is through my efforts that crime meets its just reward. Without my intellect to serve the cause of virtue, innocence would be vanquished and vice triumphant."

She was evidently influenced by his splendid vindication of his (to put it mildly) unpopular calling. Still she would not give in—at first.

"But was it right to betray your uncle?" she sobbed out. "And

do you call it kind to hand over your grandmother to those who live in Scotland Yard?"

"And why not?" he answered. "Both of my misguided relations were guilty; the fact was proved up to the hilt at their trials. And if the fact of my blood-connection with them procured me access to their private papers, surely you, as a good citizen, a regular ratepayer, ought to rejoice, not utter expressions of regret!"

She was still hesitating. Then she spoke.

"My dear," she murmured, "it is not because I do not love you that I refrain from falling into your arms. I do love you, with all my heart."

"My own!" cried FREDERICK, rushing towards her.

"No, stay and hear me out. I have suspected your profession from the first; and I have been proud of your success. But, love, I was obliged to be cold and distant, because I too was—"

"Not another word!" he cried, taking her in his arms, and imprinting a kiss upon her brow. "My darling; as the lawyers say, it might be used at your trial."

"My trial!" she faltered.

"Nay, darling, look not at me with those piteous, pleading eyes. We both have our duty to perform, and we must perform it bravely. You have guessed rightly. I have known your story from the first. Yes, darling, while I was basking in the glorious summer of your smile, while I was in an ecstasy at the sound of your silvery voice, I was yet attending to business."

"And my letters?" she gasped out.

"Are no longer in my possession. They have been sent to the proper quarter. And now, darling, bear it bravely—bear it bravely, for my sake."

"Oh, FREDERICK, FREDERICK, I cannot give you up!" she said, passionately. "It is now doubly hard to lose you. Oh, my love, oh, my love, you shall not go!"

"I must, darling." And, gently disengaging his hands, he blew a whistle, and, with a heavy sigh, left his beautiful (but now fainting) burden in the custody of the police.—THE END.

H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE played *Mrs. Booty* in TOM TAYLOR'S *Helping Hands*. As a Lord-in-waiting-for-an-opportunity observed, "It was a Booty-ful performance!"



THE CHARGE AGAINST THE OLD BRIGADE.

(A Cynic on Centenarians.)

"Never was a time, save that of the patriarchs, so infested by centenarians as the present. One cannot open a newspaper but either male or female of this class is boasting of their health and strength, and of the possession of all the faculties for inconveniencing their fellow-creatures. ... The man who plumes himself upon his own antiquity is intolerable."—JAMES PAYN.]

I.

ALL a lie, all a lie!
Eighty or onward [Death
Brag they have dodged King
Up to One Hundred.
"Bother the Old Brigade!"
"Drat their old gums!" he said.
Trust not the man who saith
He is One Hundred!

II.

Humbugs, the Old Brigade!
Old age is now a trade.
Well the old fibbers know
Records have blunder'd:
Theirs not in facts to pry,
Or search the registry;
Theirs but to live, and lie,
Boasting they've bested Death
Till they're One Hundred.

III.

"Centuries" to right of us!
"Centuries" to left of us!
"Centuries" in front of us!
Vauntings are thunder'd.
On porridge, so they tell,
Wisely they've lived and well,
Champing their jaws at death—
By making life a hell
Till they're One Hundred.

IV.

Gums toothless, craniums bare,
Smoking not, toping ne'er,
Gulling the *gobe-mouches* there,
We've seen them swelling, while
All the world wonder'd.



"UN PÈRE DE FAMILLE EST CAPABLE DE TOUT!"

Son and Heir. "I SAY, GOVERNOR, MOTHER TELLS ME YOU'VE JUST BEEN ELECTED A MEMBER OF THE 'FLY-BY-NIGHTS'!"

Paterfamilias. "SO I HAVE!"

Son and Heir. "WHY, I'VE HEARD YOU SAY IT'S THE MOST DISREPUTABLE CLUB IN LONDON—A REGULAR GAMBLING HELL!"

Paterfamilias. "SO IT IS!"

Son and Heir. "THEN WHY ON EARTH DID YOU JOIN IT?"

Paterfamilias. "TO BLACKBALL YOU, MY BOY—WHEN YOUR NAME COMES UP FOR ELECTION!"

Plunging, bath-ice they broke,
On skilful fed, and toke,
Forswearing swig and smoke,
Flaunting and fussing!
Oh, it's beyond a joke!
Go home, eat chaff—and coke!
You'll live a century and
Never need "nussing"!
This centenarian craze,
Worship of mere old age,
Grand, or—well, t'other,
Is getting quite a bore,
A beastly bother!
Just living to five score
Isn't a virtue!
Life—if you call it life,
Shunning wine, whiff, or wife,
Lest they should hurt you—
Is a mere sneaking sell.
And then the lies they tell!
Honour the Old Brigade?
Bosh! Men have blunder'd
Taking their tales for truth.
No, let us honour Youth,
Youth—at whatever age,
Not the half-starved sham sage,
Who, dull as owl in cage,
Crank, faddist, dodderer,
Knowing no noble stir,
Body strong, soul decayed,
Boss of the Old Brigade,
Lives—or declares he does—
Up to One Hundred!

ILLUSTRATION OF WHAT IS MEANT BY "A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH MILITANT,"—evidently the Abbé SCHNÉBÉLÉ, who, says the *Times*, "has proved that he can manufacture an explosive powder capable of perforating at a hundred yards thirty-four steel plates," &c., &c. Does he put some of this powder into his sermons? If so, every shot, if well directed, ought to tell, and go straight to the heart.

EARLY ANNOUNCEMENT.—New book in preparation for next Christmas:—*The Mince-Pie-rate*. By the Author of *The Iron Pirate*.

STRICTLY ACCORDING TO PRECEDENT.

(A Fragment from the coming Colonial History.)

THE Managing Director of the Universal Colonisation Company was seated in his *sanctum* when the General and the Admiral visited him.

"You have seen the news?" asked the soldier.

"And know the gravity of the situation?" queried the sailor.

"Certainly," returned the official. "The native forces on the west coast of Undiscoveria have mutinied."

"Yes," said the soldier; "and threaten every moment to invade the colony. It is a serious crisis!"

"And propose to level to the ground all the European factories," put in the sailor. "The position is distinctly critical!"

"Not impossible," returned the Managing Director. "But how can you help me, gentlemen?"

"By taking over an Army Corps—subject to the sanction of the War Office," responded the General.

"By sailing away from England with a fleet—subject to the permission of Whitehall," replied the Admiral.

"And how long would all this take?" asked the official.

"Well, I think I could get the fleet there in about six months," murmured the sailor, after considering the delays of commissioning and other formalities.

"And I might manage my part of the business in something like a year," suggested the soldier, who knew that there was a good deal of red-tape in the cellars of Pall Mall.

"Well, gentlemen," exclaimed the Managing Director, "I must thank you on behalf of my company for your kind offer of assistance, but I feel we cannot avail ourselves of your courtesy. We prefer to do without you."

"Almost rude," muttered the soldier, as he made his exit. "Scarcely civil," whispered the sailor, as he took his departure. Then, when the two warriors had gone, the official spoke through a speaking-tube.

"Be good enough," he said to a clerk in attendance, "to telephone to the coast, and request the District Manager to put the insurrection in the hands of the local police."

"Certainly, Sir," returned the clerk.

So the necessary message was sent, and the customary steps were taken, and, as usual, the rising was put down by the strong hand of the law.

And (also), as usual, this satisfactory result was attained without the assistance of the Imperial power.

SARAH BUDDHA-ING OUT AGAIN.—"The Divine SARA" has evidently got something of everything, and something from everywhere, in the new very tragical-poetical play written for her by Messrs. SYLVESTRE and MORAND, entitled *Izejil*. The gaiety, levity, passion, wild love of the courtesan and the inspired devotion of the fanatic, physical suffering, torture, rage, madness, despair, stabbing, going blind, a thrilling death-scene, and a saintly angelic apotheosis, go far to exhaust the possibilities of any drama, past, present, or to come, and do not leave many crumbs of dramatic comfort for the lesser talents, be they actors or authors. Quite in her old form again, or rather young form again, is SARA B.!

"INHARMONIOUS."—A highly-wrought poet observes that, being impressed with the "eternal fitness of things" generally, he actually shudders at the mere idea of having to eat an Underground Artichoke when travelling by The Overland Route.

IN THE STILL-ROOM.

A Malwood Madrigal.

[SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, addressing his constituents at Derby, was "heckled" by a Mr. PURCELL as to whether he "would redeem his promise by inserting a clause," in the Budget he is anxiously preparing, "for the payment of Members." In reply he said, "The gentleman who asks this question must accept the same answer which he had given in the House of Commons over and over again, namely, that it was contrary to his duty to state in the month of January what he was going to do in the Budget in the month of April."—*Times' Report.*]

AIR—"Simon the Cellarer."

DAME HARCOURT stands in her own Still-room,
And a Matron sly is she,
Though just now she seems
in a bit of a fume.

Is she thinking of ROSE-BERIE?

For there are strange whispers about the back-stair,

Of bothers abroad, and that boogy the "Scare."

Now, HARCOURT says that big measures cost gold,
And without a good fire the best Still must grow cold.

But ho! ho! ho!

JOHN BULL would know
How far the big tax on his pocket will go!

Dame HARCOURT's "friends" have supplied her large store
Of "radical extracts"—all free!

Herbs, cordials, and who can say how many more?

But a wary old soul is she.
Of old-fashioned nostrums she never doth fail,

And year after year drastic doses prevail;

And she—like the rest of 'em—ever hath found
There's safety in Sevenpence—or more—in the Pound!

But ho! ho! ho!

BULL's looks do show

That strong dose too oft to his lips may go!

For Still-room Reforms, the Dame's critics all swear,
Time clamours, and chances are rife;

And HARCOURT often is heard to declare;

"With the greatest pleasure in life!!!"

But HARCOURT (so the Rads say) is all tongue,
And she's not very simple, and not very young;

So somehow it ends with a shake of her head,
And HARCOURT brews the "Old Mixture" instead;

While ho! ho! ho!

She will chuckle and crow,

"What! tell Still-room secrets—yet? No, no, no!"

QUERY.—Parish Councils Bill passed Second Reading in House of Lords. If Peers, though disliking Bill, defer to the Commons, and pass it, will that make the Bill an Act of courtesy?

"MADE IN GERMANY."—Of a certain sweet singer from Dresden it may be said, she was "maid" in Germany, "engaged" in England, and there married.

NEW PROVERB FOR OUR NAVAL AUTHORITIES.—Do not spoil the ship for a ha'porth (or so) of—*Tars!*



PREPARING FOR THE BUDGET.

DAME HARCOURT IN THE STILL-ROOM.

BUDGET FANCIES.

(Signs of the "Times.")

DEAR SIR,—Will you allow me to give some reasons why cycles should be taxed? The proposal I know is old, but I venture to think that the reasons now advanced will hardly be open to the same objection.

1. By reducing the number of cycles it would (like the Employers' Liability Bill) tend to diminish the loss of human life and limb. Babies are frequently brushed off the spokes after long rides (see published works of Mr. BARRY PAIN).

2. It would enormously increase the number of cycles used, and thus incidentally send all the unemployed to Coventry to make them. What a man pays for that he appreciates. He who is by nature cold to cycles would buy one if taxed.

3. All allusions to cycles in popular songs would be taxed. This would act retrospectively. The amount obtained from "*A Bicycle made for Two*" would in all probability be enough to buy enough ships for a hundred years to come.

I am aware that reasons 1 and 2 apparently conflict, but it is the mark of a really great cause that it should be supported for absolutely opposite reasons. I commend my scheme to a perplexed Chancellor.

Yours contentedly,
NOT A WHEEL-MADE MAN.

P.S. Of course the tax would include the "cycle of Cathay."

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—It's time for those who don't want to be swept away by the incoming tide of Democracy to assert themselves.

Some shout themselves hoarse for a Free Breakfast Table; why not a Free Dinner Table? It's clearly much the more statesmanlike proposal of the two. There are millions who don't care a rap for breakfast, but where is there a man or woman who is content not to dine? I don't know what we have for dinner that's taxed (I never could do political economy) except champagne and cigars. But what more need be said? To eat is human, to drink wine divine. I leave the matter there. At any rate it can't be said I've neglected my duty. ONE WHO TREATS DINNER AS A MATTER OF COURSES.

DEAR SIR,—I see the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has to raise a lot of money. I have a suggestion. And really in these unimaginative times I consider it a most brilliant one. It occurred to me suddenly, and as suddenly I ceased to remember it. And this statement of facts has temporarily driven the notion from my head. What was it? Ah, I have it! We are all nothing if not forgetful, and my proposal is that, as often as we forget anything, we should—tax our memories. It's a tax which would have the advantage of being absolutely fair in its incidence, since the classes and masses would alike be affected. I am aware there would be difficulties in collecting it. That I would meet in this way—those who forget should be left themselves to send in their memory-tax to the Treasury. The conscience-money realised in this way would alone, I am convinced, pay at least the interest on the National Debt. I present Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT with idea on one condition—that I shall be at liberty to forget to send my conscience-money without taxing my memory. That's a little difficult to follow, but I assure you it's financially sound.

Yours, taxing-your-intellect,

ONE WHO DOESN'T MIND.



"PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE WAITER."

"ALL RIGHT, SIR! MY FAULT!"

CIVIS IN RURE.

WHEN the dweller in a town
Is induced to venture down
For a week,
How the country people grin
At the fix which he is in
Should he speak!

Though the growing of the
crops
And the picking of the hops
Yearly come,
Like the cutting of the hay,
With so much for them to say,
He is dumb.

He at times seems unaware
That a rabbit and a hare
Aren't the same.
And he calls a duck a goose—
Still he knows a lark is loose
From its name.

Should they tell him that a
horse
Took the fences, "Oh, of
course,"
He replies,
Though he thinks of how it
stole
People's fences, as a foal,
With surprise.

When he hears the birds are
wild—
Unsophisticated child
For his age—
He will ask, with blushing
shame,
"Should the pheasants then be
tame
In a cage?"

He describes most plants as
weeds;
He supposes that the swedes
Must be men,
That for guinea fowls you pay
One pound one; a cock he'll say
Is a hen.

Thinks "the country's not
half bad."
All the time he has not had
Any doubts
That the knowledge in his skull
Startled (so it did!) the dull
Country louts.

MOTTO FOR A SELF-MADE AND
SUCCESSFUL MONEY-LENDER.
—"A loan I did it!"

LAYS OF THE CURRENCY.

I.—TO A THREEPENNY BIT.

SMALL coin of unpretentious size—
I would not wish to have you bigger—
Much magic in your circlet lies,
You cut a most important figure.
For when I feel left in the lurch,
And it seems far too hard to grapple
With life, you let me go to church,
Or possibly, it may be, chapel.

If hymn should chance to prove a bore,
I sing a song instead (in German),
I always manage not to snore,
I sometimes listen to the sermon.
Then sermon ended, comes the plate—
That maiden's cheek is all a tingle,
She gave a copper. I elate
Give you with your sweet silver jingle.

Oh! horrible to recollect
That at a time not very distant
You were not thought of. I suspect
To-day, if you were non-existent,
At pillar-box I'd worship where—
But guessed, of course, is the connection,
You often must have noticed there
The words, "On Sundays—no collection."

So as you play your modest part,
And lie, as you may think, unheeded,
'Mid lordlier mates of gold, take heart,
Than you no coin's more really needed.
In the whole lump of greed you may—
You often do—become the leaven,
If good intentions pave the way
To—well, you pave the way to Heaven!

IN THE WRONG BOX.—The Jerry Builder
on Box Hill.

Chanticleer v. Cassowary.

[A telegram from Saint Louis, Senegal, announces
that a French column has occupied Timbuctoo
without firing a shot.]

"I never see your bolting equal!"—Joe Gar-
gery to Pip in "Great Expectations."

GRACIOUS! THACKERAY'S Cassowary,
Bird that bolted missionary,
Bible, boots, and hymn-book too,
By the Gallie Cock is beaten!
No mere man and books he's eaten,
He has swallowed—Timbuctoo!

"A CAB, A CAB, MY KINGDOM FOR A
CAB!"—At one point of his flight it is well
known that LOBENGULA sought refuge in the
"Fly Country." Surely that must have been
the time to have caught him in a trap!

A COURT CARD.

SIR (or "Madam,"—as the circulars commence),—"Who is SYLVIA, who is she?" The answer to this inquiry, for the time being, is that the present representative of *Sylvia* is Miss OLGA NETHERSOLE, and that she is to be seen at the Court Theatre playing finely in an indifferent piece entitled *The Transgressor*. Certainly of this clever actress it may be predicted "*elle ira loin*," and, if not going too far, would she not fittingly impersonate *Madame Mephistopheles*? There was recently such a piece in Paris entitled *Madame Mefisto*, and for the leading part in this who could be found apparently, or at least nominally, better suited to such a part than a Miss Spirit Below, i.e. Miss Nether-Soul?—Yours ever, LUNIE McHANWELL.

The French in Timbuctoo.

If I were a cassowary
Sur-le-champ at Timbuctoo,
 I'd devour a dictionary
 And proceed to "parley-
 voo."

ANSWER TO SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS.—Genius is always modest. It is therefore highly probable that the PREMIER, being a genius, is "of a retiring disposition." But he is not inclined to show it just now.

A CRY FOR THE EGYPTIAN FELLAHS.—"*A bas* ABBAS!



"SOUNDS SHOCKING."

Mrs. R. (at the Silversmiths). "I CAN'T AFFORD THIS 'SERVICE'—IT'S REAL SILVER, AND LOVELY! BUT WOULD YOU KINDLY SHOW ME SOME OF YOUR ELECTRIC PLATE?"

"BORES."

SEVENTEEN pages of *Nineteenth Century*,
 Filled by Sir HERBERT with
 wit galore;
 No happy medium there,
 rather tedium,
 In his analysis of the
 Bore.

Seventeen pages of *Nineteenth Century*!
 Some of it surely we've heard
 before.

Patience, MAXWELL, in this
 you tax well;
 Such "local colour" about
 the Bore!

Seventeen pages of *Nineteenth Century*—
 Lucky for you that there are
 no more,
 Otherwise persons, short-
 winded, terse 'uns,
 Might think Sir HERBERT
 himself a —!

(INNER CIRCULAR NOTE.—
 The lady who complains that
 the Underground is so dark
 says she is delighted to hear
 of this proposal to have in
 England some "light rail-
 ways."

The Wretch!

"FAINT Heart never won
 Fair Lady,"—
 Stately dame or little
 "maide,"
 Let me whisper, friend,
 apart;
 I congratulate Faint
 Heart.

DIARY OF A PARTIALLY-EXTINGUISHED PERSONAGE.

Monday.—Greatly annoyed at finding the sentry in front of my Palace taking shade in the sentry-box, instead of marching in the sun. Ordered him out. He refused to go. Found a sergeant, and ordered him under arrest. Sergeant inquired into the matter, and said "that the man did not know I was an officer." This in spite of my diamond-covered fez and emerald and ruby overcoat! Told the sergeant I considered the English soldiers a disgrace to the Egyptian army. Sergeant saluted and replied, "All right, Sir, I will report your remark to my captain." Did not continue the conversation, as one of my Ministers came to inform me that my lunch of rahat lakoum and real Persian sherbet was waiting for me. But a day will come, and when it does, "Down with the English!"

Tuesday.—Went out in a steam-launch, and boarded a British man-of-war. Asked to see the Admiral. Midshipman replied that he thought the Admiral was away, but "that no doubt he would do as well." Told Midshipman that I considered the English fleet a disgrace to civilisation. Pointed out that the officers did not know the proper colour for their ships. Fancy painting them white, when they might have selected green, with yellow spots and pink stripes! Midshipman "begged to disagree with me." Ordered him to put himself under arrest. Midshipman said "he would obey my instructions when he had time to attend to them, but just then he was busy." Returned to my launch in a fury, and only regained my usual equanimity after taking a ride in my new electric self-guiding perambulator.

Wednesday.—Looked in at the Railway Station, and insisted upon seeing the Chairman of Directors. Porter told me "that he was not there, but might be expected in the course of a month or so." Disgraceful! Found out the station-master, and insisted that steam-power was a mistake. Ordered the official to take out all the engines, and supply horses in their stead. Station-master civil, but unsatisfactory. He said he "would do anything to oblige me, but just then he had to catch a train. He would think the matter over on his return." Desired him to keep himself in solitary confinement in the Lost-luggage Department. Station-master said, "All right,

Sir," and, entering a first-class carriage, steamed away. Impertinent! How long must I suffer these outrages! However, was mollified on learning that a consignment of tin-soldiers from Vienna has just reached my nursery.

Thursday.—Took a walk. Met a tourist, who only took off his hat to me. Ordered him to fall upon his bended knees, and touch the ground with his forehead. He refused. Told him to consider himself under arrest. He said that he should report the matter to his Consul. Begged him to forgive me, and told him I would never be a naughty boy again. My tears moved him, and he gave me some money for sweetstuff. On his departure, called a Cabinet Council, and insisted that Egypt should declare war against Europe. The Ministry then retired to consider the situation.

Friday.—A terrible day! The soldier, the midshipman, the station-master, and the tourist have all lodged complaints. Called my Ministry together, but they refused to come. They said they were still considering the situation. Appealed to my head nurse, but she sided with my enemies, and sent me to bed! A nice way to treat one of the greatest of contemporary princes! However, did not like to offend her, as she has been with me since I was a child. So thought the matter over under the counterpane.

Saturday.—I must have been born under an unlucky star! In spite of my promises of amendment I am to be further punished! What they will do to me I can't imagine! But Lord CROMER is such a very severe man! I do so hope he won't send me back to school. My only consolation is that, if he does, my dear old nurse will be sure to forward a hamper! I am very wretched! I can't read. I can't write. I can't eat—no, not even lollipops! I can only murmur "*Kismet*." It is a familiar sound, but, under the circumstances, not very comforting! *Kismet*!

Ad Astorem.

So they've hoaxed you again! We shall know you, my master, Henceforth as the great journalistic dis-Astor. And, if curses avail, you'll get nothing but dust For the millions you spend, since your editor's CUST.

"OH MY! CERTAINLY NOT!"

(Latest Biarritz Version.) Sung with great applause by the Veteran (Political) Fital Sparl.



Mr. G. (sings). 'RESIGN, EH? WHAT DO YOU THINK?'

AND do they imagine I'm going to resign?
Oh my! Certainly not!
 They'd like, I've no doubt, to get me in that line;
Oh my! Certainly not!
 Don't take all for gospel the gossips tell you!
 How greatly mistaken you'll be if you do!
 The P. M. G.'s tale was "well found," but not true.
Oh my! Certainly not!

There are some who would like to pop into my place.
Oh my! Certainly not!
 And others who wish me well out of the race;
Oh my! Certainly not!
 I'm not in youth's pride, but I am in health's pink.
 With my Party's affairs in a bit of a kink,
 I turn it up—suddenly? What do you think?
Oh my! Certainly not!



AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

Small Boy. "YOU MUST BE VERY OLD, AUNTIE?" *Auntie (nervously).* "YE-E-S?" *Small Boy.* "YES—QUITE THIRTY!" [*Relief of Auntie.*]

The Lords I'm aware will not have my Home Rule ;

Oh my ! Certainly not !

And e'en Parish Councils won't swallow, in full.

Oh my ! Certainly not !

But think you the Old Parliamentary hand

Will be licked lying down—while he's able to stand,

Or cave in like MITCHELL to CORBETT the grand ?

Oh my ! Certainly not !

Although I am old, my last fight have I fought ?

Oh my ! Certainly not !

Their wish is not father—of course—to their thought !

Oh my ! Certainly not !

I feel—at odd times—quite a longing for rest,

But work, aye, and battle, have not lost their zest.

Back down on my backers ? Give SALISBURY best ?

Oh my ! Certainly not !

Give the *P. M. G.*'s fib an unqualified "No" ?

Oh my ! Certainly not !

That isn't my way. Do I care how they blow ?

Oh my ! Certainly not !

I like to leave loopholes. My hands I'd not tie.

I would not be rude and declare "it's a lie !"

But—chuck up the fight while I've muscle and eye ?

Oh my ! Certainly not !

SPIRITUALISTIC EVIDENCE.—Sceptics often say, "Give us matter-of-fact evidence as to ghosts, and we will consider it." Well—consult the Registrar-General's "*Death>Returns.*" Surely if this doesn't imply "*ghosts,*" i.e., "*les revenants,*" then words have no meaning.

THE PUGILIST TO HIS MOTHER.

Oh, mother, I'm exceptionally handy with my fist—

For you know that by profession I'm a petted pugilist ;

But I'm Champion, dear mother ! All the laurels I have won !

Oh, you *must* be proud of owning such a well-developed son !

Did you ever think, sweet mother, when you danced me on your knee,

That your bonny blue-eyed cherub "*Slogger SAM*" would one day be ?

Oh, I doubt if you imagined, as I sucked my infant fist,

That a day would come when nobody those knuckles could resist !

When my pretty baby features in delight you used to kiss,

Did you ever picture *SAMMY* with a broken nose like this ?

And when bared for vaccination was my tender little arm,

Did you guess its mighty muscles all the world would one day charm ?

I'm the biggest bully going—I'm a bruiser through and through,

But I've still a tender corner in my heart, mamma, for you !

If you'll come and see me fighting, you will crown my fondest hopes,

And I'll get a seat reserved for you that's close against the ropes.

I'm the idol of the masses ; but I'm yearning, I confess,

For that gentle approbation which I'm sure you will express.

Though the Few may show displeasure on their countenances sour,

I'm the Monarch of the Many and the Hero of the Hour !

Who shall heed the fate of empires, sounds of war by land and sea,

Or a Governmental crisis—when attention's fixed on *ME* ?

Watch the masses and the classes—men of every creed and cult—

Rush to buy the evening papers with "*The Great Prize Fight !*"

Result !"

ROSAMOND AND THE WANDERJAHR.

A MORAL TALE.

(By Maria Edgeworth Rediviva.)

"MAMMA," said ROSAMOND one day, when she was turned twenty, and very busy in reading a clever article in one of the monthly reviews, "don't you ever 'thirst to taste the joys of life'?"

"Which of them, ROSAMOND?" (For her mother was just the same imperturbably wise and Socratic parent as in the old days of *The Purple Jar* and *The Two Plums*.)

"Which? I don't know which; any of them will do, for they are all thrilling."

"Yes, they are all thrilling, but of what use would thrills be to me?"

"Use! Oh, I'm sure you could find some use or other if you would only try first."

"But I would rather find out the use first."

ROSAMOND was very sorry that her mother was so unresponsive.

Presently, however, she came to a part of the article which appeared to her more beautiful than the rest. It was not intended to be taken quite seriously, but she did not know that.

"Oh, Mamma, oh!" cried she, touching her mother's arm; "listen! listen! what lovely sentiments! Why not allow the possibility that nice girls—well-disposed girls—may also desire a mild sort of *Wanderjahre* period, during which they too want, not to break fences, but to get occasional glimpses of the landscape beyond the family domain?"

"Nay, my dear; why not indeed?"

"Oh, Mamma, but only hear this. 'The far-seeing mother will consent to sit a quiet and smiling spectator when her daughter ventures on small, or even comparatively big, social experiments.'"

"That, ROSAMOND, is the system which I have consistently pursued with you from infancy."

"Then, won't you let me have a mild *Wanderjahr*, Mamma?"

Still her mother answered as before, "Of what use would it be to you, ROSAMOND?"

"I might 'try things on my own account,' Mamma. I could 'make my own minor mistakes,' and—'do my little bit of the world's work,' you know!"

"You have your little bit to do at home," said her mother. "And wandering is not working."

"But I could use it for working, Mamma, you know. I want to see what life is really like!"

"Perhaps, if you were to see it nearer, you might be disappointed."

"No, indeed, I'm sure I should not. I should like it exceedingly."

ROSAMOND's head was so turned by the idea of having a *Wanderjahr*, like her brothers, ORLANDO and GODFREY, that she could think of nothing else. "Then, Mamma," said she, after a pause, "perhaps you can't afford to give me a portion to enable me to make my experiment?"

"Yes, I can. But what would you do with your *Wanderjahr* when you got it?"

"What would I do, Mamma? Let me see. Oh, I would have a larger liberty—I would be an individual as well as a daughter. I would study for a profession, or a business, like other girls. Some of them succeed, quite as well as men."

"No doubt—when they are exceptionally robust. But tell me, ROSAMOND, are you quite sure that you have the energy and ability to succeed, or that you feel a distinct vocation to any particular profession or business?"

"Well, I can't tell till I have tried, you know, Mamma; and I may have to try several before I decide. But at least I shall be able to live in lodgings alone, and have a latchkey, and go to music-halls by myself, and know people who are not 'properly introduced' and 'accredited.'"

"I thought, ROSAMOND, you were so anxious to see more of those nice Miss FAIRCHILDS, who have come to live near us? And there was that Mr. FRANK PINCENEY, who is so clever and getting on so well at the Bar, and HARRY SANDFORD, who is doing so much work among the poorer classes; were you not desirous that I should ask them to dine with us?"

"Why, yes, Mamma, if you would be so very good. I should like

to know them very much. I think our tastes would be very much the same, and you know they would really be agreeable acquaintances!"

"Perhaps they might, but you cannot be sure till you have tried any more than you can be quite sure that you should like the *Wanderjahr* exceedingly."

"Why, I don't know about the acquaintanceship, certainly, till I've tried, but, Mamma, I am quite sure that I should like the *Wanderjahr*."

"Well, which would you rather have—the *Wanderjahr*, or the friendship of the FAIRCHILDS and the acquaintanceship of Mr. PINCENEY and Mr. SANDFORD and their circle? You shall have either."

"Dear Mamma, thank you; but, may I not have both?"

"No, not both."

"Then, the *Wanderjahr*, if you please."

"But I should tell you that, in that case, I cannot promise you that you would enjoy any intimacy with the FAIRCHILD family, nor would Mr. PINCENEY or Mr. SANDFORD care to cultivate the acquaintance of a young girl who lives alone, without necessity, and apparently finds her highest ideal of enjoyment in visiting a music-hall."

"But indeed I don't, Mamma. It is only because most young men go to such places, and why should they object to our doing the same?"

"Perhaps for that very reason, my dear."

"That's a very bad reason indeed! But I believe I'd better go on in the old conventional groove. Yet—that mild *Wanderjahr*! Oh, indeed, Mamma, I 'have no unwholesome hankering for forbidden fruit.' The year would soon be over, and then I can come back and be conventional again, can't I? Don't you think so, Mamma?"

"Nay, my dear. I want you to think for yourself. You will have time enough to consider the matter whilst I write to the *Times* about 'Why Young Men don't Marry.'"

Whilst her mother was composing her letter, ROSAMOND stood in profound meditation, with Mr. PINCENEY's and Mr. SANDFORD's and Mrs. and the Miss FAIRCHILDS' visiting cards in one hand, and the *Nineteenth Century* in the other.

"Well, my dear, have you decided?"

"Mamma! Yes, I believe I have. If you please, I should like to have the *Wanderjahr*; that is, if you won't think me very silly, Mamma."

"Why, as to that, I can't promise you, ROSAMOND; I may have my suspicions that you are making this choice, not so much because you feel any overpowering vocation, as because you fancy it is going to be the fashionable thing to do. But when you judge for yourself, you should choose what will make you happy, and then it will not signify who thinks you silly."

"Then, Mamma, if that's all, I'm sure the *Wanderjahr* would make me happy, so I choose the *Wanderjahr*."

"Very well; you shall have it." ROSAMOND felt much pleasure upon hearing her mother announce that she had placed an ample sum at her disposal, and that she was at liberty

to take lodgings in any part of the town she pleased (ROSAMOND thought she would like to live near Regent's Park, or somewhere about Chelsea), spend her time in future exactly as she chose, go everywhere alone, stay out as late as she considered necessary, receive any acquaintances—male or female—who should seem to her worth studying, and generally enjoy rather more privileges, and be more free from supervision than the majority of young men of her age.

"I shall be very happy during my *Wanderjahr*, Mamma," she said.

"I hope so, my dear."

Was ROSAMOND very happy? Was her *Wanderjahr* a greater success than the famous *Purple Jar* of many years ago? Some say, yes—others, no; and, indeed, opinions differ so widely on the subject that perhaps it is better to allow each reader to fill in the sequel and apply the moral, according to his or her private intuition.

Mr. Punch knows what his opinion is—but he doesn't intend to tell.

MEM.—When a wag has a bit of false news to dispose of for a consideration—"Itur ad Astor."



Harry Sandford.

TO A DRAGON-FLY, ON SEEING IT
UPON A LADY'S HEAD, AND BEING
INFORMED THAT IT CONSTITUTED
HER BONNET.

WEE, tippit, creepin', timorous baistie!
On whilk a bonny spot they've placed thee!
(I grant the rhyme is no sae tastie,
Though some wad ca' that
The blessed Scots and vera chastie—
It's not, for a' that.

Aiblins the English of the QUEEN,
Wi' blethers jinkin' in between,
To gar ye wonder what I mean,
Wad suit my tabor;
An' gie the canny reader's spleen
A deal o' labour.)

Of a' the arts beneath the sun
Yon feckless dragon-flie's the one
That bears the gree frae Lunnen toun
For fause array;
The best-laid schemes o' bang an' bun
It sends a-gley.

Your roof's a scanty tog o' timmer:
I've seen a mony thack that's trimmer;
Wi' could ye freeze, wi' sun ye simmer
In sic a bonnet;
Why, bless your head, my sonsie kimmer,
There's naethin' on it!

A wee bit pair o' shamefu' wings
That's stikkit wi' a brace o' strings!—
I'd ha' ye ken sich kiverings
Are unco sma';
I'm dootin' it's a state o' things
Wad fash St. Pau'!

If a' your claes, I maun remark,
Were of that ilk indecent wark,
Ye'd rin aboot a'most as stark
As ATALANTA!
An', faith, that's waur than *Cutty Sark*
In *Tam o' Shanter*!

Ye've rompin' shoulders till your frocks;
They're maistly big as barley-shocks;
A yard o' kercher for your looks
Ye weel might spare;
An' rest the soul o' JOHNNIE KNOX,
That's greetin' sare!

Oh, wad some power instruct the siren
To put her BURNS aboon her BYRON,
It wad to gauds an' sich attirin'
Stap a' devotion,
An' save her mony a curlin' iron
An' foolish lotion!



"READING BETWEEN THE LINES."

A BIARRITZ DIARY.

Monday.—Basque language highly remarkable. Must get Basque Grammar and Dictionary, and make *real* study of the subject. Just the thing for a holiday!

Tuesday.—Have done so. Basque gets more remarkable the farther I get into it. Rather like mixture of Gaelic and Russian, with slight flavour of Double Dutch. Take my vocabulary to shore, and try some sentences on fishermen. Fishermen pretend not to understand. Query—can they be Obstructionists? If so, how can I closure them? As it is, *they* closure *me* by walking away. Telegram from H-RC-RR, about Budget. Says "Thought of deficit gives him sleepless nights." What he wants is change of scene and occupation. Wire back to him to come to Biarritz, and study Basque. If that doesn't send him to sleep, nothing will.

Wednesday.—What's the good of being near Spain if you don't see a bull-fight? I have, at St. Sebastian. Authorities there most polite—gave me a front seat. Slipped out during the performance and got the "*Toréador*" (think that's what he's called) to let me take his place for a time. Did so. A little practice would, I feel sure, make me an accomplished bull-fighter. As it was, not quite perfect in throwing the cloak over bull's horns as he charged. Only a timely remembrance of my tactics with the cow in Hawarden Park prevented my being tossed. Prefect, when he knew it was me, interfered to prevent my "exposing myself to needless risks."

Stupid of Prefect, just as I was getting into it, too! Back to Biarritz. Tired, but cheerful. Telegram from R-S-B-RY; wants to know what he's to do with KHEDIYE. Obvious answer—send him here, to learn Basque. That'll sober him!

Thursday.—Deputation of Basques waits on me. Gratifying, as it enables me to practise the language on them. Give them an hour's speech, explaining Home-Rule Bill. Very attentive. Find at end that they think I've been addressing them on Pyrenean agriculture! Disappointing. Tell them about Welsh Disestablishment. A Priest in audience assures me "Basques devoted to their Church, and won't like the subject." Curious superstitions still rife among this ancient people! However, manage to give them a comprehensive lecture on their own history, politics, system of education, and so on, which seems to surprise them.

Friday.—Off to Roncesvalles, where ROLAND fell. Imagine myself knight of old, fighting Paynim hosts. Why "Paynim?" Must look this up. Or telegraph to BRYCE to explain—he knows this sort of thing. Might *pain 'im*, however, to bother him in the holidays. Air *must* be very good here—never could joke like that in Downing Street. Borrow some old armour, and dress up in it. Local Gendarmerie interferes. This coercion unpleasant. Back to Biarritz. Hear Lords have dished my Bills. Don't care! Jolly evening for a bathe. Had one. More Basque vocabulary after. Bed.

Saturday.—Family say I am over-doing it! They've hidden my Basque dictionary! What tyranny! *Must* do something to-day. Hear they still make swords at Bilbao. Off to see. Nice Prefect, charming "Señoritas," but no swords! Yes, one—with a Birmingham stamp on it! Depressed—reminds me so of J-S-PH. Back, and console myself with three hours over Basque, then a few chapters of my "History of Light-houses," my "Theory of Marine Fishing," and my "Hints to Vine-growers," all of which I've begun since I came here. Wires from R-S-B-RY, H-RC-RT, R-P-N, SP-NS-R, M-RL-Y, and the rest asking "if it's true that I intend to resign?" Why not? Then I could settle down here, master the eighteen Basque dialects, and that bull that nearly finished me. But,—as the old song has it, "Take me while I'm in the humour,—not just now!"



Canards.

PROPHECY OR PREVENTION.

If you chance to make a statement that's untrue,
And the party most concerned declares it *is* so;
The papers of another party true

Will chuckle at your queer *canard*, and quiz so.
But bless you, if you know what you're about,
You'll discover many ways to turn the tables.

Denial always *does* engender doubt,
And prophecies—postponed—are not mere fables.
To-morrow, or next week, or e'en next year,
The future tense impartially applies to.

You may put constructions on such words as "near"
That COCKER cannot count although he tries to:
And then—and this is really awful fun!—
It will prove you most ingenious, and knowing, too!

Just what you said the party *would* have done,
If you hadn't told the world that he was *going* to!

MRS. R. saw a paragraph in some newspaper a few days ago, headed "Apprehension of Mr. JABEZ BALFOUR." She is not at all surprised at this. Naturally he *must* be feeling nervous.



THE BARN DANCE.

Old Lady (from the Country). "IS YOUR AUNT JANE HERE TO-NIGHT, MATILDA?"

Matilda. "YES—THERE SHE IS—DANCING THE 'PAS DE QUATRE' WITH LITTLE MR. SIMPKINS!"

Old Lady. "OH—SO THAT'S WHAT THEY CALL THE 'PAS DE QUATRE'! I THINK THAT THE 'PAS DU TOUT' WOULD BE MORE SUITABLE TO YOUR AUNT JANE!"

CONFIDENCES.

SCENE—A Quayside. JOHNNY BULL and JEAN CRAPAUD discovered reading the latest "Naval Intelligence" in their favourite daily oracles.

Johnny (indignantly). Well, of all the inefficient, ill-appointed phantom fleets,

My expensive, useless Navy is the worst!

Jean (furiously). Gr-r-r-r! Is this the way our government their naval duty treats?

It makes a patriot bosom fit to burst!

Johnny. By the living, jumping Jingo—if that glorious saint survives—

I have neither ships, nor guns, nor proper crews!

Jean. O sacred name of pig! there is no safety for our lives.

No ships! And what we've got we're like to lose!

Johnny. I ladle out my millions, yet they tell me in the *Times*

I am all behind, as I have been before.

Jean. LOCKROY has let in light upon the blackest of all crimes.—

Empty arsenals, and unprotected shores!

Johnny. My ships, as far as I can see, are just so much old iron!

They cannot even keep the sea in peace!

Jean. A circle huge of foreign fleets *La France's* coasts environ,

Which are unprotected from Dunkirk to Nice!

Johnny. Statistics prove I'm out of it, and getting worse and worse;

And what's the use of arguing with "tables"?

Jean. Statistics show that, notwithstanding calls upon my purse,

Tales of our fine Marine are merely fables.

Johnny. My Admirals and Engineers and Journalists agree

In one thing, and that is that I'm all wrong.

Jean. I've spent a milliard more than any rival, nay than three,

And yet—just look at Cherbourg or Toulon!

Johnny. Why there's that infernal Frenchman, he can chuckle big

and boast

That BRITANNIA no more "rules the waves," 'tis France!

Jean. The prows of *Perfidie Albion* are all pointed to our coast,

And matched with them we shouldn't stand a chance!

Johnny. They could shell my ports as readily, by Jove, as shelling

peas,

And starve out our little Island. Things look squiffy!

Jean. Boulogne, and Havre, and Cherbourg BULL could just bombard with ease,

And blow Dieppe to blazes in a jiffy.

Johnny. See my muzzle-loaders useless as a youngster's catapult,

And ships with ends unarmoured, each a toy!

Jean. With the maximum of effort I've a minimum of result.

At least that is the verdict of LOCKROY!

Johnny (aside). That Froggy's grinning finely! (*Aloud.*) Say,

now, did you ever know

Such a phantom fleet as mine upon the brine?

Jean (aside). BULL laughs me at the nose! (*Aloud.*) *Hélas, mon*

ami, say not so!

If you wish to see a worse one—look at mine!

[*Left comparing Scares.*]

HISTORY DEFEATS ITSELF.

[*"You are not like Cerberus, three gentlemen at once, are you?"*

MRS. MALAPROP.]

THE *Daily News* informed us on the 26th ult., as did the *Daily Telegraph* a few days earlier, that the body of RICHARD THE THIRD was conveyed after the battle of Bosworth to Rothley Temple. A correspondent, writing to the latter paper, has, however, pointed out the perplexing fact that there is a tablet on the bridge now replacing the old "Bow Bridge" at Leicester, which states that the King's body was thrown over into the river. Sundry historians assert that his remains were buried in the Grey Friars' church at Leicester; while a tradition adds that his stone coffin afterwards became a drinking-trough.

Certainly, our historians do not seem to be quite what is at the present day commonly called "up to Dick"; and we confess at once our own inability to reconcile the opposing reports. Unless the really dead RICHARD CROOKBACK had almost as many adventures as the apparently dead little hunchback of *Arabian Nights* fame, it looks rather like RICHARD being himself again, and again!—in fact, not merely double GLOSTER, but triple ditto. Perhaps ARTEMUS WARD is your true historian when he speaks of "RICHARD THE THREE"—or it may be that the unlucky monarch, thinking he had not had fair play when in life, made a half successful attempt afterwards to get even with "six RICHMONDS in the field."



“CONFIDENCES.”

JOHN BULL. “DID YOU EVER SEE ANYTHING WORSE THAN MY NAVY?”
JEAN CRAPEAU. “YES—*MINE!!*”

THE HAYMARKET MYSTERY!

THE ways of managers are inscrutable. The other day Mr. HARE accepted, presumably therefore approved of, and emphasized his approval by producing, and playing the leading part in, a play by Mr. SYDNEY GRUNDY entitled *An Old Jew*, which will now become another "Wandering Jew," since it is highly probable that he will vainly seek rest for the sole of his foot on the boards of provincial, American or Colonial theatres. And here is Mr. BEERBOHM TREE approving, accepting, producing, and himself performing the title rôle in *The Charlatan* a sort of mesmeric-and-spiritualistic play, which nothing but the prestige, the earnestness, and the excellent acting of the principals could have possibly induced the public to



Professor Charlatan. "Observe there is no deception! Nothing up my sleeve!"

accept. No act of prestidigitation which that most skilful conjuror Mr. BEERBOHM TREE may perform can equal this one great trick of "palming" this play off on the public as a finished work either of dramatic art or of literary excellence.

The idea seems to be a muddle, too, for *The Charlatan* discovers that he really is what he has been pretending to be; and then, in spite of the evidence of facts which contradict him flatly, he confesses that he is not what he has discovered he really is! Why, 'tis a plot that *Lord Dundreary* might have conceived, or that *The Headless Man*, had he turned his mighty intellect towards the Drama, might have concocted! If *Philip Woodville* be a Mesmeriser and Spiritualist, as he professes to be, then is he not a Charlatan. If *Philip Woodville* be only half of this, a Mesmeriser and not a Spiritualistic Medium, then he is only half a Charlatan; but at the same time, if undeniable facts have proved to him, in spite of himself, that he *does* possess just half of those very powers he has been pretending to wield, would he not at once reason to himself that, for aught he knew, he might indeed be able to "call spirits from the vasty deep," if he only gave his mind to it? No; it seems that the sanguine dramatist had got hold of just one situation and a couple of characters; and then in answer to his own question, "What shall I do with them?" he fits up a skimpy sort of frame-work, which will hardly hold together, for "the picture of 'We Three,'" the three being *Philip the Charlatan*, *Madame Obnoskin* (ye Gods, what a name!), and *Isabel Arlington*.

Poor *Madame Ob-no-skin*! She is substantially represented in the flesh by Miss GERTRUDE KINGSTON, who plays the difficult part with considerable power; and it is not her fault if the part is not

better, and if it does not offer those chances which, had the plot been well thought out and thoroughly developed, such a part ought to have afforded her. As it is, poor *Madame Ob-all-flesh-and-no-skin*, who has very little to do worth doing, and still less to say worth hearing, is a sort of female Cook in a firm of Real Spiritualistic Conjurors, Masculine and Cook, the senior partner in the firm being represented by Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, who, true to the MASKELYNE mission, finally comes out as an exposé of spiritualistic frauds. But how about the female confidante? What is she besides this? What have been the relations between these two? Is she jealous of him? Was it she who came "tapping" like the Raven at the door of the Charlatan's "Turret-Room" when *Isabel Arlington*, having walked thither in her sleep, had to walk off again, uncommonly wide awake? It may have been: but she didn't say so: at least, as *Horatio* says of the *Ghost*, "Not when I saw it."

Mrs. TREE as *Ophelia*, afterwards *Lady Macbeth*, and finally *La Sonnambula*, or *The Sleeper Awakened*, three single ladies (*Lady Macbeth* wasn't single, by the way, but "this is a detail") rolled into one, is really admirable. One false step when asleep, one false note (and she sings with exquisite pathos) would have upset the entire piece. Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN owes her more, perhaps, than he does to Mr. TREE for the success of the piece; for indubitably the success of *The Charlatan* is mainly due to these two.

Mr. KEER is as good as the part will permit him to be, and so is Miss LILY HANBURY. Mr. CHARLES ALLAN is a much-married Dean to the life; and if Mr. HOLMAN CLARK did not just in one instance (where he surveys the Dean literally up and down, and only arrives at the conclusion that the subject of his inspection is an Anglican clergyman on seeing his knee-breeches) overdo the part of *Professor Mumbles*, he would be perfect.

As the Author makes *Lord Deu-berry* more a cad than a gentleman, it would be hard to blame the actor for not making the character more gentlemanly than the Author intended him to be; still, Mr. FRED. TERRY might have contrived to soften down the crude lines of Mr. BUCHANAN's "fancy portrait" of a young gentleman "all of the modern time," and thereby he would have improved on the original considerably.

All told, this "new play of modern life," as Mr. BUCHANAN describes it ("Modern Life" of the time of WILKIE COLLINS's *Moonstone* and of Mr. HOME's spiritualism), will owe its success, as I have said before, to the excellence of the acting as framed in most artistically effective "sets" by Mr. W. HANN, one of which, *The White Gallery*, a legitimate effect of painting and arrangement, may be reckoned among the best "interiors" presented either here or on any other stage.

(Signed)

THE B IN BOX.



Ophelia (puzzled). "Ah me! Where, oh where is my Hamlet?"

[Wanders.

SIR GERALD PORTAL.

DIED JANUARY 25, 1894, AGED 36.

How the Dark Continent takes tithe and toll
Of Britons of stout heart and steadfast soul!
Venturing life to bear the quickening light,
Midway of manhood's day he met his night.
Afric's late dawn of which such deaths are herald,
Should glory-gild the tomb of good Sir GERALD!

IN AQUA VERITAS.—We read that it is becoming the custom to feed Spanish Anarchist prisoners exclusively upon cod, while denying them water. When brought into court, the accused find themselves close to decanters that sparkle again, but the judges hasten to inform them that the water within, and all other, will be withheld until they have told the truth. This simple method of procedure, it is added, has proved singularly successful. Evidently Spain, in spite of an apparently retrograde movement to the times of the Inquisition, has really made a great advance, and is to be congratulated upon her fortune above other nations in not having to go so far as the bottom of the well for truth, but only to the bottom of the decanter.

MEMORABILIA.

THAT happy hour do you recall,
We through the gallery wan-
dered?

The statues, how you scanned
them all,
And on their histories pon-
dered.
I mused upon your girlish
grace,
Your shining eyes and earnest
face.

At length, on some deep thought
intent,
Or maybe growing weary,
Against a pedestal you leant,
Which lost its aspect dreary.
It seemed as if a lustre shone
O'er that old sage enthroned
thereon.

I wonder if that stone recalls
What's printed on my be-
ing?

I wonder if those sightless balls
Yearned for an instant's see-
ing,
When the light hand I ne'er
might hold
Fell on the marble hard and cold?

O you old gallery, dim and dear
Alike to sage and lover!
O light and life that wandered
here,
That only dreams recover!
O statues—blest beyond all these,
O happy bust of SOCRATES!

Ah no! Like mine, ere well
begun,
Your brief, brief day was
ended;

Only a memory we won.
No dawn, however splendid,
To you or me can bring back
Her,
You luckless old philosopher!



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED OTHERWISE.

Family Doctor (to the Squire). "THANKS FOR YOUR CHEQUE, SQUIRE!
BUT, MY DEAR SIR, IT'S FAR TOO MUCH—FAR IN EXCESS OF WHAT I
SHOULD HAVE CHARGED! I CAN ONLY HOPE I SHALL HAVE AN OPPOR-
TUNITY OF WORKING IT OFF!"

THE INSPIRATION.

OH, my GINEVRA, queen and
wife,
Into thy dreaming eyes I gaze,
And hope, and fate, and love,
and life
I fathom in their tranquil
rays.
Since thou hast given me leave,
for thee
To toil and suffer, strain,
aspire,
Oh say, what shall the subject be
That I shall fill with deathless
fire?

Shall I eternal verities
Image before the eyes of men?
For, since thy love has made me
wise,
Deep secrets are within my
ken.
Wouldst thou be "*The Awaken-
ing
Of Freedom,*" or immortal
Youth?
Shall Nature in my canvas fling
Aside her veil, or radiant
Truth?

Love, shall I from the lore of
Greece
Some ever-living legend paint?
Or wouldst thou be "*Beatrice,*"
Or in some mediæval saint
Shall thy fair features be dis-
cerned,
Oh, my GINEVRA, agate-eyed?
With grace ineffable she turned:
"Ah, paint a *pot-boiler!*"
she sighed.

WANTED BADLY TO KNOW.

WILL GLADSTONE soon resign
his lofty station,
Or leave to his opponents—re-
signation?

THE GENTLE ART OF ADVERTISING.

DEAR SIR,—I notice that the enterprising lady (of the "Irre-pressible She" order) who, in cap and apron, deceived so many servant-worried mistresses, has been turning her attention to fresh fields and pastures new, and has purported to be a young American heiress desirous of obtaining an entrance into that exclusive preserve known as London Society, and necessarily desirous also of securing some one to act as her introducer. One of the victims of her copy-seeking endeavours was a Q.C., and it appears that my learned and excellent friend (for I shrewdly suspect that I know where to look for him) wrote that he was willing, for an adequate consideration, to undertake (in conjunction with his wife) the task of chaperoning (if the word applies to a mere man) the supposed heiress. We now know that the whole thing was a heartless hoax—at a penny a line. The learned leader has been fooled by a chit of a girl, and must look elsewhere for the guineas which are to compensate him for the lack of briefs.

For it cannot be denied that, with the cleverest and best of us, briefs are uncommonly scarce, and we have to scheme and contrive to any extent to get those there actually are. There's a pleasant fiction abroad, I believe, that at the Bar no one advertises. That is correct by the card. You will not find in the columns set apart for advertisements the announcements of Barristers between those of Barmaids and Buttermen. No, but in the Correspondence Column we write letters from our chambers on the vital questions of the day—to keep our name before the public. I well remember a guinea County Court brief (the fee for which, by the way, was never paid) which I was able to trace directly to a most valuable letter I wrote on "Ought Judges to sleep in Court for more than half an hour at a time?"—a subject to which I hope with your permission, at an early opportunity, to recur in your columns.

Then, of course, our movements are chronicled in the most complete way. "Mr. L. ERNED COUNSEL and Mrs. ERNED COUNSEL leave town for the South Coast this afternoon. Mr. COUNSEL has

several cases in the list on Monday, and returns to London that morning." Some of it was quite true—my wife and I did go for the "Week-End" (at specially low rates) to a boarding-house at Eastbourne. I am aware that to some this may seem ignoble, and unworthy of a great profession. I hope, however, that I shall not be mistaken. I have only taken my own case to spare the blushes of my comrades. The practice is as common as it is notorious. In fact, if this were not (by your leave) to appear in the august columns of *Punch*, I should be tempted to say, in conclusion, that the only object of this very letter was what I have admitted as ignoble—advertisement. But, as it is, permit me to be,

Yours modestly, L. ERNED COUNSEL.

102, Temple Gardens, E.C., February 3, 1894.

TO MY EDITOR.

(*The Wail of the Much-producing-Long-crowded-out Poet.*)

WHERE is the verse I sent you *months* ago,
On various subjects, humorous and terse?
The weeks pass by in unrelenting flow,
—Where is the verse?
Though long in type, it rests beneath your curse,
(A strongish word—the rhyme will have it so)
That which was topical grows flat, or worse,
That becomes stale, which once was *comme il faut*;
So heed the scribbler, impotent to nurse
His grief in silence, and who'd like to know
Where is the verse?

AS IT SHOULD BE.—Mr. *Punch* is much gratified to find his advice taken, and that the case of *Koster v. Empire Palace, Limited*, was tried last week before Mr. Justice A'WAKINS, in accordance with Mr. *Punch's* suggestion three weeks ago.

THE NEXT INTERVIEW.

SCENE—*Friedrichsruh.* TIME—*A month hence.*
PRESENT—EMPEROR and PRINCE.

Prince. Well, your Majesty, now that we are together I must again express the delight I feel at seeing you here as my guest. And I think I can best repay your kindness by giving you a little advice.

Emperor. A thousand thanks, my dear PRINCE, but pardon me, where did you get that hat?

Prince. I scarcely know, Sire. And now about England—

Emperor (interrupting). Stay, you must allow me. This hat for yours (*gives head covering*). Why, it makes all the difference! Look in the glass and judge for yourself! Why, you look half your age!

Prince. Many thanks, your Majesty, but I do not wish to talk about hats. I cannot help thinking that the Triple Alliance—

Emperor (as before). Bother the Triple Alliance. But tell me something infinitely more important—where did you get that coat?

Prince. Never mind my coat; you must know—

Emperor (as before). But I must mind about your coat (*producing parcel*). Here is one fashioned like my own; wear it for my sake!

Prince. Again many thanks; but do leave my clothes alone. You see, if Russia joins hands with France—

Emperor (as before). But I must call your serious attention to the condition of your waistcoat! I say it's absolutely awful. However, you will find in this parcel something that I know will please you! (*Produces parcel*). There, my dear old man, take it with my blessing. You will find it very comfortable, because it is lined throughout with fur.

Prince. Yes, yes; but do let me talk of our connection with Italy. Practically the land is bankrupt, and—

Emperor (once again). I dare say; but that has nothing to do with your frock-coat. (*Produces parcel*). See, I have got the very thing for you.

Prince. You are too good! But please let me give you my view about Austria. Now you must know that the Emperor King is—

Emperor. On bother the dual country! What I want to see is something better in the shape of boots. In this parcel (*produces it*) I have bought all that you can possibly desire in that line.

Prince. But I assure you, Sire, that I have everything I want, and it would be a great thing if you and I could compare notes about the English occupation of Egypt.

Emperor. Of course. But, dear me, I have forgotten your umbrella! I must have left it in Berlin. I will go and fetch it; or, better still, I will send it to you by parcel-post! I will be off at once. So good-bye, my dear Prince, and may we soon meet again.

[Scene closes in upon the EMPEROR'S hurried exit.]

THE UNIONIST BODY (*headed by Joe Chamberlain, florally decorated*).—"The Orchid Squad."

THE JUDGE'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

(Compiled by the Bar for the use of the Bench.)

Bar. And now, my good judge, can you tell me anything about Mr. CORNEY GRAIN?

Bench. No; but from his name I imagine he must be a celebrated agriculturist.

Bar. A very good answer, but not quite right. Mr. CORNEY GRAIN is a very clever entertainer, and has lived a good portion of his life amongst REEDS.

Bench. I see; a sort of water lily.

Bar. Not quite; but that is a natural inference. And I suppose you know what is the meaning of a bob?

Bench. A nod, a curtesy! We have a bob when Mr. BRIEFLESS bows to me in Court, and I return the salutation.

Bar. Well, not exactly; by bob I meant a shilling. And now can you tell me what a prize-fighter means when he says he had "got into Chancery"?

Bench. Why that he is interested in an administration suit, or has been the cause of an originating summons.

Bar. Well, scarcely; although from a professional point of view no fault can be found with the definition. Do you know what "tossing for drinks" is?

Bench. I have no idea. Stay; a mad bull tosses, but then, as a victim to hydrophobia, he avoids drinks.

Bar. Well, I think you have a glimpse of understanding, but you have not got quite the real meaning. Now, I will give you a professional question. What is a judge?

Bench. A man learned in the law, but learned in nothing else.

Bar. Quite right. Now, does a judge understand the meaning of slang?

Bench. Slang! Why, I never heard the word before.

Bar. But yet, my Lord, you have been young yourself?

Bench. Yes, but never since I became a judge. And now, my rather-too-learned friend, let me ask you one question.

Do you know how to forget everything but case law?

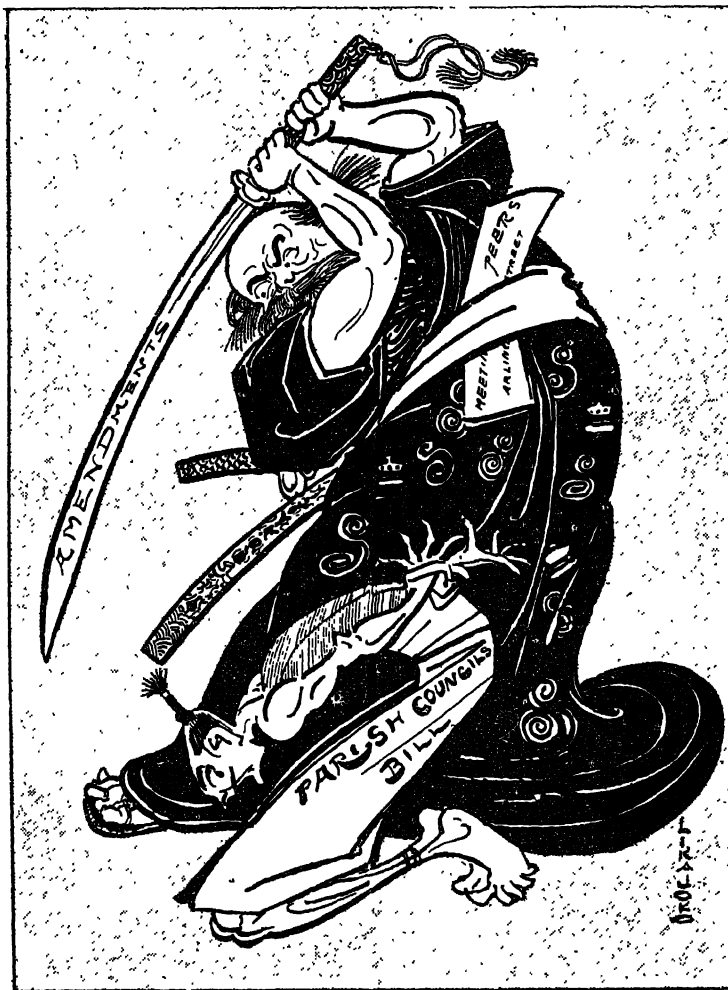
Bar. By existing on a desert island.

Bench. That is scarcely necessary. The easiest way to lose sight of the barrister of the past is to become the judge of the present; and having said this, I think we will resume the hearing of the case which was under consideration when you became my cross-examiner.

[The Bench resumes its dignity, and the Bar subsides. Curtain.]

PRACTICAL SUGGESTION.—As something must be done to increase the number of men in the Navy, it is proposed to transfer the Royal Horse Guards Blue to that Service, where they will in future be known as the Ultra-Marines.

THEFT NO ROBBERY.—If you are acquainted with a collector of water-colour drawings, why have you a right to pick his pocket?
Answer. Because he has pict-ures (*pick'd yours*)!



"THE UNHAPPY DISPATCH."

LAYS OF THE CURRENCY.

II.—ONE SHILLING!

SHOULD you go on a journey and fancy it dull
To have nothing to read as you travel,
You can purchase a book that is sure to be full
Of a mystery you can't unravel.



But the talented author will do
it instead,
From obscurity clearness dis-
tilling,
It's a curious thing called a
"shocker" you've read,
And it costs you—at book-
stalls—one shilling.

Our Army's a marvellous source
of delight
To those who are haply not
in it,
A glorious career of victorious
fight
And the raw'un is keen to
begin it.
When the youngster decides he
will march, drill, and shoot!
And *Barkis*-like says he is
willing,
The QUEEN's so delighted to get
a recruit,
She presents him at once with
a shilling.

When a son falls in love with a beautiful maid,
Whose degree, notwithstanding, is lowly,
The father is apt, I am sorely afraid,
To use language you couldn't call holy.
The son swears for *his* part he means to be true,
But it's bad for the cooing and billing
When Papa says in terms—it's his bolt from the blue—
That he'll cut off his son—with a shilling.

You see that a man has contrived to invent
A machine to make tea out of shavings.
Ere long an attractive prospectus is sent,
And ere long you make shares of your savings.
The directors aren't rogues—that were past all belief,
Yet when they've succeeded in filling
Their pockets, the company quick comes to grief,
And you're lucky if you get—a shilling!

MEETING THE METEOR.

To the Editor of Punch.

SIR,—I am surprised that scientific men should have remained dumb on a subject of the highest interest. Last night as I was walking home, after dining with the Worshipful Company of Red Painters, I was much struck by suddenly finding myself subject to what I can only describe as a swaying motion, apparently imparted by the pavement. Once or twice the road seemed about to rise into the air, and then as rapidly subsided again, the effect being to throw me violently against an old friend of mine, who happened to be walking next me. At first we treated this as a joke, and laughed at it; but after it had continued for some time I became alarmed, and was just about to summon assistance when I felt myself hurled violently backwards. The back of my head struck the pavement with some force, and at the same moment a beautiful constellation of stars appeared, and shone with a bright light for the space of a full second. Such was the force of the shock, that when I opened my eyes I found I had been transported bodily to Vine Street. Can any of your readers speak to a similar experience?

Yours faithfully,

IN VINO (STREET) VERITAS.

SIR,—I hasten to inform you of an extraordinary natural phenomenon by which this peaceful suburban district was much disturbed on Tuesday night. It is my habitual custom before retiring to bed to unchain the Yorkshire terrier by whom my home is protected. I had just done so, as usual, when I suddenly perceived a brilliant light coming up the road in front of my house. At the same time a heavy and regular footfall sounded in the direction from which the rays proceeded. At the same moment my cook, in whom I place implicit confidence, rushed past me in a state of great alarm. She, too, had seen the light and had been terrified by it. On going out I found the policeman standing close to my front door, but he had seen nothing, and could offer little intelligible explanation, as he was engaged in the consumption of a frugal supper of bread and

cheese by which his utterance was impeded. Taking everything into consideration, the only conclusion I can come to is that I saw a meteor at the moment of its impact upon the earth. The hour, I should state, was 10.15 p.m.

Camberwell.

S. E. AGULL.

SIR,—I write to say that a meteor, which was entirely hidden from view by thick clouds, passed over this town at 10 o'clock last night.

Yours,

JOHN T. TICKLETOBY.

Middleborough in the Marsh.

SIR,—I cannot tell you how *shocked* I have been at hearing from my friend and neighbour, the Reverend JOSHUA FLAMMER, that a large meteor was allowed to pass over this place last night!

Yours indignantly,

Crumpton, Slops.

A FEMALE RATEPAYER.

FLOATING A BUBBLE.

Paragraph (printed in bold double-leaded type).—We have reasons for believing that it is not impossible that the Beadle intends shortly to resign. The Beadle is at present away on leave, but on his return will probably acquaint the members of the Vestry with his decision.

Paragraph (in type a little larger and slightly more leaded).—In regard to a rumour published by a contemporary that it is the intention of the Beadle to resign, we have it on the most reliable authority that nothing is known of the matter in the best informed municipal circles.

Paragraph (even more "displayed" than its premiers).—At a late hour we have ascertained that nothing is known of the rumoured resignation at the Beadle's private address. In reply to a wire it is now stated that the Beadle has gone out for the day and is not expected back until to-morrow.

Paragraph (special).—We have reasons for believing that the reported intended resignation of the Beadle is a *canard*. As the Beadle has not yet confirmed the report or denied its veracity it will be necessary to publish an extra edition containing further and later particulars.

Paragraph (extra special).—The Beadle has come home and is considering his reply. It is believed in well-informed quarters that the rumour of his reported intended resignation is to say the least premature.

Paragraph (extra special special).—Nothing further is known of the Beadle's intentions, but as he smiled when he received his telegrams it is conjectured that he considered his rumoured intended resignation as a practical joke.

Paragraph (from a medical paper).—In regard to the rumour of the intended resignation of the Beadle, we have authority for saying that it was the opinion of an eminent physician that his patient was capable of either resigning or remaining at his work. There was no medical reason for the resignation, and no medical reason for the devotion to work. This valuable diagnosis of a difficult case was handed to us with permission to make it public when the exigencies of the situation seemed to demand its open circulation.

Official Dispatch (furnished by the Private Secretary to the Beadle).—With regard to the rumoured intention of the Beadle to resign, it is well to point out that the situation remains unaltered. The Beadle is aware that he may resign at any moment, but then he may not resign: it may be for years, it may be for ever. Intentions are not facts, and facts are not intentions. What may happen to-day may not have happened yesterday, and may not be repeated to-morrow. The point of this observation depends upon its application. And this being so, the Beadle wishes everyone good luck, and counsels everybody to keep a sharp look-out a-head. This, the Beadle begs to observe, was the advice of *Jack Bunsby*, and is quite worthy of being accepted as a wholesome precedent.

Newspaper Commentary (from one point of view).—It will be seen, that as there is no smoke without fire, there is every reason for believing that the rumoured intention (of which we were the first to give publicity) was amply warranted by the then existing situation.

Newspaper Commentary (from a different point of view).—It will be seen, from the communication authorised by the Beadle, that our contemporary who was the first to announce the intended resignation of the eminent gentleman has been amusingly hoaxed. The situation which has existed for months seems to be entirely unchanged.

Commentary by the General Public.—Thanks to the misunderstanding about the Beadle's resignation, we seem to have purchased without any necessity a very large number of newspapers.

AMOR VINCI SANDOW.—Sandow's latest and most important engagement has just been publicly announced. It is to Miss BLANCHE BURNS, of London; and it looks like a genuine ardent love-affair—at any rate, it suggests passion at *white heat*. They have our best wishes.

"TO THE CHARITABLY DISPOSED."*(Suggested Form of "Letter of Advice.")*

"If a young, or old, or middle-aged person presents himself or herself to anyone representing that he or she is a relative of mine, and in great distress, oblige me by giving him or her . . . into custody."

THE UNIVERSAL HYMN.

FOR SCHOOL-BOARD HYMNALS.

Adapted to Modern Educational Requirements.

ARISE my soul—if soul I've got—
And, vaguely vocal, thank
For all the blessings of my lot
The—Unknown Eternal Blank!

I thank the—Streak of Azure Haze
That on my birth has smiled,
And made me, in post-Christian days,
A happy School-Board child.

I was not born, as myriads were,
In ages dark and dim,
And taught to pray a pious prayer,
Or sing a holy hymn.

I was not born a little slave
To formula and creed,
Or taught that Heaven must light the Grave,
Or God-love banish greed.

I was not born where priests might roam
And teach the childish band
To sing about Our Heavenly Home,
Or of *that* Happy Land!

Mere dogma muddles up the mind,
And leaves it in a mess.
Religion surely was designed
To make our freedom less.

The Conscience-Clause? It may secure
Some freedom to the slave.
But where's the sense—unless we're sure
That we a conscience *have*?

We've lots of "Standards" which we treasure,
There's one superfluous, quite,
A Standard human wit can't measure
(In Board Schools)—that of Right!

Secular matters make our joys,
And facts are our sole food.
Do we turn out good girls and boys?
Good heavens! What is "Good"?

Through all the periods of my life
One goodness I'll pursue;
With rare "good things" this world is rife;
I'll try to get a few.

OUR KITCHENER will be everywhere a *persona grata* than he was even before this. In answer to correspondents we say No, this particular KITCHENER was not in the Household Troops.

"BLUSHING HONOURS."

It is rumoured that, encouraged by the example of Sir EDWARD BURNE JONES, Baronet, the following gentlemen, hitherto of more or less retiring habits, have accepted the titles enumerated after their names:—

Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS—Lord FABIAN, of Trafalgar Square.

Mr. JOHN RUSKIN—Honorary Consulting Engineer of the Furness Railway and Chairman of the Coniston Steam Gondola Company, Limited.

Mr. ALGERNON SWINBURNE—M.P. A Gladstonian in the House.

Mr. COVENTRY PATMORE—M.P. An Angel in the House.

Mr. WILLIAM TALLACK—Lord High Admiral.

Mr. AUBERON HERBERT—M.P. Assistant Chairman of Committees, County Councillor for London, Member of School Board, Inspector of Factories, Deputy Ranger of the New Forest, &c., &c.

Sir WILFRID LAWSON—Toastmaster to the Lord Mayor.

Mr. J. McN. WHISTLER—Associate of the Royal Academy and Professor in the School of Art, South Kensington.

Mr. T. S. COOPER, R.A.—Animal Painter to the Pumpside Dairy Company.

Mr. HODGSON, R.A.—Teacher of Landscape Painting, Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris.

Mr. HORSLEY, R.A.—Chairman of the Improved French Bathing-Dress Association.

Mr. FRANK DICKSEE, R.A.—Managing Director, Madame Tussaud's Waxworks.

Mr. MONSON—[Withheld, until we receive Counsel's opinion re possible injunction of High Court.]

Mr. McDUGALL—Manager, Café Concert du Moulin Rouge, Paris.

Mr. OSCAR WILDE—Assistant Licensor of Plays and Honorary Extra-Beadle of Burlington Arcadia.

A Prophet on the Peers.

Our Parish Councils Bill the Peers unmake,
And in patrician triumph flout and frisk it,
But when they think that they will "take the cake."

They're mumbling tyranny's remainder biscuit.

'Tis very stale and dry, and woefully weevily,
And will anon upset their stomachs evilly!



Artistic Reveller. "ARE YOU A REAL CON-SHTABLE, OR SH-PURIUSH?"

["There is much litigation as to the genuineness of certain pictures said to be by CONSTABLE."]

"OH, LET ME BE YOUR VALENTINE!"

AN UNAMBITIOUS DESIRE.

PRAY tell me, Mr. Punch, what ails
The man who'd make this queer request.
Oh, say whercin the fellow fails
Who'd seek to swop his swallow-tails

For feeble finery at best.

I marvel not that man should sing

He'd like to be a butterfly;

The insect *is* a living thing,

However soon its life goes by;

But ne'er as yet has living sign

Been present in the Valentine!

The world is very hard, I know,

And human fate is beastly rough,

And hearts that make a tender show

Will often prove intensely tough;—

I know that in the scales of life

Our woe exceeds the weight of joy—

'Twas thus when first began the strife,

And Earth was quite a little boy.

But, still, that can't excuse the line,

"Oh, let me be your Valentine!"



Ambition's bent we all admire—

No doubt 'tis very right we should;

But who'll respect the mad desire

To be a Valentine? Who *could*?

I'd rather be a rat, a mouse,

A cat, a cow, a cockatoo,

A tenant of a monkey-house,

A bounding, boxing kangaroo,

A lone and loveless porcupine,

Before I'd be a Valentine!

At all events, the things I've named

Can move and eat and pay you calls;

And that is more than can be claimed

For Valentines on fancy-stalls.

Besides, the wish is so absurd,

For how could mortal ever be

At once four Cupids pink, a bird,

Some knots of ribbon (two or three),—

To mention nothing of the line,

"Oh, let me be your Valentine!"

My heart's a tender one and true,

O lady that I love the most!

I'd rather have it crushed by you

Than flattened by the parcel post!

And even though all safe and sound

I reached you—with no dent above—

I question if I should be found

An eligible thing to love.

And that is why I cannot whine,

Dear girl, to be your Valentine!

THE NEW JOURNALISM'S MOTTO.—Take care of the placards, and the pence will take care of themselves.



INTERESTING DEVELOPMENT OF THE "JOSEPHUS CUBICULARIUS" ORCHIDENSIS.



ALL THE DIFFERENCE.

(At an Agricultural Show.)

Member of Committee (to Irish Groom, who is competing for Jumping Prize on hot-tempered Animal, which has more than once narrowly escaped plunging over barrier into the Crowd). "HERE! HI! GET OUT THERE! TAKE THAT BRUTE OUTSIDE, OR YOU'LL BE KILLING SOMEBODY!"

Irish Groom (ruffled). "GET OUT, IS IT! BAD SCRAN TO YE! IT'S ANYBODY CAN SAY, 'GET OUTSIDE,' BUT, BEGORRA, IT TAKES SOMEWAN TO KAPE HER INSOIDE!"

DEVELOPMENT: A DREAM OF POLITICAL DARWINISM.

[There is a fine Orchid, believed to be the only one of its kind known, which has been named *Anthurium Chamberlainium*. [*.* See our specimen, re-christened "*Josephus Cubicularius*."]]

"Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT (said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN at Edgbaston) had recently sneered at him as a former Radical whose Radical days had passed away. He did not complain. He accepted the designation."

"New forms (of Orchids) are produced by hybridising more rapidly than wild ones are detected. . . . Natural hybrids are not common. . . . In cultivation, however, plants which naturally grow a thousand leagues apart can be brought under the same roof . . . so that all that is required is skill on the part of the fertiliser to effect on a much larger scale what Nature has been slowly doing for ages."—*Stiles on Orchids*.]

OH! *Anthurium Chamberlainium* was a plant of sturdy growth, Unique in flower and foliage, in form and colour both. The proletariat's pride and pet, so smart, and trim and tall, That it scarce seemed an exotic or a parasite at all. E'en the Working Man, who loves his plant o' musk or red geranium, Admired quite unsuspectingly *Anthurium Chamberlainium*. The Horny-handed hasn't much belief in foreign flowers You've to coddle up in hot-houses, and shield from Nature's showers; But this sturdy Bulb of Brummagem put forth a bonny blossom, More like a British garden-bloom than a swell *Odontoglossum*, Or *Dendrobium suavisimum* (Balfourian and Burmese) Or some languid *Lælia elegans*, all proud patrician ease. 'Twas nicknamed *Cochlea simplex*; for your Orchid is a mime And imitates all sorts of things from simple to sublime, From a spider to a slipper; and it seemed to cursory view That the sepals of this Orchid took some semblance of a screw, In their spiral or vermicular appearance. But what odds? *Anthurium Chamberlainium* pleased the gallery and the gods; And the manly Midland Radical, that plain and sturdy soul, Would sport this special Orchid in his Sunday button-hole. But Nature is a rum 'un—in the words of Mr. Squeers— And had they read their Darwin well, they might have felt some fears,

These friends of the Screw-Orchid. For 'tis really quite surprising What wonderful developments are wrought by hybridising. The change was slow and gradual, and what social butterfly Had played cross fertiliser, or what sinister and sly Night-flying moth malignant, or striped wasp with venom swollen, Had tainted stout Rad stigma with the touch of Tory pollen, Who knows? Alas! it came to pass; the simple, honest, plain Screw-Orchid got contaminate by quite another strain; Proved, to its proletariat admirers' wrath and dolour, Like some from New Granada, "very variable in colour." It donned municipal maroon and gold, of gorgeous hue, It's honest buff gave gradual place to stripes of royal blue. Its "native hue" was "sicklied o'er" with lurid purple patches; It drew mere modish butterflies in Primrose-tinted batches. They wheeled like winged houris round its parasitic glories, Polychromatic splendours fit for peacocks—who're the Tories Of the finely-feathered kingdom, and were therefore loved by DIZZY— Since they're useless, noisy, arrogant, and never, never busy. Cried old friends of our Screw-Orchid, "we have been besotted sillies."

This *Anthurium Chamberlainium* is worse than SOLLY's Lilies! It toils not, neither does it spin, it scorns the Gladdyolus Which once it used to worship, just as we do, holus-bolus. Alas for hybridising! The downward change immense is. The *Protophytoferox Madagascariensis*, Which intent upon destruction in the jungle lurks and cowers 'Midst the gay *Eulophiella* with its lurid-purple flowers, Is not more strange and sinister. 'Tis 'developing,' yes, daily. Already party-coloured, it takes on the True-Blue gaily. It scorns the Shamrock-green it loved, Imperial purple doffing, And at the Quaker-tinted tribe it loved to dwell with scoffing. Like all its class mimetic, it is growing proud and courtly; The Screw into the Coronet you'll see develop shortly. Though not *porphyrogenitus*, the purple it will borrow. That faint foreshadowing of a crown may prove no dream—to-morrow!"

"PIT, TWO-AND-SIXPENCE."

(A Sketch from a Society Theatre.)

BEFORE THE FIRST ACT.

An Appreciative Pittite. It's a treat to come to a pit like this, where they consider your comfort, and don't make any charge for programmes, like they do at some theatres.

His Friend (who is "just before he is generous"). Well, you see, they can afford to when it's half-a-crown instead of only two bob.

The App. Pitt. What's an extra sixpence when you get arms to your seat, and a stand for your umbrella thrown in? let alone handing cawfy and ices round between the acts, the same as stalls!

His Friend. Well, I'd rather have a glass o' bitter, myself!

The App. Pitt. So would I. Still, it shows they don't draw any distinctions.

DURING THE FIRST ACT.

An Indignant Old Lady (who is rather hard of hearing, to a female friend, whose expenses she is paying). I wish to goodness they'd speak up! Paak o' curates, I call 'em, talking that muffled and indistinct! And sech rubbish as the dialogue is, too!

Her Friend (who, not without reason, has found it extremely amusing, but feels an almost equal delicacy under the circumstances in committing herself to either praise or blame). Well, I don't know that I should go quite so far as that, dear. I don't think it's so bad, really!

The I. O. L. Then you're easier pleased than what I am, that's all. I call it downright nonsense, and I can't hear a single word they're saying. I'm sure I wish I'd stopped at home instead o' coming out for this, and my throat in the state it is, too! Five and fourpence—no, five and eightpence, counting our 'bus fares back—clean thrown into the gutter! Talk about plays—they can't write 'em nowadays! Now when I was a girl, there were plays. The 'Unchback and The Stranger—they were well written, if you like!

A Bland Man (from behind). Pardon me, but might I ask you to reserve your theatrical reminiscences for the *entr'acte*, when they will be more generally appreciated?

The Indignant Old Lady snorts, but subsides.

AFTER THE FIRST ACT.

The Indignant Old Lady (feeling the applause a personal affront). Well! I don't see what people can find to laugh at in it myself, that I don't! But it's a good thing they're so easily amused, I daresay; still, I might have been sitting comfortable at home at this minute, having my rubber, and enjoying myself in a rational way. I can't *elp* feeling that!

Her Friend (more guiltily conscious of being amused than ever). Ah, we must hope the next acts will be better, dear.

A Literary Clerk (talking for the benefit of his Fiancée, and anyone else within hearing). The piece distinctly has merit; superficial, no doubt, but smart, decidedly smart, in its way!

His Fiancée (who is painfully struggling up to his level). I'm not very fond of these psychological plays myself.

The L. C. Are you quite sure you don't mean "psychological"?

His Fiancée (with spirit). I meant what I said, but I don't like the others either. The only thing I do really enjoy is a piece like—well, like *East Lynne*!

The L. C. (with a sigh). You should endeavour to minimise your prejudices as much as possible.

First Elderly Lady (up from the North, to Second Elderly Lady). That's marvellously like Mr. ALEXANDER MACPAIRTAN in the stalls there. Do ye see him now, standing up with the bald head?

Second Elderly Lady. Eh, that'll no be him; he's a far finer looking man than ever ALEXANDER MACPAIRTAN was in his best days!

First E. L. Maybe you're right. Indeed, I never hairrd he was to be up in London. But there's a faraway look of Mr. MACPAIRTAN yonder, I'm thinking.

Second E. L. MACPAIRTAN couldn't look the tenth part of the gentleman that pairrson does: it's not in the man!

First E. L. I wouldn't say that myself; he's just a power in Kirkcainrorm!

Second E. L. A decent body enough; I'm not finding fault with him. But ye wouldn't find him in the front seats of a place like this. He's far too fond of his money.

First E. L. And so wealthy as he is, too!

Second E. L. Comfortable, I'd say. But a close-fisted man with it all!

AFTER THE SECOND ACT.

First Elderly Lady (from the North, standing up and surveying the stalls, then sitting down in great excitement). Eh, but I was right after all! It's just nobody else but Mr. MACPAIRTAN himself; there's his wife and daughter with him. It'll be them beyond all further doot!

Second E. L. (after looking). Aye, it's them, sure enough; dressed out beyond everything. In the stalls, too! I call that just awful extravagance in them. There, he's changing places with his daughter now.

First E. L. I mind him. There's always a fuss wherever they go! He's a man that fair burns to be remarked upon.

Second E. L. He's a grand talker.

First E. L. Maistly froth—marytreecious, to my thinking. A vairy assuming man!

Second E. L. Mrs. MACPAIRTAN thinks herself something, too.

First E. L. Aye; everyone says the same of her. She's just repulsive is that woman!

Second E. L. I hairrd she was expecting her daughter JEANIE home soon from a fine expensive finishing-school at Camberwell.

First E. L. There's vairy leetle in the poor gairrl to feenish. A want somewhere—oh, it's well known to be in the family. But her mother's intellects are sharp enough, if she's not quite the leddy.

Second E. L. A leddy! She's no comprehension of the mere elements of it. And in the orchestra stalls—it's naething but downright sickenin' oastentation!

AFTER THE THIRD ACT.

A Misanthropic Maiden (to 'Arry, who has made her acquaintance by apologising for squeezing past her to procure refreshment). No, I've no opinion of men; deceitful, everyone o' them. Look how Mr. Caterwell treats his poor wife in the play. There's a specimen!

'Arry (wounded). Now don't say that, Miss! I assure you you've got 'old of a totally false impression.

The M. M. I do say it. It's my opinion. Men are a discontented class of people!

'Arry. No, no, that's only a silly erroneous impression o' yours, yer know!

The M. M. Certainly it's not. I've my own ideas. I'd never trust myself with a man. They always make a lot of bother and paraphernalia wherever they are!

'Arry. Why, you're torkin' jes' like a old aunt o' mine now. She is bitter, if yer like!

The M. M. You don't know. She may be nice, in her own way.

'Arry. She may, but 'er way o' bein' noice is what others would call bein' partickler narsty. Now look at me. I'd be a deal better married nor what I am now, living in lodgings and (with a ring of pathos) compelled to seek my amusement in places o' this sort! Do you think I'd stay away from my 'ome if I 'ad a noice 'ome to come 'ome to? Not me! What part o' the country are you from?

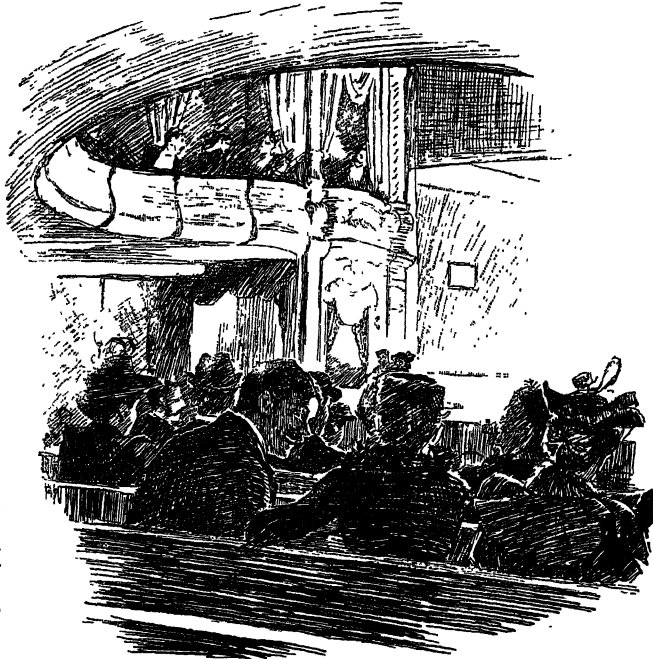
The M. M. Devonshire—and I wish I'd stopped there, I'm sure!

'Arry (mendaciously). Why, we're next-door neighbours! I come from Somersetshire myself. And, I tell yer, I believe you and me would git on fust-clorss together, if we were on'y married.

The M. M. That's according. No, it's no use your talking. I'm single—and booked for single.

'Arry. Well, you don't know what chorncees you're throwing away!

The M. M. There's too much chance in it to satisfy me. And (with austerity) I'm not going to be drawn into any conversation.



AFTER THE FINAL CURTAIN.

First Elderly Lady. Eh, I've enjoyed it finely. It just does ye good to hear a bit o' sma'rrt dialogue occasionally; it freshens one up so for conversation in one's own caircle!

The Indignant Old Lady. A puffec' impersition, I call it. Ah, well, it's not all wasted money. If I'd ha' bin at 'ome and playing whist I should have had to talk, and that would ha' bin bad for my throat. I must try and look at it *that way*!

'Arry (to the Misanthropic Maiden). I 'ope you'll illow me the pleasure of escorting you and your friend 'ome?

The Misanthropic Maiden. So long as you don't take it as any encouragement, I've no objection!

'Arry. All I want is to convince yer as there's one young feller left that knows 'ow to beyave like a gentleman.

[*He is permitted to accompany them for that purpose, and there is some reason to hope that the maiden's misanthropy may be eventually overcome.*]

TO MAUD.

(*Accompanying a Valentine.*)

HERE's a Valentine for you—lace, tinsel, and satin,

With Cupids all over it up to such tricks;

There's gauze in profusion, and, oh, it is pat in

The language of love!—for it cost three-and-six.

Quite frankly I wouldn't be thought to defend it

(Though I swear that I bought it as perfectly new);

And the reason, in fact, why I happen to send it,

Is to have an excuse for a letter—to you.



Why, since we last met,
it is ever so long,
MAUD;

It was years—that is
two days ago—at the
dance.

And I may be quite right,
or I may be quite
wrong, MAUD,

Yet I fancied I saw a
kind gleam in your
glance.

The rest of the girls were
— well, simpering
sillies

(The phrase is your
own), and may stay
on the shelf;

But the belle of the ball,
with her posy of
lilies.

Was—would you believe
it? It's true—your
sweet self!

Bless my heart! What
I'm writing is too
altogether

Romantic to be what
is called "quite the
thing."

Let us turn to a something quite safe—say, the weather:

Don't you think we'll be having a premature Spring?

The Spring, when we list to the nightingale nightly,

And sweetness distils in the dew and the rain;

When a young man's (the poet says) fancy turns lightly

To thoughts of—good heavens, I'm at it again!

So I'll just send the Valentine. Say you will take it,

It cost three-and-six, as I've told you before.

There's one small confession. Perhaps I'd best make it.

I gave three-and-six—I could not afford more.

Yet if you are wishful for me, MAUD, to rank you

As the kindest of critics, then write me to say

That you feel I deserve a magnanimous "Thank you!"

For my tinselled remembrance of Valentine's Day.

"Labby v. Worsley."

"LABBY AND WORSLEY." Both we hold excused:—

The question is,—we cannot put it terselier,—

Was LABBY or was WORSLEY worsley used?

Was WORSLEY better, or was LABBY worselier?

QUESTION FOR IMPATIENT IMPERIALISTS.—Is it not more urgently important that our people should be fed, than that they should be federated? The Unemployed may, perhaps, help to an answer.

LAW IN UNCOMMON FORM.

RELUCTANT as I am to force my own personality upon the public feet it my duty to comment upon an article upon "the lax state of legal education," which has recently appeared in the influential column of the *Times* newspaper. And I further consider it my mission offer to the organ of the Bar those remarks that, so to speak, whelm over my brain in the hours of practice. *Punch* for more than half a century has been the representative of Justice and her votaries, and amongst the latter I count the Lord Chancellors and the judges, "silk" and "stuff," and in fact every one having the right of audience in the Royal Court, or any other Superior Court in the United Kingdom. The *Times* insists that our legal education can be improved, and amongst various proposals suggests that the Council should provide, "within reasonable limits, varied instruction to meet the wants not only of lawyers but also of the not unimportant part of the public interested in the same matters." I support the proposition. Surely the time has arrived when legal education should be popularised. Lectures should be made palatable not to students on but to that "not unimportant part of the public" (to quote the *Times*) that loves a lecture accompanied by music, and attended dissolving views. To show that it would be perfectly easy deliver such an address, I jot down a few ideas that have occurred me while waiting for expected communications from my learned and esteemed friends Mr. JOHN HOLLAMS, Messrs. BOLTON AND MO and Sir GEORGE LEWIS. I will imagine that I am standing in the Hall of Gray's Inn, with a broad disc behind me, and in the mus gallery a lantern, fitted with appropriate views. I report my speech.

MY LORDS, MASTERS OF THE BENCH, UTTER BARRISTERS, STUDENTS, AND GENTLEMEN,—As we have but a short time at disposal this afternoon (owing to the need of getting hall ready six o'clock dinner), I purpose making my remarks as few and brief as possible. You will be glad to see a place remembered many here present, and known by repute to us all. (*Rings b Westminster Hall appears on disc. Applause. Organ effect*) We are reminded by the solemn music that it is near the Abbey, those offices of Parliamentary Agents which are the source of so much profit to those who practise "upstairs." Here is the Abbey. (*B Change on disc. Applause.*) And a well-known office in Parliament Street. (*Bell. Change of scene on disc. Thunders of applause*) I thank you for your kind appreciation. (*Applause.*) I will tell you how I read for the Bar. (*Comic song, introducing the mysteries of cramming. Immense applause.*) Thank you. Having shown you lyrically how things can be done, with the assistance of a coach, I will conclude my lecture, which I fear has been too long. (*No. No.*) with a series of photographic reproductions of places connected with the profession to which most of the present have the honour to belong. (*Bell.*) "EDWARD THE FIRST the English Justinian." (*Bell.*) "Sir PETER EDLIN, presiding the London County Sessions." (*Bell.*) "Lord COLERIDGE, thinking on the Bench on a sultry afternoon." (*Cheers.*) "The Old Bailey by moonlight." (*Solemn music.*) "A caricature by Mr. FR. LOCKWOOD, Q.C., M.P." (*Laughter.*) "Mr. Justice NORTH hearing a case in Chambers." (*Renewed laughter.*) "The last brief of dying Junior." (*Solemn music.*) And last, but not least, "Clients," including portraits of the most eminent Solicitors on Rolls. (*Cheers.*) And now, my Lords, Masters of the Bench, U Barristers, Students, and Gentlemen, I have nothing more to than to thank you for the very kind way in which you have received my poor efforts to combine amusement with instruction. I bid one and all a respectful farewell. (*Loud and prolonged cheering*)

I could not only deliver an address, but arrange for the introduction of more or less comic interludes, such as "The Learned Pig," "Cap Coke and his Ventriloquial Entertainment," "The Bounc Brothers of Bohemia in their refined Robing-Room Séance," "Dazy Blackstone, the fascinating Inns of Court Serio-Comic." Of course these features would be intended not so much for law as "for the not unimportant part of the public interested in the matters." I shall be glad to give full particulars as to fees, &c. my chambers, with the assistance of Mr. PORTINGTON, my secretary, any day during term time from nine to six and during vacation from ten to four. (*Signed*) A. BRIEFLESS, JUN

Pump-Handle Court, Feb. 10, 1894.





NOT TO BE BEATEN.

He. "A—THE WORST OF YOU AMERICANS IS THAT YOU HAVE NO 'LEISURE CLASS.'"
 She. "YES, WE HAVE. WE CALL THEM 'TRAMPS'!"

"PLUCK'D!"

OR, THE CORONETED MONKEY AND THE UNFORTUNATE COCKATOO.

(An Old Story Newly Applied.)

THERE was an "Old Party" who cherished a pet,
 A Pink Cockatoo of fine feather.
 Now pets—to old parties—are precious; and yet
 They do lead to rumpuses, ructions, regret,
 At times, when two kinds come together.
 Their tempers, like those of a man and his spouse,
 May prove incompatible; then there are rows.

The Monkey!—that Monkey was truly a toff,
 Blue-blooded and big-tailed, and given to scoff

At birds as inferior creatures.
 It had no respect for the Cockatoo's crest,
 For it always carried a crown, when full-drest;
 And its form, and its fur, and its features
 All proved it—despite of some Simian jollity,
 The proud pick and pink of quadrumanous "Quality."

So Jacko regarded "poor Cocky" as low,
 And took no small pleasure in telling it so.
 "You're rustic, and rowdy, and raucous,"

The arrogant Ape would declare. "Your poor lot
 Are fit but to hang in a chawbacon's cot
 Or shriek with Poll Parrots in caucus."

"And *you* (Cocky answered), you proud, stuck-up Monkey!
 There's none but a venal invertebrate flunkiey
 Would cotton and cringe and kotoo to you.
 I don't care a snap for your vulgar abuse!
 You've the soul of vulture, the brain of a goose;
 And faith! I'm the bird to say 'Boo!' to you."

This hardly looked well as a promise of peace;
 But hoping that wrath with acquaintance would cease,
 The two were left upstairs together.
 What happened one shrinks from inquiring too closely.
 When someone peeped in Jacko flourished jocosely
 What looked like a Cockatoo's feather!

Feathers? The sky-woman plucking her goose
 Could scarce scatter snow-plumes with hand more profuse,
 Than Jacko the jocund had scattered
 The pretty pink plumes of that poor Cockatoo;
 And as for the bird, it was waddling askew,
 Looking awfully humpy and grumpy and blue,
 Weird, wobegone, beaten and battered.
 The Jackdaw of Rheims, even after the curse
 Made it look like plucked poultry, could not have looked worse
 Than Cocky did after its mauling.
 One tuft in its crest, and one volume in its tail,
 Each wing like a shattered mast minus its sail,
 From under the table-cloth crawling,
 Poor Cocky croaked forth with a pathos sublime:—
Oh Lor! I've been having a DOOSE of a time!

After the Upper House is Over.

(Verse of a New Version, with a difference.)

AFTER the Upper House is over,
 After the Upper House is done,
 Conservatives feel quite in clover,
 And CHAMBERLAIN laughs at the fun.
 But the Rad and the true GLADSTONE-lover
 Cries "nothing that's good *can* be done,
 Till—after the Upper House is over
 After the Upper House is done!"

AN EXPENSIVE AMUSEMENT.—"MR. HENRY LABOUCHERE," says Sir GEORGE LEWIS AND LEWIS, writing to the *Times*, "has spent £30,000 in defending himself, and has not received one farthing." Ahem! Mr. LABOUCHERE's practice has been to "Draw (cheques) and defend himself!"

Rhyme by a Reactionary.

"PUT the police under the L.C.C.!"
 Ridiculous rot! Preposterous fiddle-de-dee!
 No; if you want some chance of public peace,
 The L.C.C. put under the police!

EXPERIENTIA DOCEAT.—What exact hour of the day does a lover name to his betrothed as he is about to part from her—they being alone and unobserved? *Simple but evident answer*,—"Just One!"



“PLUCK'D!”

PARISH COUNCILS COCKATOO (*sadly*). “I’VE HAD A DOOSE OF A TIME OF IT!!!”

SHERIDAN BU-CANONISED!

WHAT fatal dementia seized upon BOB BUCHANAN that he should have written a play on *Dick Sheridan*? Had he been as familiar with his subject as he has been with the christian name of his unfortunate hero he might possibly have taken more time and more thought, if either would have assisted him, before giving (for a consideration) this "new and original comedy" to a mighty censorious world. However, 'tis done, and there's an end on't, or soon will be, but in the meantime let me congratulate the principal actors in this series of scenes from the life of *Dick Sheridan*, arranged by BOB BUCHANAN, not on the parts they play, but the way in which they play them.

Physical resemblance between RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN, as known to us by his portraits, and Mr. H. B. IRVING there is none; but, physically and mentally, he is as like *Dick Sheridan* as Mr. BOB BUCHANAN has allowed him to be. What an unconscionable dull dog, though a bit of a "rantin' roarin' boy," too, on occasion, is this Bu-canonised *Dick Sheridan*! Like the saturnine CHARLES THE SECOND of merry memory, this *Dick Sheridan* often says a foolish thing (and a very prosaic one too) and never does a wise one.

However, young Mr. IRVING, considering that after all he is little more than a beginner, plays this part (such as it is, and thank BUCHANAN for it) so well that we may look forward to his successful appearance as *Joseph Surface* and then as *Hamlet*. *Il ira loin*.

The eccentric part of *Dr. Jonathan O'Leary*, a kind of *Dr. O'Toole*, the Irish tutor, with a dash of that very old-fashioned pedagogue *Dr. Pangloss*, is made the most of by Mr. BRANDON THOMAS, who indeed adds to the natural gifts of the individual by throwing in here and there just so much flavour of Scotch accent as suggests the observant and retentive traveller. With sprightly Miss PATTIE BROWNE as *Mrs. Lappet* the lady's maid (a name fashioned on the good old farce principle of styling a tailor *Mr. Button*, a butcher *Mr. Chops*, and so forth, a plan adapted to the meaneast capacity of theatre-going intelligence), *Dr. O'Leary Thomas* is responsible for the conventional low comic relief, a kind of forlorn hope in such cases, essential to most pieces, and more especially to Adelphi Dramas, to which class of entertainment this play, with its turgid sentiment, its scowling villain, its aforesaid low comedy "relief" of servant and maid, its stern parent, its secret marriage, its heroine in distress, and its duel in the room by candle-light, evidently aspired to belong.

Had Bob taken more thought over *DICK*, he might perhaps, with the aid of a collaborator such as was the late Mr. HENRY PETTIT, and by eliminating *Sheridan*, and introducing a railway accident or a battle-scene, have realised by it a considerable fortune at the Adelphi; and then he could have retired and amused himself, if nobody else, by writing comedies for nowhere in particular on the model of this *Dick Sheridan*.

Mr. CYRIL MAUDE is always marvellous in his making up, and this latest travesty of his as *Lord Dazzleton* (another farce-name! So good!) is quite equal to anything he has previously done. The part is as admirably played as the picture is painted by this artist from the sketch given him by BOB, the author.

With excellent effect does Mr. LEWIS WALLER represent the Adelphi-Drama-villain, *Captain Matthews*, who is not at all the *Captain Matthews* of *Sheridan*'s true story; but as "R. B." (not "RICHARD BRINSLEY" without the *SHERIDAN*, but "ROBERT BUCHANAN") explains in a foot-note to the bill, "this Comedy has no pretensions to historical accuracy in matters of detail," we must be satisfied with the goods the gods provide, and no more question details of this historical unhistorical pastoral-comico-tragical comedy, than we would inquire too curiously into the excellence of the raw property materials for *Dr. O'Leary*'s Irish stew.

Mr. SYDNEY BROUGH has a character closely resembling that "horsey" one of the Tom-and-Jerry period in *Sowing the Wind*, then

played by Mr. EDMUND MAURICE, who, now, as representing the "stern parent who has but one daughter an unkinnon fine young gal," is much "exercised" in spirit, and has to observe, in the course of other sapient remarks, that "he has some difficulty in making up his mind," which, by the way, can be nothing to the difficulty he must have experienced in making up his face, for "a more complete change of front" (as the old lady said who didn't wear her own hair, and had to alter from brown to grey) it is rare to see, even in these days of ultra-perfection in the art of "making up."

Then there is Mr. JOHN BYRON, who very carefully plays *Abednego*, in a tediously witless scene (quite representative of "R. B." without the "SHERIDAN"), and Mr. WILL DENNIS, who does his utmost to realise, to himself at least, even if others remain unconvinced, that he is a living representative of DAVID GARRICK, and, for the matter of that, so he is, for does he not represent *David Garrick* "as he is wrote" by Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN, whose work, by his own admission, "has no pretensions to historical accuracy in matters of detail"?

It is by Miss WINIFRED EMERY, as *Miss Elizabeth Linley*; or rather as herself playing the heroine, whether the name be *Linley* or any other, that the piece has to stand, even if it stand tottering.

She is strong enough to support the poor thing; and she may impart to it some of her own vitality. But what is there for her to do? Where is there scope for the actress to act? There is much vapouring, and much appealing, as it were, to the *SHERIDAN* tradition in order to enlist the sympathies of the public for Mr. BUCHANAN's namby-pamby heroine? It seems to me a thankless part, which only the *auctoritas* of the actress can make occasionally interesting. Is there in it one really strong and telling situation dependent on the heroine alone?

By the way, one word with Mr. WALTER HANN, whose scenery is admirable, and with Mr. HASTINGS the Stage Manager. Are *Sheridan*'s lodgings next door to *Mr. Linley*'s house? Why do I ask? Because when the curtains of the window in *Miss Linley*'s boudoir (Act III.) are not quite closed, the same view is distinctly visible as is seen from the window (Act II.) of *Sheridan*'s lodgings in London. Mr. WALTER HANN will go for a change to Hastings.

Mr. ROBERT BUCHANAN did exceptionally well with *Tom Jones* and *Joseph* (why didn't he call him "JOE"? *Andrews* at the Vaudeville. But that was "once upon a time," and, however well he succeeded with *Tom* and *Joe*, BOB has shown that, to use the slang of a year or so ago, now happily almost out of date, he is not "up to *Dick*."

THE B IN BOX.

TO CINDERELLALINE!

In Mr. Oscar Barrett's charming Pantomime at the Lyceum, Feb. 14.
From Tom Touchstone.

O ELLALINE O ELLALINE!
'Tis sweet to see thee on the scene!
Delightful is this rhyme of mine—
Unless your name be ELLA-LINE.

For two proud sisters ELLALINE must drudge,
And often to the tavern doth she trudge
To fetch the supper beer! Yet when she's out
'Tis ELLALAN, yet ELLA getting stout!

OSCAR, your pantomime is clever,
"A thing of Beauty and a Joy for ever!"
You cannot do amiss with this, 'tis true,
Seeing how much a Miss has done for you!
To be her servant, at the ball, *incog*,
LAURI the cat is such a lucky dog!
Miss CINDERELLALINE! Ah! With this ne
Would I could catch thee for my Valentine.



Following his Father's Footsteps.

A THEOLOGICAL DISPUTE.

THE Piano was accompanying the Fiddle. They were getting on together in perfect harmony, and, while being played upon, they were holding a theological discussion. They waxed warm. They indulged in rather forcible language, and got so far as to bring in Latin by way of exhibiting their theological knowledge.

"Ah, my dear," exclaimed the Fiddle. "What you want is the Latin representative of myself in the fifth declension, *Fides, Fidei, Faith!*"

"Fiddle-de-dee!" replied the Piano. "What you want is what you'll never have, and what I have always got."

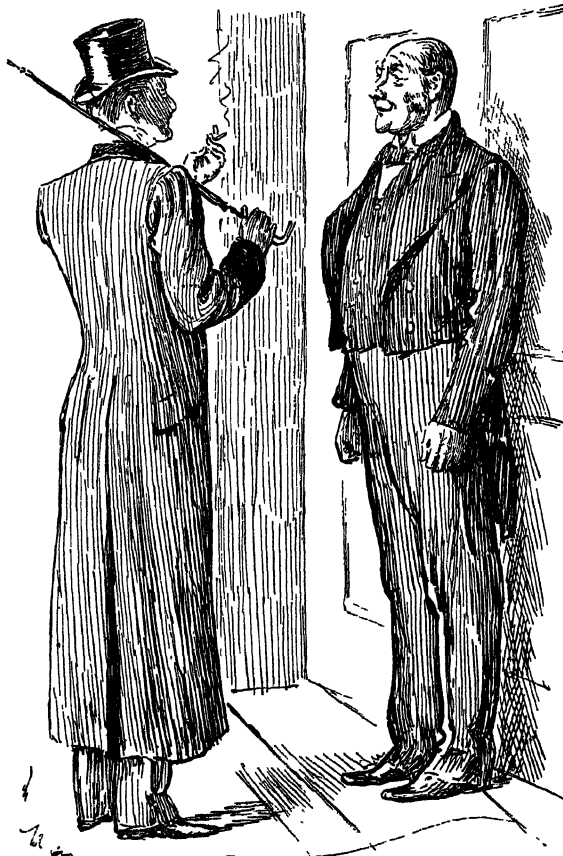
"And that is?" inquired the Fiddle.

"Works, my dear, works!"

But the discussion was brought to an end by a bang from the pianist and a violent scrape from the violinist, and then both instruments were silent.

ABOUT AN OPTIMIST.—"All musical people," says the *Times*, and rightly, "will regret to hear that, under the peremptory order of his medical adviser, Mr. W. T. BEST has resigned his position as organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool." We are indeed sorry; but when the Best is done,—well,—the Best can do no more. Let us, as optimists, hope that this case will be an exception to the proverbial rule. But it will be difficult for anyone to "go one better" than BEST.

WHAT THE PUBLIC ARE ON THE RELIGIOUS CIRCULAR CONTROVERSY.—School-Bored.



WHAT THERE IS IN A NAME

Dutiful Nephew. "HULLO, TERENCE, HOW ARE YOU? IS UNCLE ST. GEORGE AT HOME?" *Irish Butler.* "No, MR. CHARLES."

Dutiful Nephew. "DEAR ME! IS HIS BETTER HALF AT HOME?" *Irish Butler.* "No, MR. CHARLES. THE DRAGON IS ALSO OUT."

On a Certain Centenary.

(Some Way after Burns.)

[The *Morning Advertiser* on Feb. 8, 1894, reached its hundredth anniversary.]

GREETING, great pride of Brother BUNG,
In his defence ne'er wanting!
Which to the Wiltier's will gives tongue,
All opposition daunting!
Punch gladly wishes you "Good speed!"
Daily may you grow wiser.
A century hence may men still read,
As now, the good old "*Tizer*!"

THE UN-(HALF)-CROWNED KING.—The gentlemen who are discussing, with much heat, the question of "The Gospel of the Poor," in the *Daily Chronicle*, seem fond of saying that "King Demos is crowned." Alas, poor "King Demos" will himself tell you that often he is not even half-crowned! And, to adapt SHAKESPEARE to the modern sort of "King," "Uneasy lies the head that wants half-a-crown!" Demas, not Demos, it is to be feared, is at present our real reigning king.

"RELIGION IN BOARD SCHOOLS."—There are of course many "Forms" in every school. One Form, i.e., the form of Christian Faith, seems to be "going by the Board" just now, and will soon be lost sight of altogether.

UNANSWERABLE.—Hasa "Sofa" warrior any connection with "an arm-chair politician"?

BRAYVO SIR HENRY!

MR. JUSTICE HAWKINS had quite a grand day of it last Tuesday while hearing the case of *Colquhoun v. Wigzell*, which was tried before his lordship and a special jury. It ought, indeed, to be a special jury whenever SIR HENRY sits; for they are specially favoured, and they will try some of the very best cases, the contents of which are as sparkling as if the cases were of the very best champagne.

Replied a witness to a question put by SIR HENRY, "An agent (it was a picture-dealing case) would object to disclose his principal." "So," said SIR HENRY at once, "would a thief." Whereat "laughter." Not "suppressed," you may be sure; not even "suppressed with difficulty." Subsequently, Mr. McCALL, Q.C., who should be "Mr. WHAT-YOU-MAY-CALL, Q.C." (with apologies to SIR HENRY), said that a Mr. BUCK, when questioned as to his selling price, "blushed like a school-girl." Quoth Mr. Justice HAWKINS: "I confess I did not see much sign of blushing or of the school-girl about Mr. BUCK" (laughter). But what a chance was here lost by his lordship! Not much blushing about Mr. BUCK, truly, but had it been "ROE" or "DOE" or any other "little deer"? Eh? Why, the Court would have been in convulsions!

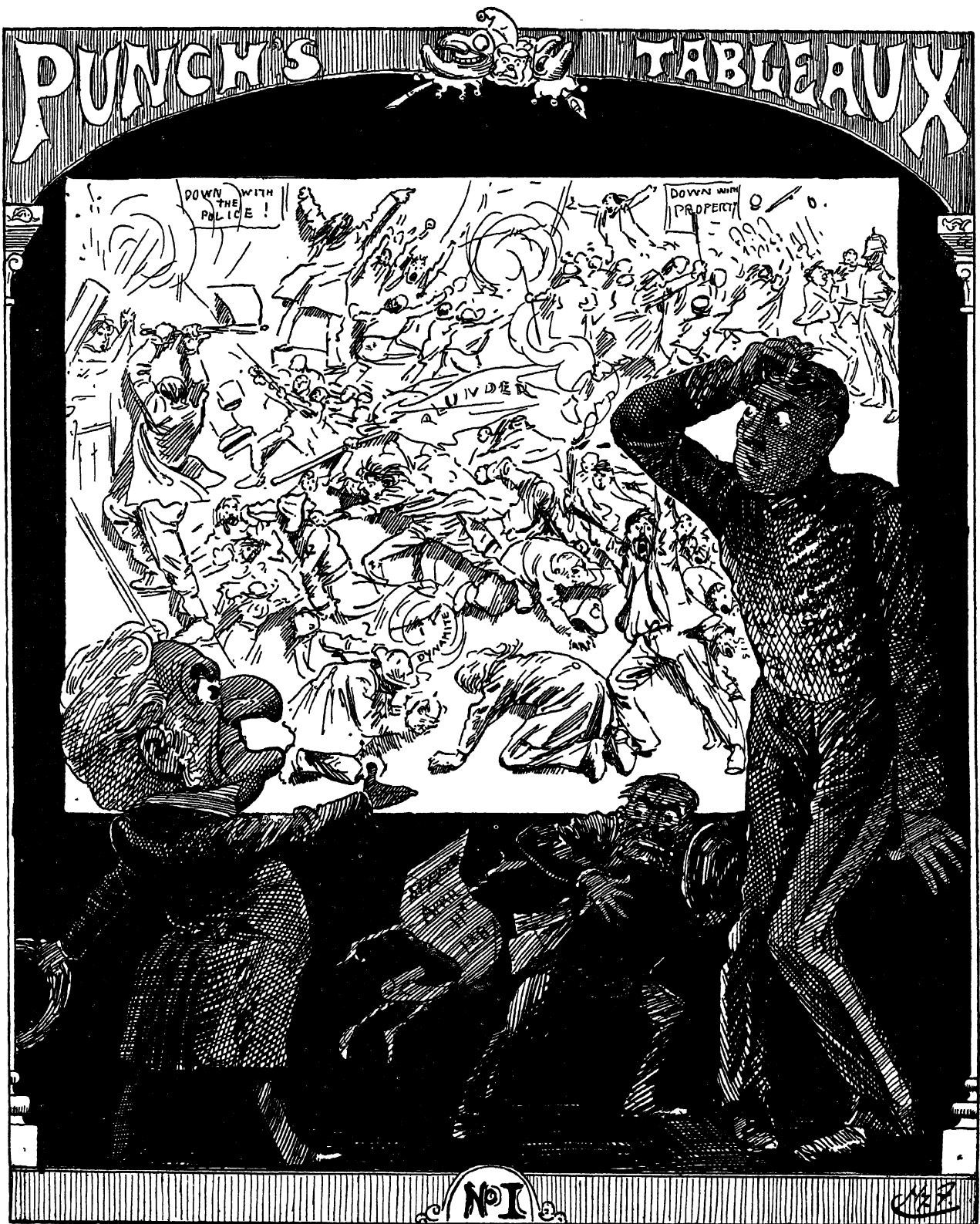
Then, said Mr. Justice HAWKINS slyly, before adjournment:—"I gather your arguments"—(Pretty picture this! Judge "gathering arguments," like "Gathering rosebuds while ye may!")—"are these: You, Mr. LEWIS THOMAS, contend that GROOME was a 'factor,' and you, Mr. McCALL, that he was a 'malefactor.'" (Laughter.) Bravo! Whereupon Mr. McCALL answered, "Just so." "The Court then adjourned." What else could the Court do? Adjourned! Carried out in fits of laughter! Judge off to his room chuckling! Why cannot all summaries be done as neatly and wittily as this? Let SIR HENRY occupy his rare leisure by going over the old reports and "essencing" them, until he gets the lengthiest summing up reduced to this admirable model of "Factor" and "Malefactor." But of course there is an "important factor" in this example that does not occur in every case, or in one out of a hundred. But this is a difficulty over which SIR HENRY will easily triumph.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron welcomes a daintily got-up book of *Hood's Humorous Poems*, edited by Canon AINGER and published by MACMILLAN & Co. Excellent old friends! delighted to see you again! always readable, but now more readable than ever by reason of the clear type and "open spaces." For prose and verse, to thrive, require open spaces just as much as do authors and readers. The illustrations are not quite up to the humour of the poems, yet if ever there were a chance for a humorous illustrator it is at his service in these very comic verses. Canon AINGER has made himself responsible for the editing of this new edition, and has written a pleasant biographical preface in which his Canonical Reverence appears as the apologist of the pun. Good wine needs no bush, and a good pun needs no apology. A written pun is one thing: a spoken pun is quite another. The first appeals to the eye; the second to the ear; and the second depends for its immediate success on the accidents preceding and accompanying its utterance. Most of the best spoken puns will not bear repetition. Not only is it "what he said" but "the way he said it," and the time and place of his saying it. The Canon's appreciation of TOM HOOD is both just and generous; but his Reverence's reverence for his author's work has caused him to leave undeleted one stanza which will offend many not otherwise inclined to take umbrage at anything "in the canon's mouth." "I am sorry for this," quoth the Baron; "and, but that I would rather not indicate the blot which may escape the notice of the heedless majority, I would give him the page and the verse which, I fancy, the Canon himself would, on second thoughts, like to omit." The Baron will say no more, except to hint that the verse to which very many will take objection, and which the Canon should most certainly have omitted, is to be found within the first forty pages.

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

DISCOVERY OF OIL IN SOMERSET.—If a commercial success, this will be an example of "the oil to make men of a cheerful countenance."



A POSSIBLE PICTURE.

Mr. Punch (to Home Secretary). "Now, SIR, PREVENT; DON'T WAIT TO CURE.

TOBY, M.P., IN THE TROPICS.

R.M.S. "Pembroke Castle." Off Madeira, Wednesday.—I take up my pen to write these few lines hoping they find my dear Master warm as they leave me at present. To-night being Wednesday he will, I wot, be sitting round the Mahogany Tree with his young men distilling wit and wisdom for coming generations and (incidentally) eating a frugal meal. I wish that I might take my accustomed seat at his feet on the heap of volumes that, ever growing, do not increase in bulk or height.



I should indeed be glad to sit at any table which would behave itself in ordinary, not to say tabular fashion. Our dining-table has had the fiddles on day by day from agitated breakfast to illusory dinner. Neptune pipes and we dance—at least, our knives and forks and plates and glasses do. A voyage to the Cape is not all beer and skittles. The early part of it is the Bay of Biscay. Can't say we've had a gale, but there seems to have been one blowing lustily for six or seven weeks. We come in for what is called "the swell," a more than usually undesirable person to meet. The Member for Sark says that, regarded as Master of the Rolls, ESHER not in it with the Bay of Biscay.

One gets used to the motion but it is fatal to conversation. You walk up and down deck with chosen companion; are in middle of interesting remark when you discover you are alone. Friend and companion dear shot off with catapultic force either to port or starboard as ship may roll. "Ever been to the Cape before," I asked SARK just now as we staggered up and down.

"Never," he said, "but—" (here he shot off, brought up sharp by bulwarks on larboard side; being nearer centre of deck I held on till roll to starboard brought SARK back again)—"my brother has."

This lasts only for day or two. Weeping may endure for the night, but joy cometh with morning. Already we are within a day's steam of Madeira, and the scene has changed. I believe it is the astute Highlander DON CURRIE who arranges it all with a view to permanent effect. If on leaving Southampton passengers found themselves forthwith in summer seas they would not sufficiently appreciate the rest and joyousness of the surroundings. The stormy gateway of the Bay of Biscay is an incomparable approach for the, thereafter, rarely ruffled beauty of the voyage over the sunlit waters of the South Atlantic. We are not far off Madeira now; a wineglass full, so to speak. But already summer has bloomed again. The days have lengthened, the sun shines from a cloudless sky, and at night the waves, gently undulous, flash in the moonlight that makes it almost as bright as noon.

The *Pembroke Castle* is not one of the crack ships of the Castle Line. As compared with the *Norham Castle* or the *Dunnottar* she is slow; but she is broad-beamed, comfortable, and, in weather like this, the slower we steam, the less soon will it be over. The old ship has a history which makes up for the absence of electric lights, and the lack of a larger smoke-room. Ten years ago, on the 18th September, 1883, twenty-nine royal personages—not counting DON CURRIE, who rounds off the number—lunched in the dining saloon. It was on the famous trip when DON CURRIE captured Mr. GLADSTONE, tore him away from labours that threatened to break him down, and carried him round the west coast of Scotland to Norway. At Copenhagen the luncheon-party gathered. Mr. G. presided at the centre table. TENNYSON took the port-side table (DON CURRIE knew his weakness for 1834 and '47), the host taking the starboard table. The guests included the Emperor and Empress of RUSSIA, the CZAREVICH; the King and Queen of DENMARK and their family; the King and Queen of GREECE, and various royal grease-spots; the Princess of WALES with their children; and the brothers of the King of DENMARK. Ambassadors, Admirals, Generals, and such small fry brought this historic luncheon party up to forty-five. SARK says though the rose is departed, perfume still lingers round the place.

I thought it was stewed mutton; but SARK, when he is not aggressively practical, is succulently sentimental. I heard him just now softly singing to himself—

"You may break, you may shatter
The vase as you will,
The scent of the cauliflower
Clings to it still."

I notice he never passes through the saloon without removing his cap and gazing reverentially round the chairs.

"I am not the rose," he said, one afternoon, whilst we were still in the Bay of Biscay; "but," he added, when he came back after the usual brief excursion, "I shall always remember I have lived near it."

BORES! BORES!

I GENERALLY tire of things I hear a deal too much about, The things that won't content themselves with living for a day; The sentimental Coster-man who maunders his old Dutch about, Or glorifies his Nipper—you'll confess he isn't gay.

With his kickseys and his buttons and his everlasting moke,
And his East-End-lingo answer to "John Anderson my Jo."
I seem to feel that Coster-men have got beyond a joke;
I'm tired of them, I've done with them—the Coster-man may go.



Of course it's very splendid in the halls that court variety
To wring from breasts Belgravian the unaccustomed sob,
And force them to admit that the pursuits of good Society
Are worthless when contrasted with the feelings of the mob.
Ye do it, O ye Coster-men, in many different "turns,"
With voices sometimes excellent, and some that are so-so;
But that rank is but the guinea-stamp we've learnt from ROBBIE BURNS;
Your teaching seems superfluous—the Coster-man must go.

Full often (pray forgive the slang) I've listened to a bally hen
That lays an egg and tells the news as loudly as she can;
I thought of this when reading how a poet called LE GALLIENNE
Had found the true Religion of a Literary Man.
But for all his pretty sentences I do not care a cuss
They're froth stirred up with platitudes and merely meant for show;
The literary men who with religion make a fuss
Deal far too much in fustian; they're bores and they may go.

We've all got *some* religion—that is, at least, I hope we have—
And some of us are far from the religion of the Schools;
But why declare it all aloud, or use the little rope we have
To hang ourselves as warnings to unliturgical fools.
You're a clever lad, LE GALLIENNE; you've written pretty rhymes;
To the creeds of crass Philistia be, if you will, the foe;
But let me here intreat you, Sir, don't, don't, a thousand times,
Don't prate about your sentiments, but rather let them go.

Would we could say a long farewell to literary shindy-men,
BUCHANAN and his grievances—I would that they were dead.
And all the silly tribe of merely advertising windy-men,
The Spooks and their mendacities, and cranky Mr. STEAD.
Of cranks and their creations we have had a *quantum suff.*;
To see their names in print is just unutterable woe.
Begone, we cry, ye dullards; we've heard about enough
Of you and your inanities, 'tis time for you to go.

OUR BARTERERS.

UNEXAMPLED BARGAIN!—Typewriter, one of the good old sort, no rubbishy modern improvements, weighs half a ton, no further use to owner or anybody else; offers invited. After having the machine for



twenty years, owner passed it over to his nursery as a plaything, where it was much appreciated. Alignment a little imperfect, in consequence of all the children having sat on the keyboard at the same time. Lovers of country sounds would thoroughly enjoy using it, as the noise it makes closely resembles that of a threshing machine in full blast. Would accept in exchange a genuine Madonna by RAPHAEL, or a few acres of freehold land in the City; or, failing these, the owner will be glad to part with the machine to anybody who will take it off the premises, and leave behind him a few quill pens and a penny bottle of ink.

THE CHANCE OF A LIFE-TIME.—Share in Paper. Advertiser is willing, and in fact quite eager, to part with the above. Paper is a halfpenny comic sheet. Ought to have a good future before it, as it has an exceptionally bad past behind it. Editor of experience (in cutting comic bits out of American journals) attends to the humour. Office-boy attends to creditors. Share originally cost £20. Owner would part with it for the fare to Boulogne, as he is compelled to go abroad (for health) at once.

DIALOGUE BOOK.

(To be Translated into Half-a-dozen Foreign Languages for the use of Unwelcome Guests.)

Question. Is this Scotland Yard?

Answer. Certainly, Sir; and as you are a foreigner you will be treated with every consideration.

Q. Is not Scotland Yard the Head-quarters of the Police?

A. Yes, Sir; but the Police have nothing to do with foreigners.

Q. Have not the Police duties at Charing Cross?

A. Assuredly, Sir. It is their business to regulate the traffic and to tell flower-girls to move on.

Q. But ought they not to prevent the use of inflammatory language?

A. Practically, no. It would be a legal action to arrest a traitor, but it is considered to be better not to attempt anything of the sort.

Q. Does the Home Secretary endorse this seemingly rather mistaken clemency?

A. Certainly; by the advice of the police.

Q. But if wild words are tolerated, will not the weakness shown by the authorities encourage wild deeds?

A. Possibly; but that is a matter for counsel's opinion.

Q. But would such an opinion naturally prevent the occurrence of an outrage?

A. Perhaps not naturally; but it is invariably best to



SO LIKE HIM!

Anxious Wife (to Husband, who has "an occasional touch of gout" after any particularly good bachelor dinner at Club). "O, MY DEAR, I DO HOPE YOU WERE CAREFUL."

Self-indulgent Husband (crustily). "CAREFUL! I SHOULD RATHER THINK I WAS. I WAS VERY CAREFUL—NOT TO MISS A SINGLE DISH."

have public opinion on the right side.

Q. But how can the air be cleared when there is no action on the part of the authorities?

A. By an explosion.

Q. But will not an explosion be disastrous to the public?

A. By the theory of chances; but as a matter of fact the greatest (and almost only) sufferers by the outrages have been the perpetrators themselves. Which is as it should be.

OUR BARTERERS.—LITERATURE.—I have a valuable copy of XENOPHON'S *Anabasis* (a good deal stained with ink), and a *CÆSAR De Bello Gallico* (some pages missing, and the rest dog-eared), with BOHN'S admirable *Translations* to both. Also one or two old Grammars, Arithmetics, Histories, and Atlases, all imperfect. Very fine old copy of a *Gradus ad Parnassum*, and an *Excerpta* from Livy, with manuscript annotations, possibly by some great Scholiast of the past. Am giving up the Classics, thank Heaven, and going out to the Cape, as my father declines to keep me in his house any longer. What offers? Would sell the lot for a double-barrelled Express rifle suitable for elephant-shooting. Reply at once, or shall be compelled to make bonfire of the above in our back garden.—Address, "STUDENT," &c.

THE NAVAL CONTEST.

(Translated from a Latin Fragment lately found in Oxford.)

THEN suddenly, while the runners in due order stand intent upon the river-bank, bursts forth the explosion heralding the start. TIMMUS, a man not unused to shocks, himself the arbiter of destiny, stands, firm and determined, above the lethal tube now vomiting forth clouds of thick smoke and hateful noise; TIMMUS, a sailor of rosy face and rotund figure, to whom daily the Oxonian tribes bear offerings of stout beeves, hissing and juicy from the spit, or of sheep, a wool-bearing herd, pastured where the red-bearded Welshmen hold rule over tracts unpronounceable by merely mortal mouths. There he stands, like to a rock beaten upon in vain by furious waves, and surveys, calm and not unconscious of duty accomplished, the tumult of them that with loud cries and clangour of hideous instruments speed past him. And now the contest waxes fierce. One behind the other the ships cleave the water. The churned stream froths and eddies with the repeated blow of broad oars. Not otherwise in Libyan Desert the famished lion spies from afar his frail-limbed prey. His eyes glowing, he hurls his body through the air, roaring with hope of food, and the vault of heaven reverberates. So on the stream the ships spring forth, each upon its destined victim, and on every side fierce cries, the anticipation of triumph or the warning of defeat, are borne aloft upon the wings of the affrighted wind.

First behold, flashing in warlike array over the smooth expanse of water, the ship of them that worship the Brazen Nose, a pious race of muscle-bearing men rendering at all times a due obedience to their rulers, delighting in fire and battle and the clash of contending arms. Lo, their broad backs bend forward unanimous, their flanks heave, their eyes bulge from the sockets, and from their matted hair the streaming sweat bedews their faces and all their vestments. The helmsman, small in stature but in clamour a man, with wide-open mouth exhorts them ever to renewed effort, reminding them of the great deeds of them that went before, and not unwittingly deceiving them both as to the lengths gained and the distance yet to be traversed. They, heedless of everything save the instant backs of

the untiring pursuers, pant and toil, their hands shoot forth as when from the stricken wall the ball rebounds; forward they swing and back, and the air is filled with foam. Far away in quiet homes their kindly mothers sit, each engaged upon her allotted task of wool and needle, or conversing with female slaves as is meet for them that rule a household. They reckon not of the labour of their sons, but, each considering her own the handsomest and most famous, they go about the simple duties of the day in peace and calm. So when the hen, having duly hatched forth alien eggs, has reared a tribe of ducklings, she busies herself on land after the manner of hens. But her downy brood ruffle with web-footed endeavour the surface of a lake, forgetting the firm earth and the toil of the hen-mother. Whom she on a sudden perceiving calls back anxiously and in vain, and the surrounding hills give back her cries of sorrow. Not otherwise the mother of men, when she has become aware of their bodily contests and the perils hardly to be avoided by those that wield the oar, addresses herself to her neglectful sons, imploring them to desist. Vainly seeks to restrain their ardour and invades their obdurate hearts with anxious counsel of woollen garments and foot-coverings to be changed when Jupiter has burst in showers from the sky and all the land is soaked in water.

(Here the fragment ends.)

LIFE-BOAT CHORUS.

(As sung at R-mag-te.)

MAN the Life-boat! Man the Life-boat
We're sons of the sea!

When the life-boat is wanted,
Then ready are we!

Where's the life-boat? Where's the life-boat?
Our devotion's sublime!

She has stuck! on a sand-bank!
And it's not the first time!

WHY is SIR DRURIOIANUS, crossing in a L. C. & D steamboat from Calais to Dover in a strong N.W. breeze, like a beautiful singing bird?—Because he's a Knight-in-gale.



Henry Sanderson. Inv. et del.

THE BILLET-DOUX.

Madame La Republique. "WHAT! A LOVE-LETTER? AND TO MY RIVAL TOO?"
Bear (blandly). "OH, M-MERELY A MATTER OF BUSINESS, MY DEAR!"



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

"NO BATHING TO-DAY!"

THE BILLET-DOUX; OR, BEAUTY AND THE BEAR.

[On February 10, the Russo-German Commercial Treaty was signed in the palace of the Imperial Chancellor. The treaty is based on the most favoured nation clause, so that Russia, in return for the reduction of her import duties, is granted the advantages of the German tariff.]

Bear (complacently). By Jove! I have done it! Played for it and They can't out-diplomatise Bruin! [won it!]

Feel frolic and fizzy. 'Twill gratify BIZZY,
And foil foes intent on my ruin.

"Most favoured"—by GRETCHEN? Oh, I must be fetchin'!
I'll drop her a line—see my way to it.

There! Suited, I'd say, to St. Valentine's Day!

I wonder what Someone would say to it? [Chuckles.]

Beauty (entering softly). Aha! Dear old covey, my shaggy sweet lovey!

He's looking quite merry and mellow!
As busy as ever! The dear, brawny, clever,
Rough-coated, soft-hearted old fellow!

A letter? I'll wager the artful old stager

Is planning a little surprise for me.

With GRETCHEN philander? He never could stand her,
And lately has only had eyes for me!

[Approaches on tiptoe and peeps over his shoulder.
Peep-bo! (shrieks). What is this, Sir? GERMANIA? and
Ah, terr-ait-orr! most false and perfidious! [Miss, Sir?]

Love-letter? To her, man, the heavy-jowled German

You swore was so hateful and hideous?

You—perjured—old—rascal! Explaining will task all

Your usual astuteness, my URSA;

But three months agone we were DABBY and JOAN,

And now—ah! 'tis quite *vice versa*.

Bear. My dear—!

Beauty. Don't dear me, Sir; but just let me see, Sir,—

At once—the inside of that letter!

Toulon!—oh! 'tis shocking! You grabbed my "old stocking,"

And now—treat that Teuton minx better

Than me, your old flame, Sir! A rascally shame, Sir!

Support me! I faint!! I've a dizziness!!!

A soft billet-doux, Sir, to GRETCHEN, from you, Sir—!

Bear (insinuatingly). Nay, love!—a mere matter of business!

DOWN ON THE DUMPS!

If the Chancellor of the Exchequer wants a new and unobjectionable source of revenue, let him tax, and tax heavily (say half as heavily as they tax us), the peevish young prigs who persist in writing (and publishing) sad stories and pessimistic "poems"!

If the world were half as dull and dreary as they say and sing—which it isn't—all the more reason for brightening it, all the less excuse for adding literary dumps to life's dismal.

To adapt, once more, the other and greater WILLIAM:—

Sigh no more, cynics, sigh no more;

Dumps are superfluous ever;

Disease is bosh, dulness a bore,

Your pessimist's not clever.

Then sigh not so, but bid them go

And be you blithe and bonny,

Converting all their wails of woe

To Life's mirth and Love's honey!

Sing no more ditties, sing no more,

Of dumps so dull and heavy;

Pessimist poets rail and roar,

A tax on them let's levy!

Then sigh no more, but bid them go,

Let song be blithe and bonny!

Its themes, instead of gall and woe,

Life's sweets and True Love's honey!

A KNIGHT OF OUR DAYS.

[SIR HARRY VERNEY, born December 8, 1801; died on February 12, 1894, in his ninety-third year.]

He bore "the grand old name of gentleman,"

"Without abuse," to life's extremest span.

Liberal, loyal, friend of all reform.

A frame so sturdy, and a heart so warm,

Seldom held life to such fair length of days.

A perfect, gentle knight, whom all may praise;

For chivalry ne'er shone in field or tourney

More brightly than in brave SIR HARRY VERNEY.

OUR BARTERERS.—MODEL YACHT.—Scooped out on the premises, from a bit of unseasoned deal. Leaks badly. Its lines have been much admired by bargees on the Grand Junction Canal. Has one mast at present, but room for ten or twenty more on deck. Might, if fitted with new rudder, and a lot more lead on keel, get across the Round Pond with safety on a calm day. If carrying a cargo of buns and biscuits (for which there is ample space), would create a furore among the ducks. Try it for your little ones! No reasonable offer refused. Not sent on approval.

DUICAL DUMB SHOW.

(Being some Account of a Spectacular and Torpsichorean Tour from Addison Road to Constantinople.)

YOUNG HAROLD, Duke of ORLEIGH, was master of an Old English mansion and a "picturesque estate," with appropriately picturesque tenantry, all young and lovely, and exquisitely dressed. As it was May-Day, and his twenty-first birthday, he determined to celebrate the occasion by starting on a journey to foreign lands with his friend, Viscount RASHLEIGH, who, according to the Argument, had "vowed to accompany HAROLD, and share his pleasures and his dangers." So the villagers rose to the occasion, and determined to give the young Duke what is professionally known as a "shove off." First of all they crowned his guardian's daughter Queen of the May, and then they sang him congratulatory choruses, and presented him with a bouquet, whereupon he expressed heartfelt gratitude by extracting several yards of invisible tape from his mouth, and indicating by a few masterly gestures that his trunks were all packed for the journey, and that he hoped his rascally valet had not forgotten his sponge-bag. Next came the indispensable ceremony of the "Reading of the Will," which was performed by the family solicitor, attired as a herald. The will was on a scroll, and he unrolled about three inches of it, just to give an idea of the general effect, and the document was then, very sensibly, "taken as read."

any notice, thinking, perhaps, that he would see ballets enough during his tour, and conscious, besides, that his time with the fair ISABELLE was getting shorter and shorter. The villagers indeed, amiable and sympathetic as they were, were just a shade deficient in tact. They would *not* understand, though the Duke did his best to convey the idea by imitating the actions of flying and swimming for their benefit, that they were confoundedly in his way, and that he would prefer to say farewell to his *fiancée* with rather less publicity. No, they had learnt a chorus of valediction expressly for this occasion, and they were not the people to let him off a line of it. So they stayed to see the very last of him. For, although his betrothed was positively broken-hearted at parting with him, and doing all that *could* be done in dumb show to induce him to postpone his journey under the circumstances, it was no use—he *wouldn't* stay. The gilded barge which was to convey him direct from the ornamental lake of his ducal grounds to the coast of Spain was waiting at the steps, and, after pulling sufficient tape to indicate that he was going simply from a strong sense of duty, and for the purpose of improving his mind by foreign travel, and that he would be sure to come back some day and go on with the betrothal, he stepped on board, to the inconsolable grief of his *fiancée* and another equally young and lovely lady, whose affection and despair produced unworthy suspicions of the Duke's constancy, until it was ascertained from the programmes that she was only his mother, the dowager-duchess. So the vessel slowly paddled away with him and



THE HEIR TO THE DUKE-DUMB.

But it was generally understood that the young Duke had bequeathed the title to the next of kin, in case of accidents.

After that he met ISABELLE, and recognised in her not only the Queen of the May, but "the fair companion of his youth." One might have thought that, as she was his guardian's daughter, and there was nothing to indicate that they had ever been separated hitherto, he need not have put off his recognition quite so long. But that is the keynote of the Duke's character. He is dilatory. Well, HAROLD, having recognised the fair ISABELLE, naturally went on to experience the "Dawn of Love," which made a heavy demand on his internal supply of tape. And in about two seconds they were betrothed, and a pint of wine was served to the populace in six tin cups, while, in a spirit of gentle irony, they exhorted each other, in chorus, to—"Your goblets fill to the brim, And drain them to the end!"

At this stage the Viscount who was to be HAROLD's travelling companion arrived, and tape was pulled on both sides in reckless profusion, while the Viscount was introduced to his friend's brand-new betrothed, and they all retired to a little buffet on a balcony next to the front door, from which they ignored the revels. This was a pity, as they were well worth looking at. The villagers had really taken immense pains over the affair; they brought out graduated green platforms and stood on them in attitudes; they played peep-bo behind bunches of lilac and cowslip; then all the green and violet gardeners made themselves into a kind of hedge, out of which pink flower-girls ran, saw the audience, turned suddenly shy, and popped in again, exactly like rabbits. Then they finished up by dancing round maypoles, but the Duke wouldn't take

the Viscount. There was a little table on deck, with a gilt decanter and goblets, in case they desired to assuage their sorrow, but, with all its luxurious appointments, it seemed the sort of craft that would be likely to have a lively time of it in the Bay of Biscay.

However, we were in Spain before we knew where we were, and there was local colour in the shape of a pantomimic representation of the rivalry of two *toréadors* for the hand of "the pretty PEPITA," who, the Argument informed us, was to be "given in marriage to the victor in the coming bull-fight," to which they all went in procession. After that, the Duke came rattling on in a coach and six. He was too late for the bull-fight, but he did not seem to mind that. His first act on alighting was to return thanks to the chandelier for preserving him from being tipped into the orchestra. Then PEPITA's father rushed on and began to ramp about, and pretend to pull off his eyebrows and offer them for the strangers' inspection, and pat himself on the pulse with fierce approval. This, however, was merely the old gentleman's way of announcing that one of the *toréadors* had been "wounded by the bull through the treachery of his rival," which elicited much sympathy (of course, in the form of tape) from the kindly young Duke. So they carried the wounded man in on a mat, and PEPITA felt his heart and thought there was life in him still, and HAROLD gave him "a purse of gold," and he recovered promptly. Then there were great rejoicings, and a Spanish dance, followed by evening prayers, after which we were abruptly hurried off to Vienna, where we found "a fair in full progress." A wonderful scene it was, too, with clowns, wire-walkers, acrobats, quack doctors, dogs, monkeys, and showmen, all too busy with their own performance to have time to attend to that

of anybody else. Unfortunately the change was so rapid that the young Duke and his friend the Viscount couldn't possibly get there in time; perhaps their coach broke down, or they ran out of tape, or something; at all events, the Duke did not turn up till near the end, while, so far as we could observe, the Viscount never turned up at all, and consequently missed one of the very best things in the whole entertainment.

Then came an interval of several minutes, and the Second Act began in Roumelia. Here the Duke was more dilatory than ever; he arrived just too late to rescue a Turkish Princess from being captured by brigands, and sold as a slave, and he entered Constantinople on horseback, characteristically, at a sedate trot, "bringing intelligence of the capture of the Princess," thereby interrupting the triumphal procession of the Prince, who was coming in with "Virgins in White," and "Turks in High Turbans and Gay Caftans," and "Ladies of the Harem in Transparent Veils," and "Armenian Camels carrying loads of costly Garments," and "Dancing Negresses," and, very naturally, did not relish such an ill-timed interruption. However, HAROLD explained everything by snatching off a grey wig and beard from a respectable Oriental, and revealing that he was not really elderly at all, but had quite black hair, which

so pleased the Prince that he took the young Duke into favour, and "high honours were offered." But all the modest nobleman would accept was "permission to witness the revels that were to follow." He probably felt that, as, by some fatality, he had invariably missed the revels all through the piece, this was his last chance of seeing any. He also intimated, so it was stated in the Argument, that "Adventures in the East being ended, he prefers to return to England, Home, and Beauty, for in all his wanderings he has never forgotten the gentle lady who had won his heart, and he dearly loves his native land."

Which was very pretty, but merely his tape: for he never *did* return to the gentle lady. When the Curtain finally descended he was still in the royal box, with the Prince and the Ladies of the Harem, witnessing the sports by Genuine Arabs, and Grand Ballet of the East. He really ought to have gone back, if only to give a lucid and spirited account of his adventures to the fair ISABELLE in his best tape.

But if the story is, as has been hinted, just a trifle difficult to follow, that matters little enough in a spectacle so brilliant and exhilarating as "Constantinople," which no one will see once without desiring to see again, and as many times as possible.

WISSELINGH WITHOUT A WHISTLER.

A REAL treat. In a quiet little room at the Gallery of E. J. VAN WISSELINGH, at 14, Brook Street, is to be seen a charming exhibition of pictures by French and Dutch masters. Hearing the name of the exhibitor—WISSELINGH—it naturally *saute aux lèvres* to ask for specimens of WHISTLER. But though JAMES MCNEILE has exhibited in France, nothing from the Whistlerian brush is here. You will see two



"My Old Dutch!"

delightful specimens of J. F. MILLET, Nos. 4 and 5. Note 5 especially, "*A Picture of We Three*." Three donkeys out in a storm. So like them! It was not painted in England, or the landscape might possibly, in keeping with the subject, have been "*Near Bray*." A lovely bit of COROT, too, is "*The Lake*," No. 22. Any visitor hungering after his neighbour's pictures could take "a bit of COROT" and be satisfied.

After the storm comes the calm, which is to be found in "*The Pool*" (a favourite with all billiard players), also by COROT. It represents an awfully dull and gloomy kind of haunted house; Nature being quiescent after having had "a bad night of it." Don't miss No. 15, "*The*

Young Bull," by C. TROYON, representing a youthful animal revolving in his mind what his capacity of strength may be, and what he shall *troy-on* next. But of all the woodland scenes, for choice give us (and we'll take it with pleasure) No. 29, by N. DIAZ, called "*The Forest*." It is a glade in Fontainebleau. Exquisite! What is its size? Eighteen inches by twelve—there or thereabouts; and yet, as you sit in front of it, it shuts out the surroundings, and the picture grows and grows, like the Genie in the *Arabian Nights*, until it dominates the spectator, who will only wake from his dream when he finds he cannot lie down under that tree, shading himself from the sunlight, to enjoy a quiet, thoughtful post-prandial pipe. "No smoking here, Sir," says the gentle guardian, and you wake up from your reverie to find yourself in the show-room, and with several pictures still to be seen.

It is quite in keeping with our dreamy state that we should turn hopefully to "*The Edge of the Wood*," by ROUSSEAU (18), aroused as we are from what has been not far removed from "*Rousseau's Dream*." Yet what time of day is this when we find ourselves at this point? Is it sunrise, or is it sunset? "By this light I cannot

tell!" And the reply, for the nonce, may be provided by that ancient Greek Scholastikos, who to a somewhat similar query replied "that he didn't know, as he was a stranger in those parts." Well, if sunset, the sooner we're away the better; but if sunrise, let us picnic here, and merrily pass the day under the greenwood trees.

Of JOSEF ISRAELS there are some excellent specimens, and those who up to now "knew not JOSEF," should lose no time in visiting this collection. Note "*The Task*," or, as its second title might be, "*A Stitch in Time saves Nine*," representing a girl making the most of "The light that fades." Very perfect and yet a "sew-sew" subject. Another of JOSEF's is No. 21, "*The Toy Boat*," which, adapted, might be taken as representing our shipbuilding authorities considering their latest venture. Here are three fisher-girls watching the progress of a *sabot* which has been rigged up as a vessel. 'Tis a *sabot*, and one of our naval authorities would certainly have "put his foot in it."

Then later on, at No. 38, JOSEF gives us "*A Fisher-Girl*" alone, coming home empty handed, with no nets, suggesting a general idea of "hard lines," and her strong legs and arms all mussels. Most effective. Then there is 41, also by JOSEF, a study of "*A Breakfast*," which is being eaten by a little girl, while the cat, who thinks that where there is enough for one there must be some for two, is anxiously watching the progress of the meal. Finally JOSEF gives us No. 43, "*The Churchwarden*," which is "Prodigious!" It is St. Ledger Day, and the old "Dutch Uncle" is going over his account-books, while his wife knitting on anxiously watches him. "'Tis all knitting, knit, knit, knitting. And 'tis all knitting at our house at home."

Mr. J. S. FORBES is, we believe, the fortunate possessor of most of these pictures, which, as a great benefactor of his art-loving fellow-creatures, he is now exhibiting to the public; and proud and happy may he be to point to himself as the possessor of "My Old Dutch."

IS FLIRTING ON THE INCREASE?

MR. PUNCH has been applying his great mind to this question. Living, as he does, amidst a bevy of the most beautiful girls in this or any other country, he has exceptional opportunities for coming to an accurate conclusion on the point. Mr. Punch would be false to himself if he forgot for a moment the distressing circumstances that attended the rupture of his own domestic happiness and the removal from his side of the fondly-cherished partner of his joys and sorrows. Since that melancholy event Mr. Punch has lived a strictly single life. But there have been alleviations, and one of the chief has been the society of delightful charmers who are not averse to flirting. Why shouldn't they flirt, bless their pretty eyes? Think of life without any flirting amenities. How inexpressibly dull it would become. To know not only that all one's gallant *badinage* would be taken at the foot of the letter (by the way, never write letters; they are too compromising), but further that you yourself were bound to see an abyss of solemn meaning in every dimple, a vista of conjugal possibilities in every wreathed smile—that would be far too horrible. Monasteries and Nunneries would cover the land and teem with inhabitants. No, no! While life endures let flirting, with its gay and sportive trivialities so abhorrent to prigs and dullards, continue and increase. *Punchius dixit*.

"FANCY!" exclaimed Mrs. R. "Why I remember hearing the name of '*Picarro*' when I was quite a child! There was a play all about him; and last week I heard somebody read out from the *Pall Mall Gazette* that his mummy had been found! What a very old woman she must be! Quite a centipede!!"



WHAT IT WILL SOON COME TO.

Miss Sampson. "PRAY LET ME CARRY YOUR BAG, MR. SMITHERN!"

THE RIVAL HOUSES.

(A Shakespearian Scene at St. Stephen's.)

Sampson S-L-SB-RY.
 Gregory D-V-NSH-RE.
 Abraham GL-DST-NE.
 Balthasar H-RC-RT.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry Bills for the other House.

Gre. No, for then we should be the other House's Bill-posters.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while we live we'll draw our neck out of their collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. And thou art quickly moved to strike.
 Sam. P' faith I can flout it and flee it as well as any man of them, or master either. A dog of their House moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand. Being moved thou standest; but when thou standest, and shouldst stand firm, too often thou art moved, to run away.

Sam. A dog of that House shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man of that House.

Gre. That should show thee a weak lath, though painted—as one hath biting said—to resemble iron; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. True: and therefore will I thrust their men to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one. And, till our masters make bold to speak out we, their men, may ruffle it bravely. I trust that our masters anon shall follow us in this; then shall we have fair sport and final victory, the thrasonic hectoring of their most word-valiant swash-buckler, BOMBASTES - BALTHASAR, notwithstanding. I will show myself a tyrant, a part for the which I have ever felt a native fitness. To vanquish vulgar foes of that House, and vanquishing to drub soundly, and soundly drubbing to rail at roundly, was ever my delight. When I have fought with their men, I will be cruel with their measures; I will mangle them, and cast forth their remains to the carrion crows.

Gre. Thou wert ever a master-mangler, and as sworn friend to the vultures and crows as any Mars.

Sam. Mars was but a Pagan, and is no more. I warrant I am as pretty a piece of flesh as ever was he, and the vulgar horny-handed proletariat club-foot god Vulcan shall not catch me in his net withal.

Gre. Humph! The Labour-God's net is now cast wide, and hath strong meshes, as many pot-valiant patrician sword-wielders have found, and yet may find.

Sam. Pooh! Thou wert ever of too temperate and temporising a temper for a true champion of our House. What saidst thou some ten years since concerning the powers and privileges of our noble House? One who hath aforetime worn the livery of our foes—

Gre. A word in thine ear, oh swaggerer! Where now were thine House and thee, save for the auxiliary championship thou now wouldst deride, forsooth?

Sam. Nay, nay, I would not quarrel. But why dost cross me in my more valiant moods? 'Twas but the other day thou didst trip me up on a tickle point pertinent to the interests of our House. Thou wouldst compound for privileges as some poor-spirited householders do for their rates, eh?

Gre. Ah, galls it there, SAMPSON? 'Tis well, an thou but knewst it, thou hast my cool discretion to temper thy heady valour. However, here is instant opportunity of proving the latter. Draw thy weapon: here come two of the House thou hatest.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee!

Gre. Thou dost not mean back down?

Sam. Fear me not!

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee?

Sam. Let us take the law of our side: let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by; and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Enter ABRAHAM and BALTHASAR.

Ab. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

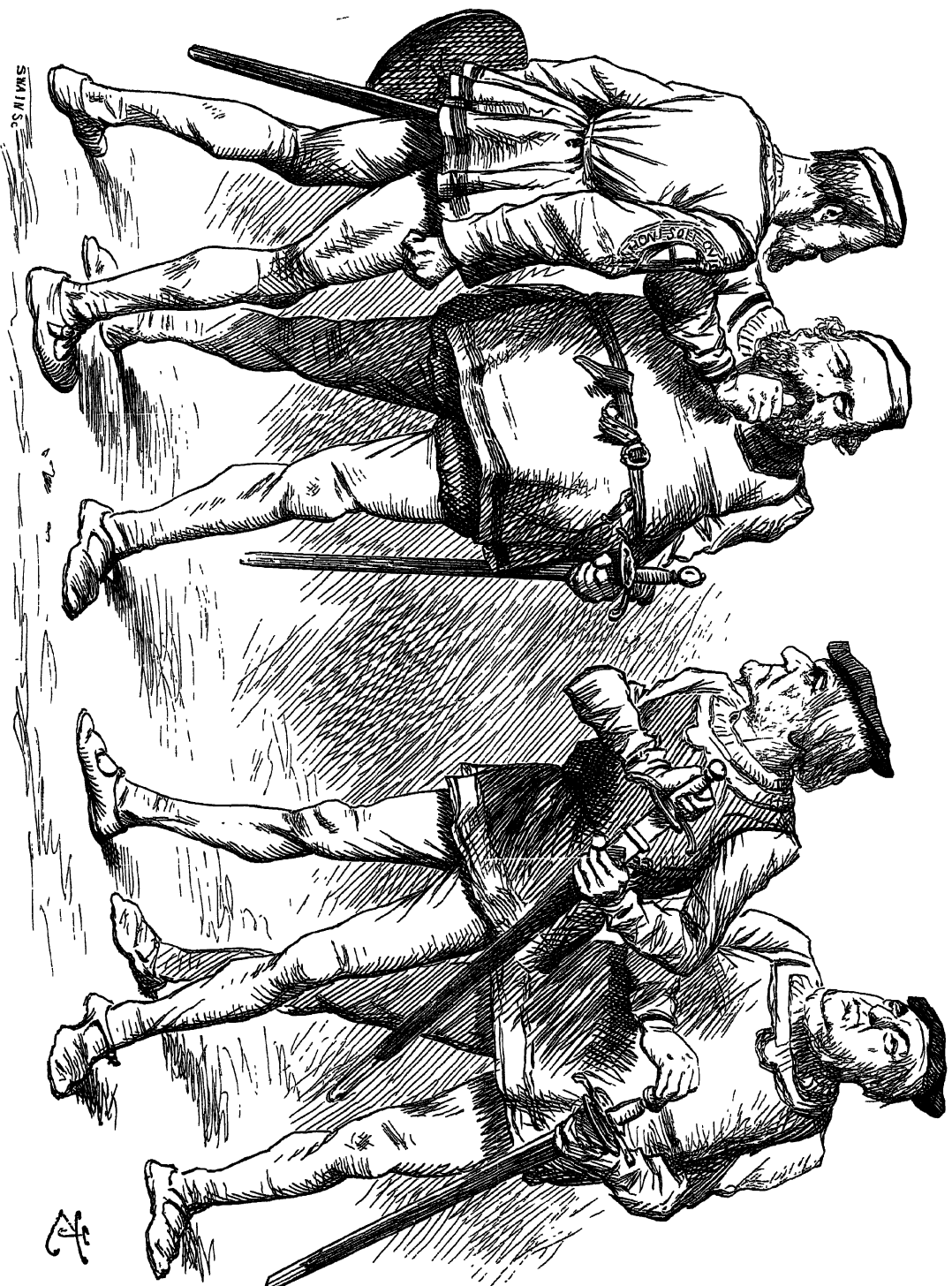
Ab. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. (aside). Is the law of our side if I say "ay"?

[Left considering.]

DRAMATIC "PROS" AND CONS.—It is reported, according to the *Athenæum*, that a Mr. SUTTON VANE is to collaborate with Sir AUGUSTUS DRURIOLANUS in the production of the next Drury Lane Drama. What is in a name? Why, this new author has come to the front quite Suttonly. Which fact would make him vain were he not so already. But, *per contra*, success is very unsutton.

FROM THE POULTERER'S POINT OF VIEW.—A PHEASANT is a pluckier bird than even a fighting-cock. The former always "dies game," the latter never can.



THE RIVAL HOUSES.

ABRAHAM ("Mr. G."), "DO YOU BITE YOUR THUMB AT US, SIR?"
 SAMUELSON (J.D. S.-L.-S.-R.), "I DO BITE MY THUMB, SIR."
 ABRAHAM. "DO YOU BITE YOUR THUMB AT US, SIR?"

SAMUELSON (*aside to GREGORY, D.-K. or D.-Y.-N.-H.-R.*), "IS THE LAW OF
 OUR SIDE IF I SAY 'AY'?"
 BATTISAR (*Sir W.-L.-M. H.-R.-R.*).
Romeo and Juliet, Act I., Scene I.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MR. FRANCIS ADAMS, the writer of *The New Egypt*, is, we are told, dead—dying almost literally pen in hand, hurrying to finish this cherished work before he turned his face to the wall. It is a circumstance that makes it the more pleasant to be able honestly to esteem the book. Mr. ADAMS was, perhaps, inclined too-seriously to regard himself and his self-appointed task of telling an ignorant world all about Egypt. He resents any other authorities who have written on the subject, and even, my Baronite tells me, speaks disrespectfully of Mr. MOBERLEY BELL. He reserves his unqualified approval for the young Khédive, with whom, on behalf of an enterprising London evening paper, he had an interview. The chapter in which this conversation is reproduced throws a strong light on the character of a personage who seems disposed just now to come into unexpected prominence, a tendency which makes opportune Mr. FISHER UNWIN's publication of this work.

"My dear Baron, what do you think of it?" "My dear Sir," replies the Baron, "when a novel brought out by that astute publisher Mr. HEINEMANN has not only reached its Nineteenth Thousand but has also passed into the enormous circulation of a cheap edition in one volume, it is rather late in the day to ask me, the Baron, to express any opinion on its merits; though, by the way, I would far rather pronounce on these than on its demerits. Frankly, then, I must admit that as long as the *Heavenly Twins* were on the scene as girl and boy together, their diversions delighted me hugely, and I am



THE G. O. M. AND THE QUEER OYSTER.

bound to admit that I looked upon all the other characters in the somewhat meandering story as rather—excuse me—wearisome intruders. The real persons of the real story seemed to me to belong to what Mr. RIDER HAGGARD would style 'another story.' I should have liked the Twins, and only the Twins, and nothing but the Twins. Finally, the Twins disappointed me." "What did you expect Baron?" "Ah, that is somewhat difficult to answer either to my own or the inquirer's satisfaction. The Twins themselves are a creation: the epithet 'Heavenly' for these two mischievous little fiends is admirable. The gods love them, yet they live on, and become mere mortals. True: life-like: but an unromantic finish after so much romance. Yet 'tis a remarkable book, leaving me under the impression that SARAH GRAND, the clever literary mother of these *Heavenly Twins*, had not quite made up her own mind as to their treatment. The public has, however, taken lovingly to the Twins, and everywhere they are universally popular." So the Baron, adopting the practical Pickwickian solution of the electioneering problem, "shouts with the biggest crowd."

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

OF THE DUTCH PAINTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN matters of painting the fault of the Dutch Was asking too little, and doing too much.

RADICALLY INCURABLE. — Our Own Rad sends us the following definition: "LICENSED 'WHITTLES'—THE LORDS."

TO MR. PUNCH.

('See "To Maud," February 17, p. 77.)



"Ma Belle!"

I trust you'll let me send this line To MAUD, to say I'm free from blame.

DEAR Mr. Punch, last week I sent Through you a Valentine to MAUD. To dodge her mother thus I meant— They happen both to be abroad.

No doubt MAUD saw it; but, alas! The ways of artists are so shady, [lass Your picture of a lovely Was quite another different lady.

The fault, indeed, cannot be mine; I could not help it. All the same

Though if she's angry, and should use As to myself severest stricture, I swear I mean instead to choose The charming lady in the picture!

T'OTHER ALTERNATIVE.

(As it presents itself to the Official Mvnd.)

It is all very well, in high militant mood, When HARCOURT's invective is firing your blood, To swear you will "mend them or end But somehow, whenever it comes to the pinch, From complete spiffication instanter we flinch, And are very content if we bend them! To leave your opponents all dead on the field Sounds lovely,—but what can you do if they yield? [ing loud Bare fists, and big drums, and guns thunder— Are alike ineffective—to fight with a cloud.

"THE BOMB OUTRAGE IN PARIS."—Under this heading in the *Standard* of last Saturday came the startling announcement,— "Henry's lodgings searched." "HENRY!" How delighted "EDMUND" must have been!

POSITIVE AND COMPARATIVE.

SIR,—Permit me to offer you a "Mem. for a *Daily Diary*."—Twelfth Night. To assist one in producing a Shakspearian play, and for finding an actress capable of doing justice to its heroine, it would be difficult, than ADA REHAN, to find an *Aider and a better*. After this I may be indignantly asked "how dare I thus recklessly pun upon the name of so excellent an actress?" Whereunto I am bound to reply with just one more, and say, according to the French proverb, "*Rehan n'est sacré pour un sapeur.*" *Le sapeur? C'est moi!* And sorry shall I be when the DALIES leave us, and the word goes forth, "*Rehan ne va plus!*" Yours, LE SAPEUR.



Ada as "Viola."

ROMPING LANCERS.

PRETTY partner, come and dance

In these lively Lancers;
Do not let us lose the chance—
Join the wildest dancers.
Think not now of being prim,
Though the chaperons look grim;
Graceful figure, lithe and slim,
Eyes, which tears so rarely dim,
Little feet that lightly skim,
Suit the romping Lancers.

Let us caper wildly, then,
Thoughtless of appearance,
Other giddy girls and men
With us make a clearance.
Where we all so gaily go,
In and out, and to and fro,
Round and round, and in a row,
Quite hilarious, you know,
Thoughtless of appearance.

See what jolly fun we get,
Prudes would call us frantic,
In a quite rampageous set,
Seeking any antic.
Now we "visit," now we twirl,
In a wildly giddy whirl,
Laughing man and breathless girl;
Let them call us frantic.

Doubtless Minuets for grace
Beat the romping Lancers,
Yet your smiles and rosy face
Show the other dancers
That you like, at times, the way
We, in energetic play,
Dance the romping Lancers.

INCREDIBLE.—"A BUCKINGHAMSHIRE GIRL" writes to the *Daily News* on the subject of flirting. Surely there can be no lack of flirting in the county of Bucks!



SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.

"YOU LOOK TIRED, MY LORD!"

"YES, SMITHERS; I'M AFRAID ALL THIS CORRESPONDENCE IS GETTING TOO MUCH FOR ME!"

"SO I'VE BEEN THINKING, MY LORD. IF I MIGHT PRESUME TO ADVISE, WHAT I SHOULD SAY IS, 'IRE A COLONIAL!'"

THE CONSTABLE'S VADE MECUM.

(Latest Home Office Edition.)

Question. If you see a man attempting to get into a private house through the parlour-window, would you arrest him?

Answer. I think not.

Q. Quite right. And if you saw a man opening a kitchen-door with a file and a hammer would you seize him?

A. I do not think I would.

Q. Of course. And if you saw a man on the point of throwing a torch into a haystack would you take measures to prevent him from carrying his intention into effect?

A. Scarcely.

Q. Certainly. And if you noticed that a man was about to push his companion into the Thames would you interrupt him?

A. Hardly.

Q. Correct again. And if you noticed a man with an infernal machine that was evidently destined for some public building would you take the explosive from him?

A. On no account whatever.

Q. Absolutely accurate. And now to conclude. Why would you desist from arresting a burglar or housebreaker, an incendiary, a murderer, and an Anarchist?

A. Because I think it might do more harm than good!

ENGLISH SAILOR'S FRENCH MOTTO.—"*Au revoir!*" JACK translates it, "To the sea again!"

THE WISDOM OF THE TURTLE.

(A Fable for London the Great and London the Greater.)

A MAN once made up his mind to give a feast to the lower animals of the field. But that they might all be satisfied he determined on asking their opinions about the bill of fare. He first came to the Donkey, who was educating himself on thistles.

"Would you like turtle-soup on the menu?" questioned the Man.

"Although I am a member of the School Board, I am not such an ass as to think that such a toothsome dish would be otherwise than excellent."

Satisfied with this reply, the Man travelled on until he came to some parochial geese who were dawdling about a pump.

"Would you not like a banquet?" asked the Man.

"We are not sure!" hissed out the Geese. "What was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us. We object to change."

"But," persisted the Man, "if I do provide you with a banquet, you would like the feast to commence with turtle-soup?"

"We are not such geese as not to be pleased with that," answered the Geese. "It stands to reason that if we get turtle gratis, we must be the gainers by the transaction."

Pleased that his suggestion had been taken in such good part, the Man continued his journey until he came to a fox.

"Hullo, my friend," said the Man, "I see you are no longer a member of the Board of Works: you have changed your quarters."

"Yes," returned the Fox; "but not my nature. My new place is called the L. C. C. However, you must not detain me, as I am excessively busy in doing nothing in particular. What do you want?"

"Well," returned the Man, not too well pleased at the reception of his civility; "I was thinking of asking you to a banquet, and heading the menu with a plate of turtle-soup."

"Quite right," replied the Fox; "but as I consider the turtle my own particular property, I shan't thank you for that plate. However, you may as well serve him up."

The Man walked on, and at length arrived at the home of the turtle.

"My good friend," said the representative of humanity, "I am going to give a banquet to your neighbours, the Donkey, the Fox, and the Geese. Can you suggest an appropriate menu?"

"Why not let the Fox eat the Geese, and the Donkey might continue to munch his thistles."

"But they all say they would like to devour you," begun the Man in a studiously polite tone; "and I don't see how I can disappoint them."

"Why not?" asked the Turtle. "I am sure they do not appreciate me as much as I appreciate myself."

"Well, well, I am afraid it is settled. But as you are a most respectable creature, I do not mind you telling me how you would like yourself to be cooked."

"It seems to me rather waste of time to comply with such a suggestion. I don't want to be cooked, and I decline to be eaten."

"Well, at least you will give every assistance in serving yourself up at table?"

"Not at all. You have no right to expect it. And you know that it is more than you would get from a goose, a fox, or even an ass."

And the Man, being an average man, in his heart of hearts believed that the Turtle was in the right.

MORAL.—When dealing with the rights of the City of London, it is waste of time to recommend the wrongs of the Japanese happy dispatch.

"So," said our old friend, who always gets hold of the correct version of any news, "so the Princess CHRISTIAN is going to open a school for Designing Young Women. Excellent! Of course, to begin with, the Princess CHRISTIAN will teach them Christianity."

APPROPRIATE.—The case about *Charley's Aunt* was heard before CHARLES, —i.e., "Mr. Justice" of that ilk.

LAYS OF THE CURRENCY.

TO A FARTHING.

OH! little coin that dangles
on my chain,
Like Captain SHAW, "type
of true love kept under,"
The sight of you brings with
it much of pain,
And, seeing how I got you,
that's small wonder.

It is a tragic story. She was
fair;
She had the kind of look
that might embolden
The humblest man take heart
to hope. Her hair,
I hardly need to add, as
good as golden.

We met, not in the customary
crowd,
But at a small, select, swell
Cinderella.

When we were introduced,
she sweetly bowed—
Well, ere the dance was
done, I called her BELLA.

I know that it was rash, but
then her eyes
Spoke liquid nothings to
my heated passion,
And looked at me in startled,
sweet surprise,
In quite the truest amatory
fashion.

We said good-bye. I did not
sleep that night,
But paced my lonely cham-
ber half-demented.

Next day I called. Imagine
my delight
When I said "Will you
wed?" and she con-
sented.

Three weeks of most ecstatic
bliss were mine,
And then the seeming gold
proved worthless pewter.
The scales fell off my blinded
eyes. In fine,
She wrote to say she found
I didn't suit her!

"And so for both our sakes,
we part." My jaw
Fell when I read her note. Soon my dis-
traction

Came to an end. I flew from love to law,
And brought at once a breach of promise
action.

Retained on my behalf were three Q.C.'s,
They one and all advised me naught could
save her,
For I should win the day with utmost ease,
And get a swinging verdict in my favour.

The day arrived. The Court was crowded
out
With dames who spend their time in never
missing
A cause célèbre, whilst perplexed with doubt
The Judge said, "Kissing"—dear me,
what is 'kissing'?"

She wore a lovely gown of coloured silk,
A dream in dresses, and she smiled so
sweetly,

Whilst I confess that she knew how to bilk
My counsel in her answers most completely.

Well in the end of this forensic fight
My case alas! became a *Sun* and *Star* thing,
The jury gave me, not the Widow's Mite,
But you, my sweet, sad coin, the Maiden's
Farthing.



"OLD JOE AND YOUNG JOE."

Joe, Junior, explains the Double-headed Parish-District trick to an admiring
audience at the Unionist Séance, Thursday, February 15.

So when I look at you with eyes that fill
With tears that can't but come, in, out of
season,
Remember, shameless BELLA (with my Bill
Of costs) is just the real romantic reason!

MRS. R. ON ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES.—"I
see," observed our excellent friend, "that in
the *Daily Telegraph* a correspondent has
been asking why a few of our clergymen call
themselves 'Fathers.' Well, as most clergy-
men of my acquaintance are married men
with small means and very large families, I
don't see why they shouldn't be called just what
they are, and that is, 'Fathers.' It's much
more sensible than calling clergy 'Fathers'
who are not allowed to marry, and are bound
to remain what they call 'Silly-bits,' which
seems to me a foolish title."

MOST LIBERAL TERMS!—The following ap-
peared in the *Morning Post* of Feb. 16:—

A BED-ROOM (first floor) for a Gentleman near
Victoria and Belgrave Square; terms 15s.
weekly, in advance; gas and boots inclusive;
partial board if required.—Write, &c.

How cheap! Only fifteen guineas weekly,
with gas and boots!!

DIARY OF AN EXTIN-
GUISHED PERSONAGE.

(Second Instalment.)

Preface.—This important
work may be fragmentary,
but for all that it is import-
ant. It is important, be-
cause it tells the story of a
most important personage.
I am the most important
personage, and I tell the
story. I not only tell this
story, but lots of others.
And why do I this? Be-
cause I hate the brutal Eng-
lish. But hush! I must
dissemble. Some one comes.

Some one goes. I can re-
sume my writing. It was
the English General. He
declares that the next time
I hit a Sergeant-Major over
the head with an umbrella,
I shall receive a thrashing
myself! Oh the indignity!
But I must dissemble—nay,
I have dissembled. I have
said that I was egged on by
BANG UP BEY to attack the
non-commissioned officer. I
have been forgiven this time,
but BANG UP BEY is to be
sent off about his business.
Well, I have consented to
the degradation of BANG UP
BEY. He is to cease to be
Lord Grand Sugar-Stick in
Waiting, but is to become
Prince of Mesopotamia, and
Knight Grand Cross of the
Emerald Bowstring. I have
done this, not to please BANG
UP BEY (who is rather an
ass), but to spite the English
General!

Later.—What is this?
What do I hear through the
telephone? A celebrated
actor dares to "take me off!"
I have wired for an apology.
I hear that the piece has been
altered. Good—very good!
I have told the English Gen-
eral that if it occurs again I
will turn every "red-coat"

out of the country. The barbaric warrior has
laughed, and says that if I do anything non-
sensical (nonsensical! ha! ha! but a time will
come!) I shall be taken off the throne of my
ancestors! I am foaming at the mouth with
rage, but I have apologised!

Later still.—I have sent a note round to all
the Powers complaining of the treatment to
which I have been subjected. The English
General has called declaring that he won't
post my letters. What ho, my guards!
This is treason! The reply of the General is
to box my ears! I wish he wouldn't, he does
hit so hard!

Later yet.—My master at Constantinople
has wired to me "not to play the fool."
Disgraceful! However, my haughty spirit
is not to be crushed by threats. Have de-
clared war against Europe!

Latest.—Boohoo!! Boohoo!! Boohoo!!!
They have sent me to bed without my tea!
And I am told that if I am not a better boy
to-morrow I am to go back to school at
Vienna! Oh, boohoo!! I am so unhappy!
Oh, boohoo!! Boohoo!! Boohoo!!!

A SOCIAL PROBLEM.—Which is the more
desirable to be, a worthless scamp or a
precious bore?

TOBY, M.P., IN THE TROPICS.

R.M.S. "Pembroke Castle." Madeira, Thursday.—Very particular to tell steward to call us this morning at six o'clock. Ship due at that hour at Funchal. At 6.30 party arranged to go ashore and see Madeira. Ship coaling. Notice given that all passengers must be aboard by 9.30 A.M. Awakened at dead of night by uproar; voices rising high in unknown tongue; pitch-dark in cabin; put on pyjamas and grope way on deck. Madeira lying a biscuit-throw off.



Toby just off the Pint of Madeira.

(Some ship's biscuits are hard and will carry far.) A few lights flash in white houses by edge of the sea; beyond what looks like a cloud and might be a mountain.

Our lower deck a Babel of sound and a mass of wicker-work tables, chairs, and baskets, of all shapes and sizes. Proprietors seated in chairs, with lantern in one hand and cigarette in other. All round the ship, boats with more baskets, lanterns, cigarettes, and men shouting. Does not seem to be a whisper in the Portuguese tongue.

Chairs intended for sale to passengers. No passengers yet about; dealers apparently engaged in trying to sell goods to each other.

Got off for island half an hour late; picked way through

fleet of chair-laden boats; one or two follow. Impossible to conceive English passenger, just arrived, not wanting wicker-work chairs. On the pier enthusiastic reception by the halt, the lame, the blind, and the interpreters. These natives plainly thought if we hadn't come to Madeira to buy chairs, must have come to see them, and give them shillings. Gently tried to disillusionise them; no use; followed us in triumphant procession to hotel; took kindly interest in our ordering breakfast; saw us into the ox-carts which dragged us up the steep, stony hill to roof of island. Nothing escaped the blind man's eye. A gentleman exceptionally endowed with total absence of fingers and thumbs persistently thrust the soiled stumps under our nose, as if we had come to Madeira to smell them. As the oxen tugged at the sledges, the procession tailed off; the blind man lost sight of us; the lame gentleman ceased from running; the thumbless citizen, thrusting his stumps into the sides of his trousers, moodily strode off.

The rest of the population came out to see us pass. Men and women curiously like natives of the West of Ireland. Having lumbered to top of hill in the ox-drawn sledges, came down like flash of lightning on other side of town, in sort of clothes-basket, which glides at rollicking pace over smooth cobble-stones, a sturdy Galway peasant guiding and restraining it by ropes attached to front of basket. Pleasant the air on these lofty heights. On journey down we flash by red and white walls overgrown with roses, heliotrope, and cyclamen, with oranges gleaming in the groves, and bananas peeping up from every garden.

Half way down men suddenly pull up, and explain that they are "going to have a drink." A pleasant halting-place, with the sea below and the soft air scented with heliotrope. Even under rule of Portugal Madeira is free. If a man would drink the wine of his native country who shall say him nay? So we sit and wait their pleasure, thankful to be delivered from our body-guard down in the town.

After a while woman comes out with tray which she hands round; we say "no"; we do not care about taking wine at this early hour; she remonstrates; argues; entreats; grows angry; goes away; comes back with interpreter. He explains she wants "ze monish." It appears that our light-hearted porters, having invited themselves to take refreshment, we have to pay for it.

This we do, and dash on again, pulling up at door of hotel, nearly running over the lame gentleman, causing the blind man to skip out of the way with amazing alacrity, and convulsing our fingerless friend with joy at seeing us once again. To them enter four more interpreters (who loudly ordered everybody about in our interest), a boy leading the opposition blind man, and a voluble bald man who sold canaries. Three shillings each they were if taken singly; but if the whole lot were purchased, he would sacrifice everything and let them go for "ten schelling."

Boy who led the opposition blind man will be heard of later in life. Finding no one would give him sixpence he produced six pennyworth of coppers and blandly offered change to gentlemen

whose charitable impulses might be hampered by not having any. This was a deal which, if effected, would have made two profits, English copper is a drug in the Madeira market; shop-keepers willingly give thirteen pence for a silver shilling.

Young *Shylock* would have made a halfpenny on exchange in addition to the eleemosynary coppers handed to him.

After breakfast found our friends, the lame, the halt, and the blind, fresher than ever, awaiting us. Escorted us to boat, and saw us embark, with kindest expression of regret at our too brief stay in their beautiful island. The fingerless gentleman wanted to shake hands; pretended not to see the friendly advance, and, nodding to the blind man, stepped into the boat, the men refusing to put off till we had paid our fare.

"TRYING A MAGISTRATE."

[The Board of Trade have been for four months "considering" the request of the Magistrate at Marylebone Police Court to be furnished with a pedometer (for measuring cab-fare distances), in place of an old and useless one. The following is a page from a Blue-book that *may* be presented to Parliament—some day. It bears evidence of being a Report of a Departmental Sub-Committee.]

Utility of Pedometers: the evidence taken.

Unusual expedition shown.

Evidence of Land-Surveyors, Instrument-makers, Mechanical Experts, Cyclists, Umpires at Pedestrian Contests, and other authorities who might be expected to know something about the subject, was next taken as to the general construction of Pedometers.

Owing to the unexampled expedition with which your Sub-Committee conducted this important branch of the inquiry, only one year and six months was taken up in the examination of witnesses, whose evidence will be found in pages 575 to 2864 of this Report.

Attempts to get the cost of a new Machine out of other Public Bodies.

The efforts of your Sub-Committee were naturally directed at an early period to the question of whether the cost of obtaining a Pedometer for the Marylebone Police Court could not be debited to any other Public Department or Body. It appeared that on this suggestion having been made to the learned Magistrate, he had put himself in communication, successively, with the London County Council, the London School Board, the City Corporation, some of the Vestries, the Charity Organisation Society, the Ragged School Committee, the Soup Kitchen Association, and private philanthropists. The replies of these bodies and individuals will be found in Appendix B, and affords, the Sub-Committee believes, some reading of quite unique interest.

Replies of the County Council and the School Board.

It will be seen that the London County Council offered to purchase a second-hand Pedometer for the Court "on condition that it was only worked for eight hours a day, and that every person residing in any street which had to be measured should have an extra penny put on to his rates." The London School Board took up the position that, though a Pedometer might be described as an educational instrument, they would not be justified in paying for one "unless the maker were certified by an Archbishop and at least three Bishops to be able to repeat the Thirty-nine Articles backwards without a mistake."

TO A YOUNG LADY.

(With a Box of Sweets.)

SWEETS to the sweet—that is I fear an old

Remark to make to one so young as you are,
Would that this box were worth its weight in gold
To be a gift worth giving you, which few are.

Some *marrons glacés*, chestnuts, sugared ice,

In this small box are delicately *placés*.

My jokes are sometimes chestnuts—not so nice—

And yet you laugh at them, you're never *glacée*.

WHY is an eminent individual who has been honoured by being admitted Knight of the Order of the Garter, like a canary in a bird-fancier's shop?

Simple Answer. Because he is "K.G.'d" (*ca-géd*).

TO A GORILLA GIRL.

(By a Disciple of Professor Garner.)

MAID of Afric, kindly stay,
From my cage I wish to say
Words of thine—not said with
ease—

Looking like a cough or sneeze,
Or a cipher telegram,
Hxerry ztti hnnwpfjb srth
kkgam!*

Goodness knows how one
should sound

Words where vowels don't
abound;

I should hurt my throat or
lungs

If I tried these monkey tongues,
Feeble linguist that I am!

Hxerry ztti hnnwpfjb srth
kkgam!

By that lip, which thus can
speak

With a most appalling shriek;
By that rather hairy face,

Full of troglodytic grace—
Thy complexion is not sham;

Hxerry ztti hnnwpfjb srth
kkgam!

This my phonograph will say
In a sentimental way,

Thy pronunciation seems
Far beyond the wildest dreams

Of a MEZZOFANTI, ma'am;
Hxerry ztti hnnwpfjb srth
kkgam!

* These words, in the Gorilla language, are translated by some authorities, "Oh my eye! Ain't she a stunner, and no mistake?" and by others, "Waiter, bring me a cocoa-nut and mashed bananas."



AN AFFAIR OF TASTE.

Oxford Undergraduate (from America). "I SHOULD LIKE YOU TO SEE OUR TOWN OF POKERVILLE, PROFESSOR—ONLY TWENTY YEARS IN EXISTENCE, AND FIFTY THOUSAND INHABITANTS!"

The Professor of Archaeology. "AH—YES—VERY INTERESTING. I SHOULD PREFER, MYSELF, A TOWN FIFTY THOUSAND YEARS OLD—AND TWENTY INHABITANTS, YOU KNOW!"

Maid of Afric, when I'm gone,
Think of me, sweet, all alone
In the London Prince's Hall,
With my talk, a trifle tall,
And my priceless phonogram,
Hxerry ztti hnnwpfjb srth
kkgam!

THE GRAND OLD NAME.

[Canon Body, in a sermon to men delivered in a church in the north, addressed his congregation as "Gentlemen."]

THANKS, Canon Body! In the Church

We're glad of any "forward movement,"

And "Gentlemen!" for "Dearest friends!"

Is certainly a vast improvement.

No doubt, however, 'twill be best

Of moderate change to be solicitous;

"Dearly Beloved Gentlemen!" Sounds just a trifle infelicitous.

At weddings, too, 'twould be a move

With curious consequences rife

To ask the Bridegroom—"Wilt thou have

This Lady to your wedded wife?"

"THE EGGS OF THE GREAT AUK."—The meagre result of our extra-long and over-wearisome Parliamentary Session might well be described as "The Egg of the Great Talk."

A SHACONIAN FYTTE.

ACCORDING to a Detroit investigator, not only did BACON write "SHAKSPEARE," but also BURTON's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, and all the other Elizabethan literature. However, the Hanwell Professor of Acrostics has gone several better. He sends the following:—



Eureka! Bravo! and Hooray! I've unravelled

The secret that sages for ages has gravelled!

Aha and oh! I've discovered the key,

That none of your sphinxes or lyxes could see!

Yes, the cryptogram mystic I solved in a minute!

Good gracious, IGNATIUS DONNELLY's not in it!

And "BACON" I've found for all names you must write,
That for B-C-N would make an acrostical "light."

What need to explain? 'twere an act of presumption—
My facts a child may know (*cum grano* of gumption!)
These authors are merely (their number's immense)
Ignoramuses, famous at BACON's expense!

For BACON wrote BYRON and BUFFON and BUNYAN,
BRÖRNSON, BEN JONSON (he could be a funny 'un!);
While *Dodo* by "BRNSON" his lordship may claim,
And the Classics of BOHN were all bonned from the same!

Of names meaning BACON I'll give you a crack array,
There's MEREDITH, BLACKMORE, CHARLES DICKENS and THACKERAY,

And I've learnt by a system of crosses and noughts
'Twas certainly BACON who wrote *Happy Thoughts*.

Yet more Verulamian cyphers I'll add on:—

BUCHANAN, DICK BURTON, "MISS" BROUGHTON, "MISS" BRADDON,

And Cookery-books, too, as "BEETON," he wrote—
Why, these pseudonyms all simply BACON denote!

Nay, he nearly was "BROWNING," unless I'm mistaken;
BESANT, BURNS, and BLAKE, too, just missed being BACON!

I'll swear he's the author of *Bradshaw* and *Burke*,
And, to end, all "ANON." writes is really *his* work!

NAY! NAY!

HEAVENS! What is this we read in a sporting paper?

"The injury to Lady HALLÉ's foot is rapidly mending, and her trainer declares the filly will be quite herself again in a short time."

How did this charming and distinguished lady damage her foot?

And why is it reserved for a sporting contemporary to publish the intelligence? Is Lady HALLÉ perchance a horse, that she should do this thing? How irreverent (and inappropriate) to talk of her as a filly!

Did she give a horse-laugh when she read about it? We pause for a reply. Was she playing excerpts from *Le Cheval de Bronze* or from *Cavalleria Rusticana* when she hurt herself? Please answer quickly.

THE EARLY BIRD CATCHES THE WORM.—When M. BERNARD, Commissary of Police, arrived at 24, Rue Ramey, on the morning of Feb. 19, he found the Anarchist, SÉBASTIEN FAURE, in bed and asleep. The weasel was, for once, caught asleep. The desperado was thus easily overpowered, although he was FAURE to one.

PAINFULLY CONSISTENT.—An Ultra-Ritualistic High Churchman, who is also an ardent lover of the chase, refuses to hunt on Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent, as he says on those days he will have nothing to do with any meet.



THE DEVIL'S LATEST WALK.



THERE'S THE DIFFICULTY.

Brown (who has given Jones a mount, likewise a "lead," and has "popped over"). "COME ON, MAN! LET HER GO! SHE'LL DO IT!"
[With the accent on the "She." But, thinks Jones to himself, "Shall I?" With the accent on the "I."]

THE DEVIL'S LATEST WALK.

(A long way after Coleridge and Southey.)

"For Satan finds some mischief still
 For idle hands to do."—Dr. WATTS.

FROM his brimstone bed at break of day
 A-walking the Devil is gone,
 To stir up strife in his favourite way,
 And see how his work goes on.

Over the hill and over the dale
 He went, and through swamp and scrub;
 And backward and forward he swished his
 long tail
 As a golfer swishes his club.

And how then was the Devil clad?
 Oh! he was dressed like a working lad,
 With fustian jacket and corduroys stout,
 And a hole behind where the tail came
 out.

He saw poor Labour angry and blind,
 And Capital proud though unstable;
 And the Devil smiled, for it put him in
 mind
 Of the strife between CAIN and ABEL.

Down the river there plied, with wind and
 tide,
 A Strike-pig with great celerity.
 And the Devil looked wise as he saw the
 while
 It cut its own throat. "There," quoth he,
 with a smile,
 "Gees 'England's commercial prosperity!'"
 He went through the City, he went through
 the slum,
 Spied flocks of fashion and troops preda-
 cious;

And he saw that the suffering poor were
 dumb,
 And their parasites loquacious;

And he saw that some from selfish choice,
 And some from bitter need, were idle;
 And he thought "I'll lift up a lawless Voice
 That the Law itself can't bridle."

So he went down into Trafalgar Square,
 And perched by a Landseer lion;
 And he spouted loud to the gathering crowd
 That he kept a sinister eye on.

He scanned their ranks, as they shambled
 near,
 With a cynic's critical scrutiny;
 And he saw that some were loungers mere,
 That some looked vicious, and some looked
 drear,
 While some 'neath the scourge of hunger and
 fear
 Were ripe for mischief and mutiny.

He saw that loafers with sodden lips,
 And waits with faces pallid;
 Superfluous drudges from shops and ships;
 Prowlers watching police's slips,
 Law's mischances and Order's trips;
 And sufferers true with starvation at grips,
 To his audience all were rallied.

And he raised his voice and lifted his hand,
 And he spouted—spouted—spouted!
 Grass declamation that sounded grand,
 Denunciations of Capital's band,
 Of slavery rampant in Liberty's Land,
 Sly appeals to the bomb and brand;
 And the poor dupes nothing doubted
 This "gent" so eloquent, fiery, bland,
 With such warm love for the Horny Hand,

And though they could hardly half under-
 stand,
 They tossed their caps and shouted.

He stirred the poor to vain hope of good,
 And the bad to fierce hope of evil.
 With Satanic subtlety there he stood,
 Appealing to every mind and mood,
 And in half the hearts in his neighbourhood
 He raised—the very Devil!

He left them girding at Order and Law,
 And what was yet absurder,
 Looking for Justice to empty Jaw,
 Happiness in foul Anarchy's maw,
 Rest 'neath the ravening tiger's paw,
 And Brotherhood—in Murder!

* * * * *
 The Devil unhitched his tail and went
 And left his audience teeming
 With simmering hate, blind discontent;
 Left fiery hearts in a fierce ferment,
 And fogged brains vaguely dreaming.

And he said with a grin on his sinister face,
 "Fools love the Devil's oration!
 Red revolt in their hearts will wake;
 Idle hands will my death-tools take;
 And if stolid Order I can but shake,
 And move dull Law to the old mistake,
 I rather fancy the town will quake
 At streets as red as my own hot lake
 And a general Conflagration."

"WRITE ME DOWN AN ASS."—The promi-
 nent representative of National Liberalism in
 the Reichstag is "Herr HASSE," and when-
 ever he has to affix his signature to any docu-
 ment he fulfils the Shakspearian dictum, and
 "writes himself down a HASSE."

THE IDEAL DEMOCRACY.

"I THINK you left directions that you were to be thawed in 1994 precisely?" said the stranger politely. "Allow me to introduce myself—Number SEVEN MILLION AND SIX. If you feel equal to the effort, and would care to see the vast improvements in our social condition since the close of the benighted Nineteenth Century, I shall be pleased to conduct you."

Mr. Punch then began to realise that he had had himself frozen by a patent process just a hundred years ago, and that he had returned to animation in time for the close of the marvellous Twentieth Century; so he prepared, in much curiosity and excitement, to accompany his guide.

"By the way," observed the latter, "you must not be annoyed if your—hem—habiliments, which we are unaccustomed to nowadays, should attract some attention."

Singularly enough, Mr. Punch had just begun to feel a certain embarrassment at the prospect of being seen in Piccadilly or Regent Street in the company of a person attired in grey cellular pyjamas, a drab blanket, and a glazed pot hat. However, on reaching the street, he found that every man he met was similarly clad, while his own costume—which, in his original century, would only have been remarkable for its unimpeachable taste—was, in this, the subject of universal and invidious comment.

"You'll have your regulation pot hat and pyjamas served out to you in time!" said Mr. SEVEN MILLION AND SIX encouragingly. "Then no one will say anything to you. In these days we resent anything that tends to confer an artificial distinction on any man. Surnames, for example, which occasionally suggested superiority of birth, have long been abolished, and official numbers substituted. You seem to be looking for something you do not see?" he added, noting a certain blankness and disappointment in Mr. Punch's expressive countenance.

"I was only wondering why I saw no signs of any new and marvellous inventions at present," said Mr. Punch. "I rather expected to see the air full of electric trains, manageable balloons, or coveys of citizens darting about on mechanical pinions. But I see none, and even more people go on foot than in my own time."

"Inventions, I take it," was the reply, "only served to enrich the Capitalist, and save time or labour. Now we have no Capitalists and no riches, and no reason for hurrying anywhere, while it would be absurd and useless to lessen the amount of manual labour when, even as it is, there is scarcely enough to keep everyone employed for six hours a day."

"Why are all the women I see dressed exactly alike in navy-blue woollen frocks and foal-scuttle bonnets?" Mr. Punch inquired presently. "Surely they can't all be members of the Sal—"

"A uniform costume was decreed by plebiscite some years ago," replied his mentor, promptly. "Any real equality amongst women was found hopeless so long as some were able to render themselves exceptionally attractive by a distinctive toilette."

"What!" exclaimed Mr. Punch, "did all the pretty women consent to such a sacrifice?"

"They were in a very decided minority, even then," said Mr. SEVEN MILLION AND SIX; "and it is not our way to think much of minorities. At present, owing no doubt to an enactment which penalised every pretty woman by compelling her to wear blue goggles and a respirator, feminine beauty is practically extinct."

Mr. Punch could not restrain a sigh. They were now entering a somewhat gloomy thoroughfare, between massive blocks of buildings, with large doors and innumerable small windows, which towered into the sky on either hand.

"I seem to miss the shop-fronts," he said aloud, "with their plate-glass, and all their glitter and luxury. What has become of them all?"

"Such necessities as the citizen requires," said his companion, "are procured at the Public Storehouses, which you see around you, by the simple method of presenting a ticket. The luxuries you refer to were only procurable by the rich, and nobody is rich now. If you will come with me, I will take you over one of the State Dwelling-houses, and show you one of the suites of rooms. Every citizen has a room; or, if married, a couple of rooms, exactly the same shape and size as those of his fellows. . . . Beautifully clean, you see!" he remarked, complacently, as he threw open one of the doors. "Neat whitewashed walls, plain deal furniture, nice holland blinds—what more can any reasonable citizen want in the way of comfort?"

"There used to be a celebrated poet in my time," said Mr. Punch, with some hesitation, "who designed and sold very beautiful upholstery—tapestry, wall-papers, curtains, and so on. I fancy he held Socialistic views. But I see no trace of his work here."

"I think I know whom you refer to," was the reply. "The community would doubtless have been glad of his services if he would only have contracted to supply every citizen with precisely the same pattern and quality of his manufactures at, say, a pork-pie a yard.

But, for some reason, he could not see his way to it, and the industry declined; which is not to be regretted, for it certainly tended to foster individualism."

"It is curious," said Mr. Punch, when they were outside again, "that I have not as yet seen a single policeman."

"Not at all curious. We have none. Crime simply proceeded from the galling sense of social inequality. Consequently, as soon as that was removed, Justice, with all its machinery, became an anachronism."

"I think," said Mr. Punch, presently, "I should like to take a stroll in Hyde Park."

"That," said his guide, "has not been possible for at least fifty years. All the parks are now cut up into three-acre allotments, where every able-bodied citizen does an hour's compulsory spade-work once a fortnight. A most admirable reform, as you will agree!"

"Capital!" gasped Mr. Punch, with an anticipatory pain in his back. "Then I am curious to see what strides have been made by your modern painters. Could you take me to a picture-gallery?"

"There are no modern painters. It is perhaps a pity—but quite unavoidable. It was an obvious injustice that, when all citizens had to perform their share of more or less distasteful manual labour, there should be any one class that earned a living by work in which they took a positive pleasure. So that every artist had to do his six

hours' stone-breaking or brick-making, or what not, as an antecedent condition of being permitted to paint at all, and naturally the State declined to provide him with paints and brushes at the expense of the community. A few artists persisted for a while, from sheer love of the thing; but as no picture fetched more than a pound of sausages, and the average price was a bowl of porridge, they found it expedient to turn to some more useful occupation. And it is undeniable that they contribute more to the resources of the commonwealth by wielding a trowel or a broom than by messing about with brushes and paint. As a concession to hereditary instinct, however, their descendants are still set apart as State whitewashers."

"And the Drama?" Mr. Punch inquired next, "How is that getting on? Has the New Dramatist made his appearance at last?"

"On the contrary, I am glad to say he has disappeared—let us hope for ever. For the essence of Drama, as I understand, was Emotion—Passion, Jealousy, Marital and Parental relations, and so on. Now that marriages are the subject of State regulation, and extend only for a limited period, Passion, of course, is obsolete; Jealousy, too, is recognised as merely Selfishness in disguise, and we have grown too altruistic to desire the exclusive possession of anything. While, as the offspring of every union are removed at birth to a communal crèche, and brought up and educated by the



"None of your humour here, mind!"

State, there are no longer any opportunities for filial or parental affection."

"Then I presume Fiction is equally—?"

"Just so. Fiction depended on Contrast. When everybody is on precisely the same level, the novelist is, happily, unnecessary. What are you looking for now?"

"I was wondering if I could buy an evening paper anywhere," said Mr. Punch, wistfully. "But perhaps Journalism is also—?"

"Of course. Everyone is so contentedly and peacefully absorbed in contributing his share of work to the State, that he has no desire to read about the doings of other persons, even if there was anything of interest to be told, which there isn't. We produce just sufficient for our own wants, so there is no commerce; we have no Army or Navy, since we don't desire to conquer, and are not worth conquering. No Politics, because we govern ourselves by our own consent and co-operation; no Science, as inventors only benefited capital at the expense of labour; and, this being so, what is there to put into a newspaper, if we had one?"

"Haven't you even a—*humorous* paper?" said Mr. Punch. "I used to do a little in that way once."

"You had better not do it *here*. Humour, I believe, consisted in representing Humanity under ridiculous aspects. We're Humanity, and we don't see any fun in being laughed at. None of your humour here, mind!"

"But the citizens have a certain amount of leisure, I suppose," said Mr. Punch. "How do they amuse themselves? For I can discover no libraries, no circuses, nor concert-rooms, nor anything!"

"It was seen to be invidious to furnish any entertainment at the public expense which did not give equal amusement to all, and so the idea was gradually dropped. When our citizens have finished their daily task, they find their relaxation, in the intervals of eating and sleeping, in the harmless and soothing practice of chewing gum. They can all do that, and the State provides each with a weekly supply for the purpose. Now tell me—is there anything *more* I can do for you?"

"Yes," murmured Mr. Punch; "if you would be so very kind as to freeze me again for five hundred years or so, I should be exceedingly obliged. I don't feel quite at home in *this* century!"

A REAL LIVELIHOOD FROM LIVING PICTURES.

(An Appeal from the Bar to the Public.)

PERSONAL advertisement is one of the curses of the last decade of the nineteenth century, and it has no greater opponent than myself. Consequently, I am loth to attach



my signature to any opinions save those forwarded in the customary course to my clients the solicitors. Of late (during the last twenty years or so) those professional opinions have been few and far between. It seems that the Public prefer to be guided by their own untrained will, and shrink from asking advice at the hands, or rather the pen, of an expert. Still, when the Bar of England is expected to speak, I think I shall ever be ready to be the spokesman. Fortunately, too, there is no difficulty in deciding the proper place for the publication of the Bar's opinion. For more than half a century the pages of *Punch* have been recognised by the Bench as the only legitimate columns sacred to the support of Justice in all its branches. I consequently think it my duty—merely as the mouth-

piece of the profession to which I have the honour to belong—to offer my sincere congratulation to the universe at large, and that particular part and parcel of it known as the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, on the result of the recent litigation concerning the copyright of *Tableaux Vivants*, or, to come to our dear old English vernacular, *Living Pictures*.

During the argument upon this knotty point, it was suggested that the Lords Justices in the Court of Appeal might, by assuming certain postures already used by an artist of considerable eminence, lay themselves open to the charge of an infringement of copyright. Had this point been conceded it would have been almost impossible to estimate the damage there would have been done to those who practise in the Divisions appropriated to Nisi Prius. Since the merging of Equity with Law I have extended my own practice, and

have now no objection to taking up work in the "Q. B. D.," the Chancery side, or even dabbling, so to speak, in Probate, Divorce and Admiralty. In the latter Division I have long desired to appear, as I have wished for an opportunity of suggesting to the presiding Judge and the assessor from the Trinity House that I am "all at sea," and consequently well fitted to deal with matters connected with our marine. In the courts over which Mr. Justices CHITTY, ROMER and NORTH (not to mention other ermine-wearers of equal eminence) preside it is not necessary to study posture, to any great extent. As a rule, counsel who appear in an administration suit are satisfied to adopt a colloquial tone, and rather neglect the graceful attitudes suggested by the statues of CORDOVA. It has not been my good fortune to appear very frequently in the Chancery Courts, and therefore I have not adopted many poses for the somewhat rare occasions to which I have alluded. To all intents and purposes, when I have consented to the appointment of a receiver, or asked (in the absence of my leader) that such and such a case may be "mentioned" on such and such a day, I have found that a more or less faithful reproduction of the pose of the Apollo Belvidere has been sufficient to obtain the goodwill of the Bench, the silent respect of the Bar, and the murmured admiration of the public in the gallery. The attitude is not a difficult one to master, especially if you strengthen your brief by giving greater stability to the bundle by the introduction of a stray copy of the *Athenaeum*.

But the decision in the matter of the *Living Pictures* is of the greatest importance to Counsel appearing at the Royal Courts before a jury, or attending the proceedings at the Old Bailey. At the Central Criminal Court an attitude is almost everything, and a barrister who thoroughly knows his work will never do full justice to his client's interests unless he can during the course of his address suggest a perfect gallery of noble statuary. If he has to abuse his opponent, he should be able at a moment's notice to reproduce *Ajax defying the Lightning*; and if he wishes to suggest the complications with which he has to contend, he should forcibly depict (with the valuable help of the firm of solicitors from whom he is receiving his instructions) the well-known group of *The Laocoon*. Without further multiplying instances, it will be seen at a glance how much may be done with the assistance of a lively recollection of the masterpieces of antiquity.

But to move a step in advance of this contention. A short while ago I called attention, in the name of the legal profession, to a valuable suggestion thrown out by the Editor of the *Times* newspaper, that in future lectures should be popularised. With the purpose of developing this most admirable proposal, I reported an imaginary Address that might be delivered in the Hall of Gray's Inn. The Address to which I now refer was, if my scheme were accepted, to be illustrated with dissolving views; and when I made the proposal, of course I had in my mind the wealth of material ready to hand in our picture-galleries. Deprive the lecturer of that material, and his powers of illustration would be poor indeed. No doubt portraits of the Judges shown on a disc would be received with respect, but they would become monotonous unless relieved by such stirring *tableaux* as "King JOHN signing Magna Charta," or "The Forcible Suppression of Grand Sergeanty." I fail to see how it would be possible to adequately depict the renowned "rule in *Shelley's Case*," unless recourse were had to the portfolios of MICHAEL ANGELO and his predecessors in the work of the studio.

Under all these circumstances I venture to submit that the decision in the matter of the *Living Pictures* has been of enormous benefit to the Bench, the Bar, and the Public. Fond as I am, from a professional point of view, of litigation, I can only hope that that decision will not be reversed. True, the House of Lords is open to those who are dissatisfied with the findings of the inferior Courts; but in this instance I trust the case may be left in its existing position. Practically, Mr. Punch is one of the best of our Judges, and I earnestly pray that, should such an appeal be brought before him, that he will support the decision already reached, and frown upon any proposition to disturb it. (Signed)

Pump-Handle Court, Feb. 24, 1894.

A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

Argumentum ad Pocketum.

THE "Question of Pockets" perplexes the Sex, And she-pockets, indeed, seem constructed to vex; For they're commonly such—so it seems to mere man— That she cannot find, and the pickpocket can. One lady—whose views unto some will seem shockers— Says she carries hers in her neat knickerbockers! Common sense—and pickpockets—will doubtless confess That this is a step toward "Rational Dress."

ORDER OF THE THIRD CLASS FOURTH ESTATE.—He belongs to the great army of journalists serving under Field-Marshal QUILL, General PEN, Captain STEEL, and Lieutenant NIBBS. He is not in the Guards, but in one of the (penny-a-) line regiments.



TRUE HOSPITALITY.

Jones (who's been roughing it lately—to Hostess).
Hostess (genially). "I'M SO GLAD!"

I ASSURE YOU, THIS IS THE FIRST DECENT MEAL I'VE HAD FOR SIX WEEKS!"

SESSION JUNCTION.

"Now then, please!"—They would sit at their ease, [knees; With toes on the foot-warmers, rugs on their For the train has been slow and the journey long,

But *whangle! whangle!* that beastly gong, The railway bell is going it strong, Silence, silence that hideous bell! [well!

"Look sharp, gentlemen!"—Well, well, If this is your Parliamentary train

Who'd wish to travel by it again? Long, and slow—comfortless—chilly!

We must tumble up though, willy-nilly. Bother that Guard, though! "I say BILLY,

Isn't this sort of thing rather silly? How long here? Three minutes at most!

Hang it! I feel like a vagrant ghost, Or Wandering Jew, for some nameless crime To travel doomed till the end of time."

Quick, please gentlemen! Three minutes here!—

Barely time for a glass o' beer! Travel? Nay, it is torture—sheer!

Seem to have been at it more than a year! "Hillo, BALFOUR! Mind my toes!"

"Right, Sir WILLIAM! Though goodness knows

You're not as a rule so careful of mine!" "Faugh! Through trains—on this beastly line—

Mean Eternity! Here you may drop ages Crawling along—and with three-minute stoppages!

Not to mention the chance of collision. Newsboys even seem shouting derision.

'Frost in the Commons!' 'Collapse of the Lords!'

(*Bah! my legs are as stiff as boards.*) Tumble up? Force a frozen smile?

S'pose I must—but it's not worth while!"

"Now then, gentlemen! One minute more, And on we go—as we did before— Unless—which of course would be a bore— We chance to collide with—!"

There, Guard, don't roar! After this long journey's hurry and hash,

By Jove—we could almost welcome a smash. Anything that might warm our toes,

And bring this weary jaunt to a close. They'd know what fret of spirit and flesh

Who'd try the strain [meant, Of this long through-train,

With nothing but three-minute halts for refreshment!

ON THE GREENWICH EXPLOSION.—Strange thing that an Anarchist who, intent on some nefarious design, wishes to escape observation, should willingly and knowingly walk about within a few yards of the "Observatory"! A foreigner ignorant of the language might have thought that a building intended as an "Observe-a-Tory" would not change its character and become an "Observe-an-Anarchist."

QUERY.—The critics generally intimate that Mr. ARTHUR LAW's new piece for Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, entitled *The New Boy*, is a version unauthorised of Mr. ANSTEX GUTHRIE's inimitable *Vice Versâ*. What remedy can Mr. GUTHRIE have when Mr. GROSSMITH has the Law on his side? However, should this piece achieve a real monetary success, the author may congratulate himself on representing, in his own person, *The Law and the Profits*.

THE RECENT FALL OF THE STATUE OF NAPOLEON PREMIER AT BOULOGNE.—"Gone Nap."

IN CELLAR DEEP.

(Latest Slum-Landlord Version.)

In cellar deep poor souls I keep, Cold, damp, dark, dim, depressing;

But though they pine, the Rent is mine, Earth's sweetest, truest blessing.

With solemn pate let Science prate, That won't hurt me, I'm thinking,

Three bob a week from those I seek, Who're sinking, sinking, sinking!

In landlord's smile (of course) there's guile, He's skilled in arts deceiving;

No fire or light by day or night, Or tenants would be leaving!

If hence they die, the local eye Is probably found winking,

Death will pursue the helpless crew Who're sinking, sinking, sinking!

For come what may, such cellars pay, We landlords thrive on sorrow.

My cellars still I'll gaily fill With waifs, who'll die to-morrow.

When asked if joy finds no alloy In cruelty unshrinking,

I tap my nose! Rents rise by those Who're sinking, sinking, sinking!

SO LIKE HER!—Mrs. R. has seen it announced that an opera called *I Medici* has been produced in Berlin. "Always going to the French for a subject," observed Mrs. R., "for, of course, this is only '*The Medicine in spite of itself*' set to music."

THEATRICAL ANTICIPATORY NOTE.—The new melodrama to be produced at the Adelphi is to be entitled *The Scales of Justice*. We hope there will be no great "waits" between the acts. Rather a fishy title, by the way.



“SESSION JUNCTION.”

GUARD OF PARLIAMENTARY TRAIN. “QUICK, IF YOU PLEASE, GENTLEMEN! THREE MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENT!”



FOGGY WEATHER.

"HAS MR. SMITH BEEN HERE?" "YES; HE WAS HERE ABOUT AN HOUR AGO."
"WAS I WITH HIM?"

THE TRUE (AND ARISTOCRATIC) BLUES.

["Depression marks the fashionable woman—it is interesting to be seriously sad."—*Hearth and Home*.]

Come, PHYLLIS, let us bravely try
To seem supremely sad hereafter.
The mournful voice, the thoughtful sigh
Are more attractive now than laughter;
Come, banish that plebeian smile,
That happy look is simply folly,
You *must* assume the latest style
Of fashionable melancholy.

All cheerfulness is surely bad,
Away with every kind of jesting,
It is the "obviously sad"

Who are, they tell us, "interesting";

No matter though you feel at heart
Bright, gay, contented with the present,
If nature fails, achieve by art
A look consistently unpleasant.

So laugh no more, O PHYLLIS mine,
But seem dejected, apprehensive,
As though some destiny malign
Had made those lovely features pensive;
And you will weep, and I will sigh,
And MAUD will speak in accents tearful;
So that existence by-and-by
Will really be extremely cheerful!

PARADOX.

A PARTICULAR brand of bread is com-
mended because it is "not kneaded."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

ANY new work by the author of *Timothy's Quest* is assured of a circle of charmed readers on both sides of the Atlantic. *Polly Oliver's Problem*, Mrs. WIGGIN's last book (GAY AND BIRD), is marked by that wholesome breeziness of tone, quiet humour and dainty style which have sent her earlier work into a fifth edition.

In the publication of THIERS's *History of the Consulate and the Empire of France*, Messrs. CHATTO AND WINDUS have embarked upon one of the most attractive and important literary undertakings of the year. My Baronet has a cherished recollection of boyhood, when the work, then fresh from the hand of the author, reposed on a certain library shelf, in twenty solid volumes, a romance enchanting beyond all contemporary fiction. The new edition, admirably translated by Mr. FORBES CAMPBELL and Mr. JOHN STEBBING, will be completed in twelve volumes. The first, portable and well printed, brings the moving story from the date of the 18th Brumaire (Nov. 9, 1799) to the month of Germinal, year VIII. of what was still nominally the French Republic. Within the space of eighteen months we see NAPOLEON at his marvellous best, still young and slim, victor at Marengo, master of Italy, dictator on the Continent, baulked only by England, with whom, as the volume closes, he, under cover of a transitory peace, is preparing for a deadly struggle.

My Child and I, by FLORENCE WARDEN, is a story that you may take up in a hurry, but which you will not be able to put down as quickly as you took it up. Look at the clock! "I'll just read one more chapter," you'll say, "to see what happens to so-and-so"—the Baron will not disclose the secrets of the three volumes by breathing one single name—and then, having finished the chapter in less time than you had expected, you will give yourself "just five minutes" to dip into another. You'll dip, and dip, and dip, until, perhaps, unless your study be gas-lit or electric-lit, you will have expended the midnight oil and wax, and be reduced to "a dip," if such a thing can be found in the house. An imperious voice will be saying to you, "You don't leave the room till you have finished *that*," and even an imaginary finger will point to the third volume. An occasional helping of spiced brawn refreshes the literary palate, and is good for the literary digestion; and FLORENCE WARDEN's *My Child and I* will both tickle the taste, and satisfy the appetite. For ladies I should, says the Baron, recommend it, if you've been out for a good walk after lunch, with five o'clock tea, as it will occupy you till dinner-time; but for the men, the Baron would say, await the retiring hour after dinner, *l'heure de whisky et du tabac*, and then take *My Child and Me* (to be grammatical) on your knee, and enjoy it till your eyes close, and the demand for "the downy" is imperative. That this is the way to enjoy a novel is the boldly expressed opinion of the unselfish
BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

Neighbours and Nuisances.

(A Query by a (would be) Quiet Man.)

"Love your neighbour as yourself as you travel the wide world through."
Yes, that's all very well as a general rule, but what's a poor fellow to do
When that neighbour, with whom upon neighbourly terms he would only be happy to jog,
Keeps a strumming piano, a crowing cock, and nocturnally howling dog?

THE STAGE MARITIME MURDER.

OH, loud roars the metal thunder!
Oh, fierce blows the beastly draught,
Careering around and under
The waves and the rocking raft!
But now, though, the waters simmer,
And now, though, they light the moon,
Which says with its greenish glimmer
That murder will happen soon!
And then, there's the trembling tune,
The tune that gets dimmer and dimmer and dimmer
Till it sinks right away in a swoon!
Yes, I know that theatrical tune,
And I know that theatrical moon,
Which invariably cometh too soon,
Ere the gasman can trim her!

The raft is a creaking lumber
Of curious logs of wood;
The persons upon it number
Just two, as they always should
When tunes are *affettuoso*,
And murder is in the air!
When fiddles begin to go so,
A corpse is as good as there!
The men make a grisly pair,
Their cheeks being smudged with
The paint of starvation,
And their eyes being fixed in a stare,
In a rather remarkable glare,
Which you never see anyone wear
Save in this situation.

Oh, why are the fiddles fainter?
Oh, why is the drumming o'er?
Oh, why are the moonbeams quaint
Than ever they were before?
Oh, why—but I see the notion:
The reason for all is plain;
The murder is now in motion—
The victim is in the main!
Is struggling with might and main!
Is kicking and making a fearful commotion
In the dusty and faint-smelling main!
But he struggles and struggles in vain,

FANCY PORTRAIT.



"ROB ROY MACGREGOR OH!"

The Macgregor. "HA! HA! YE HAVE NOT YET SUBDUED ROB ROY!" [Exit.

[The Scotch Sea Fisheries Bill being not only "scotched," but practically "kilt," by the House of Lords, the Government has abandoned it. Dr. MACGREGOR, therefore, arose in his wrath, and asked, as Mr. WILSON BARRETT used to do in a celebrated melodrama, "How long! How long!" How long the Government intended to tolerate—]

The Speaker. "Order! order!"

Whereupon The Macgregor . . . but for what he did, see the above picture by our enthusiastic Hieland Laddie.]

And he does it all over again—
Till at last, to a sorrowful strain—
(Which I've heard many
times at the Lane),
A "trap" puts an end to his
pain,
And he sinks through the
ocean!

SHABBY IN OUR LABBY.

(By Nimrod, of Matabeleland and Wargrave-on-Thames.)

AIR—"Sally in our Alley."

OF all the cynics smart and tart,
There's none like dour LABBY;
He makes of snarling a fine art,
And chaffs like any Cabby.
There's not a Rad in all the land
Is half so shrewd as LABBY;
But when 'gainst England he lifts
hand

It seems a little shabby.

OF all the tasks a man may love
There's one would give me
gruel,
And that is the attempt to prove
My countrymen all cruel.
But LABBY's jest is at its best,
His pen most glib and gabby,
When showing BULL a tyrant-
fool;

How very odd of LABBY!

The quidnuncs and the gossips all
Relish the pars of LABBY;
On British troops he voids his gall,
And paints LO BEN a babby.
But Nimrod's no mere chopping-
block,
He'll have a shot at LABBY,
And teach him not at pluck to
mock
In fashion sour and shabby.

"MEAN DENSITY OF A BODY."

—We are asked for a definition.
Here it is. A miserly chap who,
on being asked for a trifling loan,
pretends to be uncommonly hard
of hearing. [N.B. This is a deaf-
inition.]

SUGGESTION BY "OUR ULTRA RAD."—He calls the House of Lords "a set of old washerwomen, who, as they play havoc with any Bills sent up to them, ought to advertise over their door at Westminster, 'Mangling done here.'"

RE CASTE AT THE GARRICK.

I THINK it is *Eccles* who says, "Let the young 'uns have a chance," and on this principle Messrs. HARE and BANCROFT have re-cast *Caste*, with GILBERT HARE as *Sam Gerridge*. Now the worst, or the best (as you will) of this re-arrangement is that the Leveret is so uncommonly like the old Hare, that HARE *père*, as to allow small chance to those who have seen *Caste* with the original cast of forgetting the old Jeremiah as they see before them the young Jeremiah, and consequently uttering a jeremiad. On the other hand, those who see this *Caste* for the first time are immensely pleased with HARE minor; but even these, being acquainted with other performances of HARE major, and having been told that this is HARE major's part, cannot be quite unprejudiced, much as they may enjoy the performance of HARE minor. This may be mere Hare-splitting, but, if it is so, who began it? Why, the Management,—whatever that term may mean,—at the Garrick.

FORBES ROBERTSON is excellent; he is a thoroughly manly *George d'Alroy*. But poor Mr. ABINGDON cannot keep BANCROFT out of the part, very much as the well-intentioned *Mr. Dick* could not, for the life of him, exclude King CHARLES's Head from his Memorial. And if ABINGDON cannot forget BANCROFT, how much less can it be

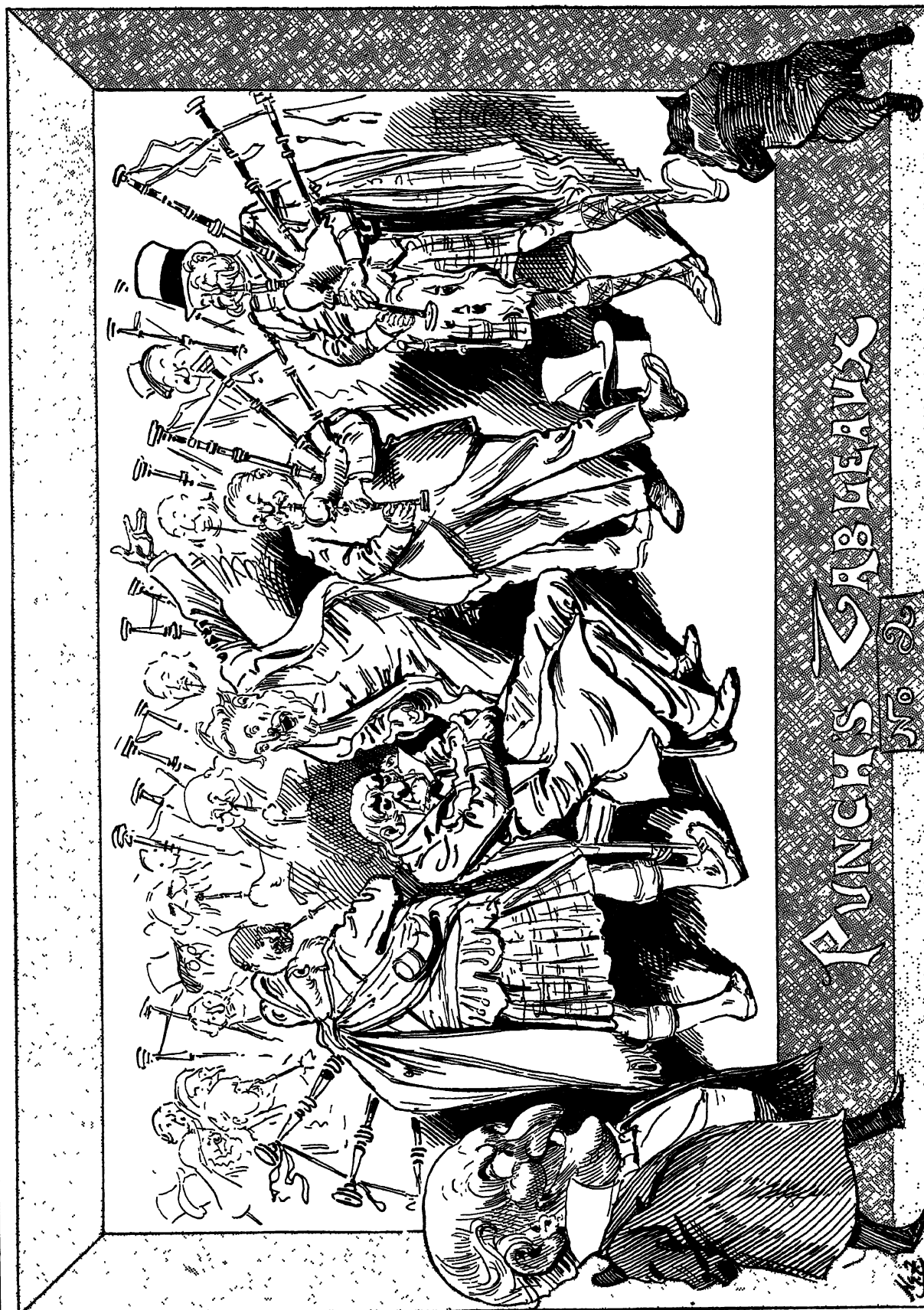
expected of an audience who know the idiosyncracies of that actor by heart? Miss KATE RORKE is most interesting as *Esther*; but Miss MAY HARVEY is inclined to over-act *Polly Eccles*; she is, however, very good, and at her very best in the last Act, which would cover a multitude of faults, even if there were a multitude to cover.

There cannot be, and could never have been, a better *Marquise* than Miss ROSE LECLERCQ, who is *La Marquise au bout des ongles*, a typical foolish feminine aristocrat. The piece is all very charming and very pretty, but it has become old-fashioned, yet not so sufficiently old-fashioned as to make it a study of a period. A JUNIOR O. P.

"THE MISSING HACKNEY CLERGYMAN."—"Odd!" remarked Mrs. R., on reading the above headline in the *P. M. G.*, "I have heard of a 'Hackney coachman,' but never of a 'Hackney clergyman.' And yet," she added reflectively, "I have heard of a clergyman whose 'sermon was rather hackney'd.' So, I suppose there is a regular set of them about."

OH, WHAT A SIR-PRIZE!—A Knighthood.

THE ANARCHIST'S MOTTO.—"You be blowed—up!"



"FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT."

Leader of Scotch Deputation to Mr. G. (subsequently to his henchman). "EH, MON, WE MAY JUST PIPE AND PIPE, BUT HE 'LL NO DANCE!"

"It was arranged that the Scotch Members should call on Mr. GLADSTONE with reference to priority of Scotch business during the coming Session."—Daily Paper.

TOBY, M.P., IN THE TROPICS.

R.M.S. "Pembroke Castle." *Saturday*.—Under the Southern Cross. The sun is shining out of a blue sky. A warm west wind is blowing; half a mile to leeward a school of whales puffing and blowing, as if the water were insupportably hot. Since we left Madeira we have been sailing on a summer sea, lightly rippled by a breeze that one night, blowing off Cape de Verde, brought a strong smell of seaweed, though no land was visible.

Conversation quite easy now; but no such desire to indulge in it as was displayed when the rollers of the Bay of Biscay made it impossible. Quite enough to sit about the deck, read and smoke. We have come unto a land where it is always afternoon. Realise the languor of the lotus-eater. Our world is bounded by a horizon five miles distant, whichever way we look. For us the while this is all the world, and we have it to ourselves—we and the whales. For more than a day after we left Madeira a flock of sea-gulls followed us, swooping restless and tireless in our wake. They have deserted us, gone back to Madeira, or, peradventure, called in to moult a friendly feather on acquaintances at Cape de Verde. Twice a ship, homeward bound, has passed us by on the other side, apparently fearful of breaking in upon our solitude.

The scene, fair all day, is fairest at night, when the wind falls, and a sultry yet fresh air, born in Africa, whose continent we skirt, floats over the ship.

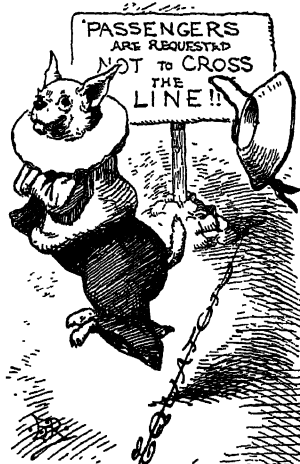
Last night as darkness fell our pathway was lighted on the one side by the setting sun, on the other by the rising moon. Later the stars came out, their sheen reflected like diamond points upon the glassy sea. Night follows night, each resembling the other in quietness and beauty. After dinner this evening we had a concert in the saloon, at which passengers from other parts of the ship looked in. Afterwards on deck, listening to the bells sounding the swiftly passing hours, with the answering "All's well" sung by the man on watch in the distant bows.

Thursday.—Astride the Equator. Crossed the Line at ten o'clock this morning. Would not have known it if Captain hadn't mentioned circumstance. Anyone could have done it, as dear old JOHNNY TOOLE used to say. When its over think no more of it than when you've crossed Picoadilly. Not nearly so dangerous. SARK says he felt slight shock as if we touched it. That is his imagination, which is always active.

Thermometer on deck marks 84°. Spend day in truly British fashion. After luncheon played cricket. After dinner had a ball on lower deck. Ball-room covered in by awning open at sides to wind blowing in from Atlantic. Still a trifle hot for the exercise.

Getting a little anxious about Father MULLINGAR. Evil communications are having proverbial effect. He is, so to speak, growing a little tropical. First noticed him coming down Channel from Southampton. His presence seemed to cast a peaceful balm over the ship, its busy crew and its multitudinous passengers setting forth on a long voyage. SARK looking upon him began softly to whistle "For those in peril on the Sea." Like another great man, Father MULLINGAR is "little but 'e's wise." Benignantly wise he seemed as he stood with folded hands surveying through gold-rimmed spectacles the bustling scene on deck. The sombreness of his clerically cut black suit was solely lightened by a deep band of linen tied across his throat, serving the part of an ordinary collar. On his head was a black silk cap with here and there a tint of purple, presaging the cardinalate to which faithful service would eventually bring him. It was said that he had served man and the Church in all the wilds of the earth. Had been partly burned by the Sioux in the backwoods of Canada; had dined off sperm oil with the Esquimaux; had been buried up to his neck by unbelievers in Central Africa; and had for an hour and twenty minutes been used as a target by a Zulu horde.

These things may be true. I can personally vouch for fact that on morning after we left Madeira I saw Father MULLINGAR standing at the bar drinking a cock-tail before breakfast. He explained that he had never tasted one before, which may account for the unusual hour. Next morning passing smoke-room where TENNYSON used to read *Maud* to Mr. G. received another shock. Caught a glimpse behind a hand of cards of pair of eyes twinkling through gold spectacles. It was Father MULLINGAR joining a hand at whist. He played it badly too.



Toby Crossing the Line.

"Ah," said he apologetically; "you should see me play euchre. That's my game."

This afternoon he appeared on the cricket field got up in pair of ducks, with white flannel shirt tied round the waist by bandana neatly coloured in violet and vermillion. In place of his clerical white collar shone a red and yellow kerchief of the kind dear to the heart of the costermonger out for a Sunday afternoon. On his feet were a pair of pumps with neat bow of ribbon tied over instep. The good Father pointedly called attention to these by a habit, contracted in some foreign parts, of lifting up a foot when the ball was delivered and standing on one leg to bat. This, he says, diminishes the risk from a ball a little off the wicket delivered with undue swiftness. Still like *Bobs* of RUDYARD KIPLING's fancy, "e's a terror for 'is size," is Father MULLINGAR. He's bound on mission service for New Zealand, and being in good hands on board this ship, he'll be able to teach the natives a thing or two when he arrives.

Saturday.—Off St. Helena, but cannot see it, because, like the Spanish fleet, it is not yet in sight. Hear a pretty story about the famous picnic trip. After luncheon at Copenhagen, it was suggested that TENNYSON should follow his custom of an afternoon, and read aloud from his poems. Poet Laureate usually had seated next to him the young lady of the party, and had formed pleasing habit of holding her hand with fatherly affection whilst he declaimed favourite passages from his works. In the arrangement of guests and visitors in smoking-room after the Copenhagen lunch, the PRINCESS OF WALES chanced to sit on TENNYSON's left, in place usually occupied by the other young lady. TENNYSON read *Maud*. As he proceeded, losing himself, as usual, in the intensity of the poem, the other guests were horrified to observe his left hand fall into its accustomed position, and seize that of his companion on his left. H.R.H. smiled, and left her hand passive in the poet's vigorous grasp, where it was held till the reading was finished. [N.B. This (by exception) is a true story.]

Capetown, Monday.—You remember HORACE's *Iter ad Brundisium*, an account of his travels through Greece, on his way to visit the famous Brundisium? He gives much detail of the journey; tells how bad was the water he had to drink, and how he used to anoint his weak eyes. A single line of the narrative, and that the last, is given to Brundisium. "Here," he writes (I quote from memory. No HORACE in ship's library), "ends my journey and my stock of writing materials."

Shall follow in my *Iter ad Capum* an illustrious example, by writing nothing about Capetown. This for divers reasons. First, I shall be back almost as soon as this reaches you, and will tell you all about it. Next, I am straightway going up country to meet Lo BENGULA. I have a message and a parcel for him. When SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE heard I was going to South Africa, he came bearing a blanket and a parcel of tracts, which he begged me to bestow on Lo BEN, should I come upon him by the wayside, evicted without compensation.

"I would," said the good man, brushing away a tear, "have added a rifle and a bottle of rum. But I do not like ostentatiously to place myself in competition with agencies of older standing for the spread of civilisation."

BRAVO CAMBRIDGE!

[Cambridge beat Oxford at Association Football, February 21.]

Brave boys, you beat the odds and Oxford too;
A feather this in football-caps for you.
Cambridge may fail, and things go hugger-mugger,
When meeting Oxford at the game called "Rugger."
Yet who henceforth shall rashly dare to mock her
When with great Oxford shins are crossed at "Soccer"?
From enlogistic and exhaustless firkins
Shall streams of Cambridge butter flow for PERKINS,
Who boldly faced the cloud-compelling FRAY,
And, shooting well and wisely, wiped his eye.
Tell me who better challenges comparison
With classic heroes than the dauntless HARRISON,
Who, when the ball came near him, never missed it,
Withstanding Oxford charges while he "fisted."
O keen to charge and skilful to defend,
Accept, ye brave, three cheers from *Punch*, your friend.

"LIABILITY OF PARTNERS."—"Look here, BILLIE, dear," said NELLIE to her cousin at a dance; "I will put your name down on my card for all the dances that are not filled up, and then I can say 'I am engaged.'" "Yes," returned BILLIE; "but where do I come in?" "Oh," returned NELLIE, quickly; "you'll come in for any row from Mamma."

THEATRICAL ON DIT.—Signora DUSE is coming to revisit us. At least they *du say* say so.

SHE-NOTES.

BY BORGIA SMUDGITON.

With Japanese Fan de Siècle Illustrations by Mortarthurio Whiskersly.

"MY Soozie! My Toozie! My Soozie!"

It is the voice of a man, and he sings. He has grey eyes, and wears a grey Norfolk-broad. They accentuate one another; the pine-trees also accentuate his fishing-rod. His hum blends with the bleating of the *Bufo vulgaris* and the cooing of *Coleoptera*.

Beside a fallen pine lies a woman (*genus*, in fact, *muliebre*).

Where the tree fell there she lies. Her fresh animal instinct sniffs the music-hall refrain; the footlights of the Pavillon Rouge mix rather weirdly with a vision, just rudely interrupted, of terra-cottas from Tanagra. Not every woman thinks of these things in a wood.

The male is a student of the Eternal Femininity. Already, while still out of gunshot, he has noticed her wedding-ring and the diamond-keeper. "Talking of keepers," he begins, with the affected drawl now sufficiently familiar to the reader, "are we trespassing here?" She replies in her frank unembarrassed way. "Better ask a p'leeceman," she says. (A lady, obviously! Worth cultivating? Bet your braces!)

"After trout, you know. Any local tips in flies?" A rare smile comes with her ready answer. "'Pick-me-ups' after a heavy night; 'Henry Clays' after lunch; 'spotted cocktalls' for the evening. Like a 'coachman' myself; sometimes find them quite killing!" "Happy coachman!"

A chill comes over the sylvan scene with these reckless words. She has gathered her cream-coloured mittens about her wrists; the contrast at once strikes him. In the subdued evening light he can see that her hands are unwashed. She bows coolly, and is off across the stream like a water-snake.

She is lounging nervously on the edge of the parlour-grate. There are two (an acute observer would say three) furrows on her forehead. "Off your pipe, old chappie? Feel a bit cheap?" (It is her husband who speaks in this way.) "Yes, beastly, thanks, old man!" "Try a nip o' whiskey. No soda; soda for boys. There, that's right! Buck up! What's your book?" "Oh! one of WILDE's little things. I like WILDE; he shocks the middle classes. Only the middle classes are so easily shocked!" He smiles a gentle, dull smile. There is a long pause; he cannot follow her swift eternally feminine fancy. "What's it now, old buffer? A brass for your thoughts?" "I was thinking, little woman, of a filly foal I once had. She grew up to be a mare. I never would have let anyone on God's beautiful earth ride her." "I'd have ridden her!" "No, you wouldn't!" "Yes, I would!" (passionately and concentratedly). "Well, I sold her anyway. Lucky the beast isn't here now to spoil our conjugal unity!" The crisis had past. Another moment and she might have left him for ever lonely and forlorn! But in a twinkling her wild, free instinct doubles at a tangent. With a supple bound she is on his shoulders curling her lithe fishing boots into one of his waistcoat pockets. Surely gipsy blood runs in her veins!

"Oh! I wish I wore a devil" (it is the lady speaking); "yes, a d-e-v-i-l!" "But you *are*, old woman, you *are*! and such a dear little devil!" "Say it again, old man!" (kissing him fiercely in the left eye and worrying his ear like a ferret), "I love to hear you

call me that. We women yearn for praise!" "You're a rare brick, old dear; and you're never jealous. Look at that photo of the other girl! Some women would have cut up rough about it. But you—why, you sent her a quid when she was peckish, and she chewed it for a week! Was there ever such a little chip?"

(To be continued.)

THE SHOPLIFTER.

A SONG OF SWELL "KLEPTOMANIA."

AIR—"The Woodpecker."

I KNEW by her hair which so cunningly curled
About her keen face, the Shoplifter was near;
And I said, "If there's innocence found in this world
A shopkeeper simple might look for it here."

It was noon, and on seats that were scattered around
Gaily chatting reposed each fair shopping swell she;
Her face seemed at rest, and she made not a sound,
This Shoplifter "nicking" when no eye could see.

And "Here in this sumptuous store," I exclaimed,
"Sits this maid who is lovely, at least to the eye;
She would storm if I charged her, and blush if I blamed,
And swear that before being searched she would die."

Yet within her back pocket her hand as it dips
Deposits the "swag," this she-SIXES fair and fine;
And I know, when arrested, those innocent lips
Will swear that those trinkets are *hers*, which are *mine*.

Chorus:—

Yet she smiles there, at rest, and she makes not a sound,
This Shoplifter "nicking" when no eye may see.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron has been much interested in Mr. NORMAN LOCKYER'S *Dawn of Astronomy*, published by CASSELL. The gods, whether star-gods, or sun-gods, or any other gods, seem to have been invented pictorially by the same kind of inspired talent that painted "The Faithful Servant" on the wall of a cloister in Winchester College. There is no doubt whatever that the Egyptian Sun-day was observed as strictly or even more so than our Sunday is now-a-days; but whether all the shops were shut, and the taverns open only at certain hours, as in England, or whether the Egyptian Sun-day was kept (or not kept, in a Sabbatarian sense) as it is pretty generally abroad, the observant astronomer LOCKYER is unable to inform us. The chapter about Isis and Horus is most interesting, and specially at this time, when a symbolically-inclined Oxonian artist might represent Isis as nursing the Eight,—symbolised by a figure of Oarus instead of Horus,—preparatory to the aquatic contest between the two Universities. Delightful work is Mr. LOCKYER'S, and the illustrations excellent.



Isis nursing Oarus.
Ancient Egyptian Statue, appropriate to the Modern University Boat-race.

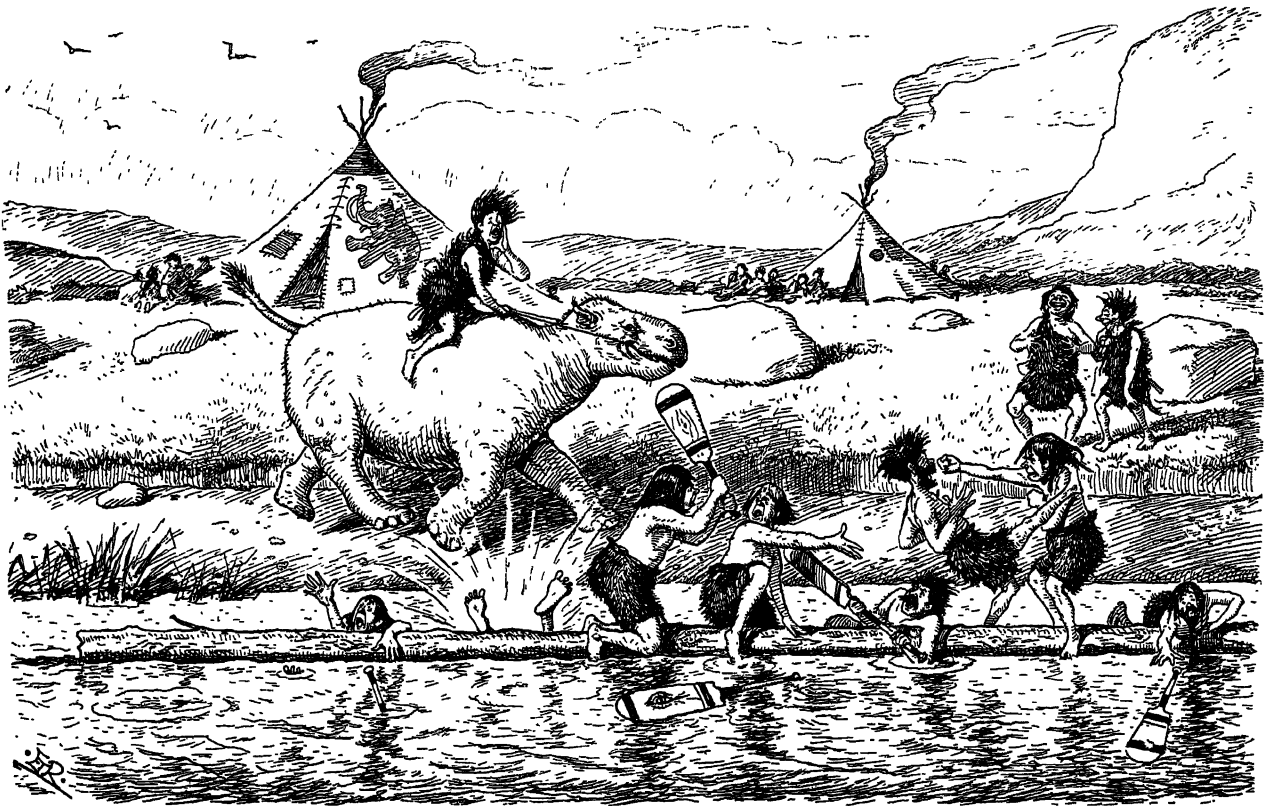
THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

THE Grandmotherly Legislation Element in the County Council, as represented by the Rev. FLEMING WILLIAMS, wishes that licenses should be granted only to such Music Halls as will undertake to serve no liquors, except such as are of an unintoxicating character, "in the body of the Hall." Poor body!! Why, if this were to become the rule, the Music Halls would very soon have "no body" to serve.

Mrs. R. said that when a great friend of hers died, "he had a magnificent funeral corsage!"



THE CIVIC TURTLE AND THE COUNTY COUNCIL BOA CONSTRICTOR.



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

"COACHING" FROM THE BANK WAS NO SINECURE EVEN IN THOSE DAYS. (THE "EIGHT" ALL SIXES AND SEVENS—AND ONLY A FEW DAYS TO THE RACE!)

AMALGAMATION.

["The County Council observes that there are two ways of amalgamating the City and the County of London—by extending the boundaries of the City until it becomes co-extensive with the County, and reforming the constitution while preserving the identity of the Corporation, and by creating a new Corporation for the whole County, into which the existing Corporation and County Council shall be absorbed. Not unnaturally, the second way is the one chosen by the County Council, though some will find it difficult to recognise the new Corporation as anything but the old County Council swollen by the deglutition of the City."—*The "Times" on the draft proposals of the London County Council for the amalgamation of the City and County of London.*]

Civic Turtle loquitur:—

GR-R-R-R! Amalgamation is it? Well I know them monstrous jaws
Want to swaller me, as *Langton Bennett* and poor *Rufus Dawes*
(So the brave *BON GAULTIER* tells us) once were swallered by that pest,

The Cawana, slain by *Slingsby* in the regions of the West.*
Would I were a Snapping Turtle, wot could bolt a alligator;
As a glass of good old Port is swallered by a City waiter!
I would give this Boa Constrictor beans! But I'm a poor old chap;
The Cawana of the City long has lost its power of snap.
Ho! Amalgamation? Quite so! They would have hus "unified,"
Like the Tiger and the Lady—when the Lady was inside!
Then a smile would wreathe them features, them perdidgious jaws
would grin!

As the *Times* says, "Deglutition's" wot they mean—and it's a sin!
Ain't it long, and ain't it whirly? Ain't it got enough to do?
Ain't its tail sufficient curly? Gr-r-r! It makes me shudder
through!

Villainous, voracious Ogre, 'orrid mixture of the Grampus,
The omnivorous Cassowary, and the gluttonous Catawampus!
Two ways of Amalgamation? That's its narsty wicket wit!
Knows pertickler well, it do, the brute, that I can't swaller it!
Gorge quite rises at the notion! Sooner swig South Afric Sherry.
Therefore in them "Draft Proposals" at my case it's making merry.

* See "The Fight with the Snapping Turtle" in the *BON GAULTIER* Ballads.

Br-r-r! Them orful gaping jaws! Ouf-f-f! that ojus pisonous breath!

In its orful coils 'twould scrunch me, simply "cuddle" me to death.
Oh, the dear old days departed! *RITCHIE* was a dreadful goose
This confounded County Council Boa Constrictor to let loose.

Might ha' known jest wot would happen. *Times* suggests as I'll be
beaten, [eaten!]

Jest because I wouldn't name the sauce with which I would be
Don't want to be gulped *at all*; prefer my present proud position
To that same Amalgamation, wich is simply "deglutition":

Oh! for a St. George, a civic one, to slay this hungry Dragon!
Wouldn't I jest drink his health in prime Madeiry, a full flagon?
Howsomever, if the Boa is to be the final victor,

If my doom is to be swallered by this terrible Constrictor,
I will do as *Philip Slingsby* did; I'll struggle, stab and kick,
And if I can't kill the crittur, I will make it very sick!

THE VERY LATEST THEORY ABOUT SHAKSPEARE.—Mr. LECKY, speaking at the recent banquet in honour of Baron VAN GOLTSTEIN, suggested that SHAKSPEARE might have been inspired by CATS. We think that the *Daily Telegraph*, in putting it "cats," has stumbled upon the truth. Of course, SHAKSPEARE's having derived inspiration from cats accounts perfectly for the fact that throughout his works he has not a single good word for dogs. We require a little more time to think over the connection between cats' nine lives and SHAKSPEARE's immortality.

Entre Eux.

Elle. "Done yet?" I've only just begun.

Lui. Great Scott! then when will you get through it?

Elle. "A woman's work is never done."

Lui. But who the dickens couldn't do it?

VERY APPROPRIATE.—Says 'ARREY, "Regular good place for a medical man to live in is 'Ill Street, Berkeley Square. But why don't he cure it and make it Quite Well Street?"

A SIGN OF REVIVING TRADE.—Great activity lately observed amongst Cabinet-makers.

IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

(AS OBSERVED AT OLYMPIA.)

IN THE RUE DU SULTAN. TIME—ABOUT 7.45 P.M.

A Born Leader (to a personally-conducted party of three *Mild Maiden Ladies*). No, no; I'll tell you when it's time to go to our seats—you leave all that to me—I've been here before. I've got your tickets; and all you've got to do is to follow me. We'll go into the City and see the Carpet Factory first of all.

First Mild Maiden Lady (as they scuttle along in his wake). Such a comfort having dear Edward with us! Now we're certain not to miss anything. . . . Oh, do look at that embroidery—such a sweet pattern! I really must just—

Dear Edward (authoritatively). Now look here, SELINA, you can't stop for that nonsense now. If we're going to see that Carpet Factory we must keep together, and look alive.

They keep together, and look as alive as they can.

Second M. M. L. (out of breath). One moment, dear Edward; do let's see what all those people are looking at in the glass case there!

Dear Edward. You'll have time to see that after we've done the carpets, JEMIMA. It's only the Moorish Harem; nothing in your line, you know.

Jemima (to herself, disappointed). I should like to know what a Harem is like; but I suppose dear EDWARD knows best. Perhaps carpet-making is more instructive.

They enter the City.

IN FRONT OF THE ROYAL MOORISH HAREM.

Several young ladies, of considerable personal attractions, are indolently reclining on divans, behind a large sheet of plate glass; some unnaturally unconscious, others calmly disdainful, of the spectators who pass open-mouthed between the barriers.

Mr. Meekin (to his wife). It looks very luxurious, doesn't it, my dear? Do you know, I think that sort of thing would be rather nice in our back drawing-room!

Mrs. Meekin. JAMES, if you have brought me here only to insult me—!

[JAMES realises—too late—that his remark is painfully open to misinterpretation.]

A Scandalised Matron (most unjustly, so far as a male eye can detect). The paint that thick on their faces, you could take a knife and scrape it off! Ah, and I'd like to do it too!

Her Companion (with equal acerbity). And no such particular beauties either, that I can see!

The Severe Matron. Downright plain I call them. And not one o' the lot with a bit o' useful work in her hands—if it was only knitting. Laying there like that, doin' nothing but stare people out o' countenance!

[She glares at the Lights of the Harem, who, not having heard these candid comments, preserve their composure.]

A Practical Humourist (who never neglects an opening). Pardon me, Ma'am, but surely you're aware they're only waxwork?

First Matron. Law! you don't mean it? Waxworks! (Relenting.) Well, that's some excuse, certainly!

Her Comp. But there's one o' them just clapped her hands! Perhaps you'll tell me she's waxwork?

The Pr. Hum. It's wonderfully ingenious, I know; you're not the first, I assure you, to be deceived by it. Still, if you listen a moment, you can hear the machinery click.

First M. Why, so you can! Well, the moment I set eyes on them, I noticed there was somethink; they were a deal too nice-lookin' to be natural!

Her Comp. Yes, you wouldn't get such lovely complexions except in wax. Bless me, MARTHA, if there isn't that one over there got a pipe and blowing bubbles—real ones! And look, there's another laughin'. They're nothing but live women after all, the same as ourselves—the forward 'ussies!



"The moment you try rotting them, they get rude!"

[They look indignantly round for the Practical Humourist, who, however, has disappeared.]

The Pr. Hum. (seeing a prospect of pulling a Policeman's leg). Oh, Constable, when are the young women inside that cage fed?

The Constable (austerely). You won't see no feeding-time 'ere, Sir, if you want tellin'!

The Pr. Hum. (encouraged by the smiles of the bystanders). Poor things! And they seem so tame, too. Can you tell me, Policeman, is there any place here where I could get a bag of nuts for them?

The Const. You ask at the Refreshment Bar and I daresay you can get a bag; and you can put your own nut in it, then they won't 'ave the trouble o' crackin' it. Pars along, please!

The Pr. Hum. (to himself as he passes along, slightly out of countenance). That's the worst of Policemen; the moment you try rotting them, they get rude!

IN THE RUE DE VALIDE.

Chorus of Cigarette-sellers. Verri nahce seegahrettes, verri pretti seegahrettes, verri speshal seegahrettes! Sare, vill you try? seekspence ze box!

An Elderly Oriental (at an embroidery stall). 'Ere, Meesis, come 'ere! I show you. Nossing to pay! You look 'ere. Sirty sheelang! Ver lucky ting in de 'ouse, ver lucky! You buy somsing, Meesis! Meesterr pay!

[Which "Meesterr," on recovering from his amusement at the mere suggestion, generally finds he has to do.]

A Grim Old Lady. I want a Turk's 'Ed.

The Elderly Oriental (startled). Bismillah! Meesis, you demand a Turk's 'Ed?

The G. O. L. I thought I could get one better 'ere, p'raps—a Turk's 'Ed—don't you understand?—haven't you got one?

The Eld. Or. (to himself). Mashallah! Does she think to beguile me? Truly the manners of these Frankish females are bold! (Aloud, discreetly.) I unnerstand nossing at all.

The G. O. L. (with distinctness). I want a Turk's 'Ed, on a long pole.

The Eld. Or. (mystified). I see. You have enemy viz a Turk. You seek revenge—yes? (To himself.) Terrible these elderly unbelievers!

The G. O. L. Revenge? Rubbish! You know what I mean—a thing you dust a ceilink with—all feathers.

The Eld. Or. Oh, Meesis, my poor old hade is no more all fezzers, and I do not employ him to dost. I show you pair of sleepares—vare sheap. Look!

The G. O. L. Bless the man! If I wanted slippers, I've a tongue in my head, I suppose. But it is ridiculous to come to a place like Constantinople, and find they've never 'eard of a Turk's 'Ed there!

[She moves on.]

The Eld. Or. (looking after her in amazement). What is she seeking? But why do I trouble myself? Allah has afflicted her, and she speaks words without meaning. Yes, it is that, without doubt.

Dear Edward (at the head of his Flying Column). No; the carpets don't seem to be down here either. We must go across the bridge, and try the other side. Come on!

Cecilia (to SELINA). I do wish EDWARD would ask one of the attendants—couldn't we get him to?

Selina. I don't quite think he would like it, dear; he's been here before, you know!

IN THE GALATA TOWER.

Dear Edward (in front, as usual). Getting to it now. The board said "This way to the Carpet Factory," didn't it? . . . Hullo, we're wrong again! This is a panorama. Very pretty, I daresay, but we've no time to waste over it. We must find these carpets. I remember now; they're on the upper floor, of course!

IN THE ARABIAN NIGHTS MUSEUM.

Jemima (plaintively). EDWARD, do stop one minute; there's Fatima at Bluebeard's cupboard; the door's just opening!

Edward. Can't stop for those old fairy tales now; we're close to the carpets. Hurry up!

[They hurry up.]

IN THE PLACE STAMBOUL.

Dear Edward. Well, it's very funny I can't find that Carpet Factory when I know exactly where it is. And the Show's begun long ago. We'll just try in here. . . . No, that's the Mosque—nothing to see there. We'd better go and take our seats, I suppose. (They return to the Rue du Sultan). Now—you've got the tickets.

Jemima, Selina and Cecilia. No, dear EDWARD, don't you remember you said you would keep them!

Edward. I? nonsense! (Searching.) They're not in any of my pockets, so you must have lost them between you. Still, if you

remember the block and the numbers—(they shake their heads). Ah, that's the worst of taking you anywhere! Well, it's absurd to pay twice over; we must make the best of it, that's all. It don't matter to me, because I've seen the Show. We'll go back to the City and have another hunt for those carpets. [They do.]

NEAR THE EXIT: ABOUT 10.30 P.M.

Cecilia (to her sister). JEMIMA, what do you think? EDWARD had the tickets after all; he's just pulled them out with his watch!

Jemima. Has he? I'm so glad. I was sure he was worrying all the evening thinking we'd lost them. And after all, we *did* find the Carpet Factory at last; though it was a pity they'd stopped working, because it was such a disappointment for dear EDWARD!

THE QUITE "NEW AND ORIGINAL" BOY AT TERRY'S.

THAT, in his chief features, *The New Boy* bears a striking resemblance to *Vice Versa* is a fact that seems to be generally admitted. Mr. LAW in his farce has dispensed with the magical machinery used by Mr. GUTHRIE in his inimitably humorous romance of world-wide fame. The hero of this farce is transformed into the boy, and has to bear all the ills that school-boy flesh is heir to; which is just exactly the main idea of the plot of *Vice Versa*. Evident, therefore, as it may be, that LAW went to GUTHRIE, it is by no means clear that any good grounds exist for GUTHRIE going to law.

The best written scenes of Mr. LAW's "New and original farcical comedy" which justify him in applying the term "comedy" to his farcical work (that is neither "new" nor "original" if founded on the story of *Vice Versa*) is just that portion of it with which the essential portion of the *Vice Versa* story has necessarily nothing whatever to do, I mean the scenes between the Irish adventurer, Mrs. RENNICK and Dr. CANDY; those between Théodore de BRIZAC and Nancy ROACH; and those also between the latter and her father.

The two characters that stand out in this piece are *Felix Roach*, which is admirably played by Mr. J. D. BEVERIDGE, and the French Usher, perfectly impersonated by Mr. SYDNEY WARDEN, the best Frenchman on the stage since the days of Monsieur MARIUS at the Strand. Mr. BEAUCHAMP's Dr. Candy is very good, and Mr. T. PALMER, as the irate Farmer, is a first-rate bit of character, not a bit too highly coloured, not the least overdone; and this may be truthfully said in praise of every one all round in about as complete a cast as has been seen on the boards of any theatre for a considerable time.

MISS MAY PALFREY is quite the school-girlish flirt, and Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS as *Bullock Major* (a name borrowed, if I mistake not, from THACKERAY) is the big bully boy to the very life, loud voiced, overgrown, uncouth. The small part of the maid at the school is neither overdone nor underdone, but just done enough by Miss ESMÉ BERINGER.

The disadvantage to the story in the lack of that supernatural *modus operandi* which sustained *Vice Versa* is nowhere more apparent in this farcical comedy than in the part of the mother, played by Miss GLADYS HOMFREY. The Author may thank this clever actress for a good deal, but the piece could not have been saved by her, had not the cast been so judiciously selected as it has been presumably by the new theatrical lessee, Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH, who at Terry's is in more senses than one, *The New Boy*.

Irresistibly droll and occasionally irritatingly pathetic as is Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH in this part of the husband, *Archibald RENNICK*, who masquerades as *Freddy*, his own wife's son, yet it would be very easy for the Author to have given us too much of this good thing; and genuinely absurd as are the scenes in which the unfortunate *Archie* appears, yet the action, when he is not on the stage, is never for one moment dull, and it is just in this respect that

this piece, *quâ piece*, ("cast" included, of course) has the advantage over its near relative, *Charley's Aunt*, which, when Mr. PENLEY is on the stage, goes with a continuous roar, but when he is off tends to be wearisome. Comparisons are to be avoided, as a rule, but in this instance they are most decidedly invited. *Charley's Aunt* is emphatically a one-part piece, but this is not the case with *The New Boy*; and it never could have jumped so suddenly into

public favour, had it not been for its good comedy scenes, carried on by an excellent *dramatis personæ*.

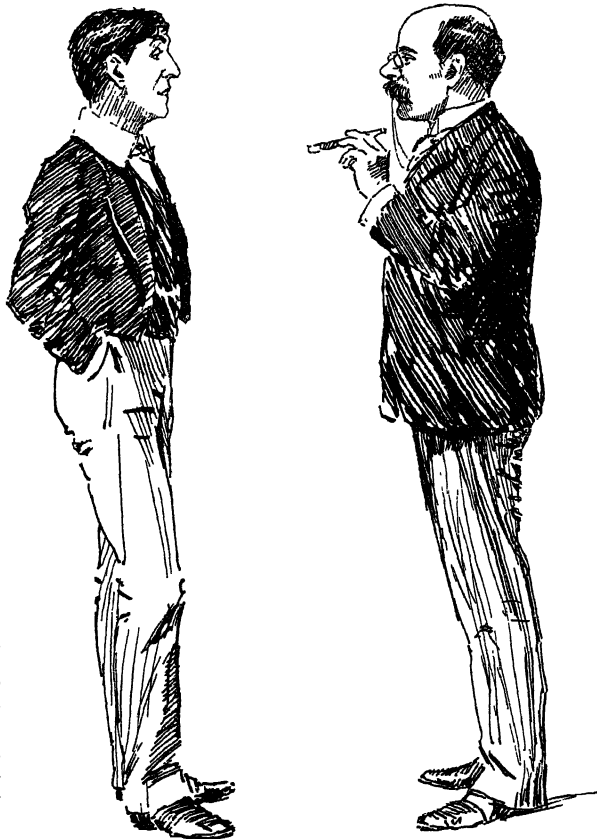
Mr. WEEDON GROSSMITH does not look quite young enough to deceive the schoolmaster, the usher, the schoolgirl, and the knowing Irish cousin. He could improve his "make-up" by giving himself a fresher and healthier colour, and instead of wearing a costume such as is displayed in a boy's tailor's shop window, he should be dressed in "Etons" as is the Thackerayan *Bullock Major*. Mr. WEEDON's boy belongs to a Sunday School lot, and not to the establishment of Dr. CANDY, LL.D., who presumably prepares his pupils for Eton, Harrow and Winchester, and who are not so "grown up" as to have dropped all acquaintance with the cane. Anyhow, this is the "dressing" I would suggest for *The New Boy*, who will have outgrown everything except his popularity by the time he has become "an old boy." B. IN THE BOX.

"COMPULSORY PURCHASE OF LAND IN IRELAND."—"Now," said Mrs. R., "I do not understand *this*. Are we all to be compelled to buy land in Ireland? I can't do it. I haven't the money. And, even if I could, I don't want to live there as a landlady, and perhaps be shot at and not missed!"

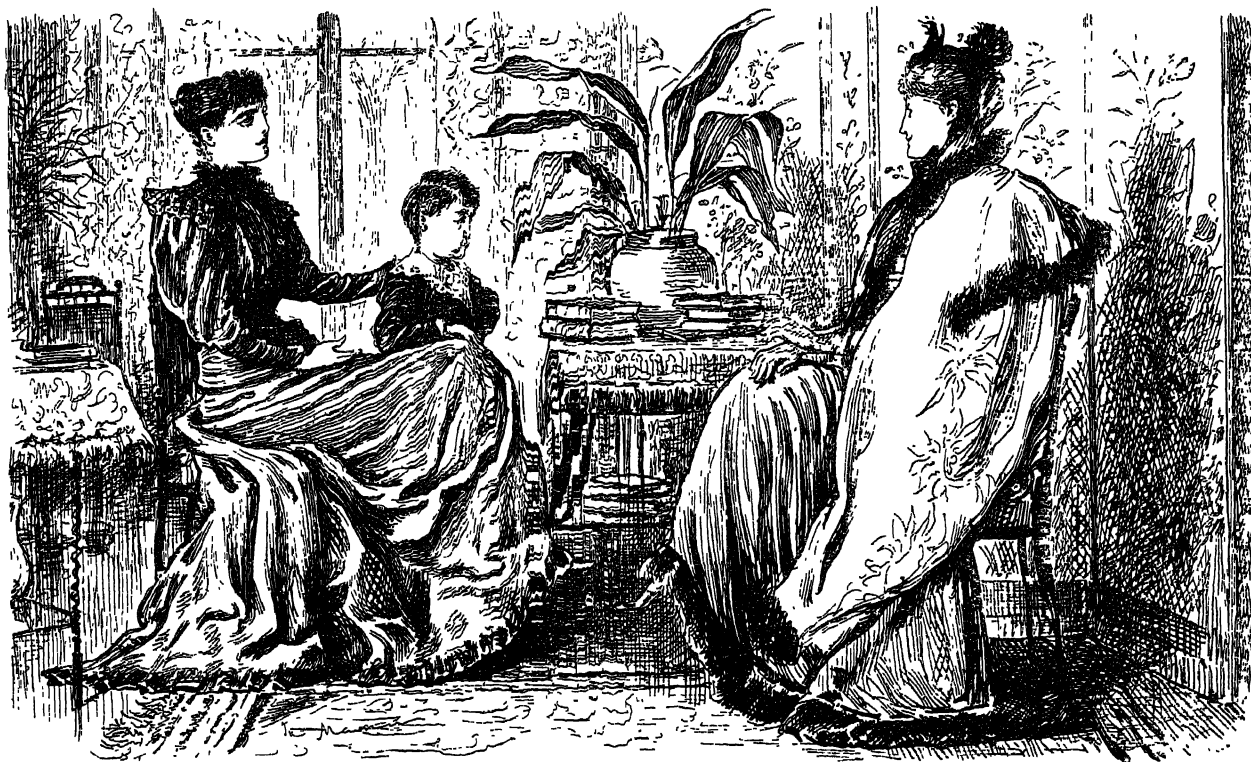
OBVIOUS.—It was not the Board of Trade that cruelly refused the Pedometer to the Marylebone Police Court, as inadvertently stated by one of Mr. *Punch's* attachés the other day, but the Board of Works. Apologies, therefore, to Mr. MUNDELLA and his merry men. The slip "Measure space?" says the Board of Works to the Police Court; "you'd much better mark time!" And so it is doing, in the matter of cab-fare disputes. The best advice to cab-patrons who have been charged for four miles after they have only been driven three, and who are thinking of visiting the Court, is—"keep your distance!"

DELIGHTFUL NEWS FOR SANDFORD AND MERTON.—The Archbishop of CANTERBURY has recently appointed "The Rev. Mr. BARLOW" to be "one of the Assistant Bishops in Japan"! Will he take out S. and M. with him as two chorister boys?

THE NEW CORPORATION OF THE CITY, OR COUNTY COUNCIL WRITE LARGER THAN EVER.—The LORD MAYOR is to be merely ornamental, not useful, and he may have a Show . . . if he likes to pay for it!! O Ichabod! Ichabod! How is this ancient Corporation to be Ichabodified!!



Mr. Anstey Guthrie (to New Boy). "I say, Freddy, surely I've seen you before! Ever read *Vice Versa*?"
The New Boy. "Oh, Law!"



THE NEW HUMOUR.

"AND I HEAR YOUR DEAR LITTLE BOY IS SO AMUSING!"

"WELL—YES, CONSIDERING HE'S ONLY FOUR! DID I TELL YOU HIS JOKE WITH THE OLD ADMIRAL THE OTHER DAY? HE HANDED HIM THE SALT INSTEAD OF THE SUGAR; AND THE ADMIRAL (WHO'S BLIND, YOU KNOW) ACTUALLY PUT IT INTO HIS TEA!"

"OH, THAT'S TOO DROLL! YOU MUST SEND THAT TO PUNCH!"

[Does so.]

UNARMING.

"Unarm—the long day's task is done,"
Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Scene 12.

At last!—Chill phrase by loyal love abhorred!
There lives a lingering sadness in each word!—
At last the unvanquished knight suspends his sword.

The *Lancelot* of our lists for so long years,
Victor so oft amidst loud storm of cheers;
Shall not such passing touch the source of tears?

Not *Arthur's* passing, out from living sight,
But the withdrawal of the war-worn knight
From the glad fray and the fierce joy of fight.

War-worn but yet unbroken, straight and strong,
We hoped he yet should head the charge for long,
The star of battle and the theme of song.

It scarcely seemed old Time himself had force
This many-laurelled champion to unhorse,
Shiver his lance, or stay his conquering course.

From clustering jet to scattered silver went
The hero's locks, yet left his frame unbent,
His courage unimpaired, his strength unspent.

He seemed of Age, as of all lesser foes,
The easy master in the ceaseless close,
Renewed in strength from every bout he rose.

"He's down—at last!" foes cried full many a time;
"His strength is sapped, shorn is his crest sublime."
He rose, and smote, and won as in full prime.

E'en now his four-score years bow not his crest.
With sword unsheathed or lance in rest,
He looks the ready chief disdainful rest.

Yet he hangs up that sword, that lance lays by,
Conscious, though loud applauding cohorts cry,
Of failing vigour and of dimming eye.

"The seven-fold shield of Ajax cannot keep"
Time's battery from the heart. The cruel creep
Of the slow years bears all to the great deep.

Bears champion with onward, knight with clown.
The hero of a hundred fights steps down,
Hangs up the sheathed sword, and takes the crown.

"No more a soldier:—Bruised pieces, go;
You have been nobly borne." So, in proud woe,
Cried Roman *Antony*, by love laid low.

"Unarm, *Eros*: the long day's task is done,"
This is no *Antony*; here's a nobler one;
Yet like the Roman his great course is run.

From source to sea a fair full-flooded flow
Of stainless waters, swelling as they go,
Now widening broad in the sun's westering glow.

Broad widening to the ocean, whither all
The round world's fertilising floods must fall.
The sweeping river with the streamlet small.

Hang up the sword! It struck its latest stroke,
A swashing one, there where the closed ranks broke
Into wild cheers that all the echoes woke.

That stroke, the last, was swift, and strong, and keen.
Now hang thou there, though sheathed, yet silver-clean,
For never felon stroke has dimmed thy sheen!

For thee, good knight and grey, whose gleaming crest
Leads us no longer, every generous breast
Breathes benediction on thy well-worn rest.

The field looks bare without thee, and o'ercast
With dark and ominous shadows, and thy last
Reveille was a rousing battle-blast!

But though with us the strife may hardly cease,
We wish thee in well-earned late-coming ease,
Long happy years of honourable peace!



UNARMING.

“UNARM!—THE LONG DAY’S TASK IS DONE!”

Antony and Cleopatra, Act IV., Scene 12.



A RAID ON A COCKROACH CLUB.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, March 1.—Mr. G., Downing Street, S.W., to Toby, M.P., Tropics, E.C. Come back at once. Some people say I'm going to resign. Others say I'm not. Come along, and tell me how it is.

In obedience to this summons, left South Africa with its glorious sunlight, its blue mountains, its soft South Atlantic sea, its peach gardens, and its vineyards; hastened home to Westminster. Was what people here fatuously call a fine day when we arrived; at least, not raining; something glimmering in sky that looked like the sun after severe attack of influenza.

"Sunlight and water, I call it," said SARK, gloomily looking at the best that can be done in London in March.

Got down to House just in time to see Mr. G. enter. On the whole, since he leaves the point to me, I should say, on question submitted in his telegram, "The Noes have it." There is no resignation in that eye with which he surveys the House, crowded in every part. More than two months since I was here; seems as if nothing had passed; certainly the Parish Councils Bill hasn't. House engaged on its consideration when, before Christmas, SARK and I paired and went off. On it still; Mr. G.'s speech makes clear that the end has come at last. The Lords have proved contumelious to the end.

"Very well," says Mr. G., taking that august assembly by the ear (so to speak), and vigorously shaking it; "you shall have your own way, you bad, ungrateful boy. But it will be only for a while. If we thwart you now you'll only kick and scream and tear the Bill to ribbons, at a time when we have no alternative but to cast the fragments away. So we'll take it as you have left it, and put it on the shelf. By-and-by, at a more convenient season, we'll have it out with you. There's a long score to settle; we'll choose our time for taking the work in hand, and we'll do it thoroughly, settling it once for all."

Radicals screamed with delight at prospect thus opened up. Haughty aristocrats like ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight) curled the lip, and scornfully laughed, "Ha, ha!" SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE, encouraged by this incitement to anarchy, crossed the floor and made an attempt, ineffective at first onslaught,

to eject ATTORNEY-GENERAL, who, finding no place on crowded Treasury Bench, had appropriated SAGE's seat below Gangway. Two dozen Peers cowered in the Gallery over the clock. Mr. ARCH rose to his feet and waved his hat; PRINCE ARTHUR, stepping into arena, picked up the glove thrown down by Mr. G., and flung it back.

Listening to his brave words, gazing upon his fearless port, Peers in the Gallery plucked up courage. When, fixing a glittering eye on Mr. G., who having delivered his challenge had relapsed into attitude almost of humility, PRINCE ARTHUR said, "Let me tell the right hon. gentleman we look forward without dismay to the fight," ASHBOURNE in Peers Gallery half rose to his feet and made as though he, too, would wave his hat. "Nay," said Lord MORRIS in his grave, solemn tones. "Nay, my brother, let us leave these ill-considered ebullitions to the newer nobility;" and his dreamy eye rested for a moment on Lord ROWTON, who made no sign.

A historic scene; a fine audience; two speeches worthy of the occasion; and so home to prepare for the new Session. "Do you really think he's going to resign?" I asked the old friend whom it's so hard to call anything but HARTINGTON.

"Well, Toby," said the DUKE, "you ought to know better than I, since I'm no longer in his confidence. But it's hard to see how a man can make a speech like that, opening up a new and desperate campaign, on the eve of the day when he himself lays down his arms. It's too reminiscent of another great soldier,

Who fled full soon on the first of June,
And bade the rest keep fighting."

Business done.—The Session's. HENRY FOWLER goes home, carrying in his bosom the one ewe lamb that has survived the blizzard, a survival largely due to his solicitude and Parliamentary skill.

Monday.—After all Mr. G. is going, not to say gone. Secret well kept to the end. House knows now that the speech it listened to on Thursday was the last he will ever deliver as Minister of the Crown; possibly the very last of the incomparable coruscation that has flashed across the House of Commons through these more than sixty years. The few Members present to-day to witness barren ceremony of Prorogation tread softly, as if in presence of a great bereavement. Tories, Radicals, Liberals, Conservatives, Unionists, Farnellites, Nationalists, whatever we be, we are each all one in our homage to the greatest Parliament man known since Parliament began.

Business done.—Prorogation.



Toby and the "Dook" cross Palace Yard.

ITALIAN FINANCE.

(From the Newspapers of the next Century.)

YESTERDAY Signor GRASPI made his statement of the proposed new taxes. He said that unhappily there is now a deficit of twenty billions of lire, but that the Government hoped to meet this by increased taxation, and not by any reduction of the Army or Navy. (*Loud applause from the two deputies present, both supporters of the Government.*) [It may be explained that all the members of the Opposition are now loaded with fetters, and imprisoned in the deepest dungeons of the Castle of Sant' Angelo. The supporters of the Government, except two required to form a quorum, are serving with the colours.] The Minister said that it gave him great pleasure to reflect that every Italian, even if blind or lame, is now a soldier or a sailor. He had just received a telegram stating that, in the wildest portion of the Apennines, another man had been discovered. Unfortunately, he was over eighty years old, and bedridden. Nevertheless, he had been added to the reserve forces, and had increased the nominal strength of the army to 26,349,001, including the immense reserve of female militia, now in a most flourishing condition. (*Loud cheers.*) The Navy was also in a most efficient state, and Italy was with justice proud of her 270,600 sailors, male and female. (*Re-*



TAKING THINGS TOO MUCH FOR GRANTED!

She. "YES; AND DIDN'T YOUNG CONVERS LOOK SPLENDID AS MEPHISTOPHELES! ALL IN RED—EVERY INCH A PRINCE!"

He. "MY LOVE, MEPHISTOPHELES IN RED IS A MISTAKE. REMEMBER WHO HE IS AND WHAT HE REPRESENTS. THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS! HE'S ALWAYS BEEN PAINTED BLACK—AND BLACK HE IS, AND BLACK HE ALWAYS WILL BE!"

She. "AH, YOU'LL FIND YOU'RE WRONG!"

newed applause.) He had now to consider the increase of taxation necessary to maintain this state of efficiency. It would be difficult to add to the existing octroi duties on bread, now at five lire the loaf; or on water, at two lire the pint. (*Here one of the deputies fainted from exhaustion, and was carried out. It was stated that he had had no food for three days.*) It was also unfortunately impossible to increase the income-tax, now at 99 centesimi in the lira, exclusive of other duties, since no one had any income to tax. (*Here the other deputy took three 10-centesimi pieces from his pocket, and gazed mournfully at them.*) It had therefore been resolved to place a tax on air, and a Royal Decree had just been published forbidding any person to breathe except on payment of 15 centesimi for each inflation of the lungs. (*Here the Deputy left the chamber hastily, in search of the Tax Collector for the district.*) "Gentlemen of the Government," concluded Signor GRASPI, "since there is no one else here, it is evident that these measures will be passed, so that our country, still maintaining her glorious Army, more numerous by five persons than that of Russia, and her magnificent Navy, more powerful by one torpedo-boat than that of France, can hold her rightful place amongst the Great Powers, and hand down to posterity a record of untarnished glory."

A DOMESTIC ECLOGUE.

STREPHON. AMANDA. PHYLLIS.

Strephon. Cold is the mutton now. It was not so, My own AMANDA, but a year ago.

Amanda. A year ago for nought did STREPHON care, So his AMANDA were but kind and fair.

Strephon. Accustomed comfort paled its fires awhile In the new splendour of AMANDA'S smile.

Amanda. Not mine a smiling countenance to keep Only as rival to a silly sheep.

Strephon. Yet, as a favour to your faithful shepherd, You might at least have had it grilled and pepper'd.

Amanda. Pepper'd and grill'd! A year ago you said, While that wild waltz the Blue Bohemians play'd, We'd live, like birds, on love and lemonade.

Strephon. Nay, my AMANDA, it were sure absurd To proffer lemonade to any bird.

Amanda. Not more absurd than that AMANDA'S winner Should hold her rather cheaper than his dinner.

Strephon. Now, nay, AMANDA, nay! A crust would be Better than any feast not shared with thee!

Amanda. Poor STREPHON, how I picture your disgust At sitting down to only me and crust!

Strephon. Indeed, your hardy STREPHON would not care, So there were any reason for such fare.

Amanda. If thus your vows and pledges you forget, It is a pity that we ever met.

Strephon. Nay, flush not so, nor toss your pretty head; And, please, don't add you wish that you were dead!

Amanda. Ha, ha! Indeed I do not care a button For you, or life, or love that reeks of mutton.

Strephon. How now, neat-handed PHYLLIS! Tell the worst— This day, ill-omened, is on horrors nursed—

Phyllis. Sir, while I talked with Mr. CHALKER'S man, What time the milk was pouring from the can,

Hylax the larder entered, seized the meat, And scampered with it far adown the street! Strephon. Is that the worst? Then, PHYLLIS, dry your eyes. Nor maids nor milkmen can be always wise. While Hylax takes the mouton for a tour, Revenons à nos premiers amours. Amanda. Now your AMANDA you've again embraced, Hylax shall have a collar richly chased. Sharp was the pain, the bliss is trebly sweet. Strephon. This day shall aye be sacred to a treat. Dinner at BONVIVANT'S, and then the play, And we'll pretend 'tis still our wedding-day

QUITE POSITIVIST!

(A Controversy à la Mode.)

SIR,—I can't stand seeing J-HN B-RNS abused by a Republican Boatswain like "Mad FR-D." Ah! How different from the old D-LKE days!

Yours, FR-D-R-C H-RR-S-N.

P.S.—Kindly see that you omit the "k."

SIR,—I'm not going to be called a Republican Boatswain by "S&D FR-D-B-CK."

Yours, FR-D M-XSE.

P.S.—Kindly print the "k."

SIR,—Mr. H-RR-SON'S statements are incorrect. I never did nor said what he suggests.

Yours, CH-RL-S W. D-LKE.

SIR,—Don't believe any of them. I remember all the events perfectly.

Yours, J. M-RR-S-N D-V-DS-N.

SIR,—I stick to what I said. It still makes me ill to think of J-HN B-RNS being railed at by a turncoat Lieutenant.

Yours, F. H.

SIR,—Hurrah! Promoted from Boatswain to Lieutenant.

Yours, F. M.

[This correspondence, for once in a way not a put up thing, must now cease.]



TRYING!

(Very young Married Woman, dreadfully nervous, presiding at her own "Five o'Clock.")

First Lady. "NO SUGAR IN MY TEA, PLEASE!"

Second Lady. "OH, PLEASE, ONLY A VERY LITTLE MILK IN MY TEA!"

Third Lady. "OH, PARDON! NO MILK AT ALL IN MY TEA!"

Fourth Lady. "NO CREAM, PLEASE, IN MY TEA!"

Cantankerous Old Gentleman. "UM! NO WATER IN MY TEA, PLEASE!"

LAYS FROM THE LINKS.

I.—THE HISTORY OF A MATCH.

LET A be the Links where I went down to stay,
And B be the man whom I challenged to play:—

C was the Caddie no golfer's without,
D was the Driver I used going "out":
E was the Extra loud "Fore!" we both
holloa-ed,

F was the Fozzle which commonly followed:
G was the Green which I longed to approach,
H was the Hazard which upset the coach:
I was B's Iron-shot (he's good for a younker),
J was his Joy when I pitched in the bunker.
K was the Kodak, that mischief-contriver,
L was B's Likeness—on smashing his driver:
M was the Moment he found out 'twas
taken.

N was his Niblick around my head shaken:
O was the Oil poured on waters so stormy,
P was the Putt which, next hole, made me
dormy.

Q was the Quality—crowds came to look on,
R the Result they were making their book on:
S was the Stymie I managed to lay,
T was Two more, which it forced him to
play;

U was the Usual bad word he let fly,
V was the Vengeance he took in the bye.

W the Whisky that night: I must own
X was its quantity—wholly unknown;
Y were the Yarns which hot whisky combine
with,

Z was the Zest which we sang "Auld Lang
Syne" with.

A VADE MECUM FOR THE HOUSE OF PEERS.

(Compiled by a Lord Literally in Waiting.)

Question. What are the benefits of having a seat in the House of Peers?

Answer. To receive a large number of Blue Books, to be called upon to dwell for so many hours every year in a particularly draughty Chamber, and to have the daily advantage of seeing oneself abused in a fair proportion of the Press.

Q. Are there any other privileges?

A. To be asked to attend at charity dinners by professional philanthropists and to feed with snobs.

Q. Can you not remember a few more?

A. To be called by tradesmen, self-made millionaires and flunkies, "my lord," and to be charged double everywhere for everything in recognition of one's title.

Q. Are there no duties attached to the position?

A. Certainly. A Peer is supposed to act on behalf of his neighbours, whether they be rich or whether they be poor.

Q. Has he any particular training for this employment?

A. Ninety-nine times out of every hundred he has been educated at a public school, and an university, and five times out of every half dozen his ancestors for a generation or two have been gentlemen.

Q. Surely this should give some guarantee that a Peer will understand the meaning of noblesse oblige?

A. So it would seem to every one save the Editor of a radical and levelling newspaper.

Q. Are there not Second Chambers in every country under the sun?

A. I think so, but geography was not my strongest point when I was at Eton.

Q. And as a whole the debates and divisions of the Upper House have been beneficial to the British Empire?

A. So I believe, although I must confess that I did not pay much attention to Constitutional History when I took my Double First from Christ Church.

Q. Then do you think you should consent to the abolition of the institution of which you form a part?

A. No; because I should be the means of breaking up the British Constitution.

Q. Can you imagine any advantage that could be derived by this English application of the Japanese "Happy Dispatch"?

A. Only the questionable merit of pleasing Mr. HENRY LABOUCHERE.

Q. And would this merit compensate for the demerits of the scheme?

A. I venture to think not, although, of course, every one would be delighted to oblige the senior Member for Northampton for the sake of his uncle, the late Lord TAUNTON.

Q. Then what course do you propose to pursue?

A. To let well alone, although Truth may be at the bottom of it.

"Il Faut Souffrir."

"*Il faut souffrir pour être belle,*"
So ladies say, and mean as well;
For, truly, they will lace and pinch,
And die before they yield an inch.
But what of those who have to pay
For corsets, boots, etceteray?
Do husbands never sigh, "*Il faut
Souffrir pour avoir été beau*"?

A BALLAD OF BABBLE.

"My only books were women's—lips."

["Lip-reading is understood to be the latest craze which will occupy the spare time of Society in place of banjo-playing and skirt-dancing."—*Graphic*, February 24.]

THE banjo's laid by in Belgravia,
And lithe LETTY LIND's in eclipse:

We must now learn to spell from each blue-blooded belle,
What is speechlessly lisped by her lips,
Her laconic, if beautiful, lips.

No longer will babble of Babel
The listener baffle and beat!
Blest silence will lap in the bliss of La Trappe
The boudoirs of London's élite,
Where abide the loquacious élite.

Oh, bonny's the lay of the bulbul,
And lilt of the lark up above; [kiss]
But 'tis better to list to the dumb languag
From the lips of the lass that you love,
The blithe little lass that you love!

Then let us all boldly take lessons;
To make a beginning we burn! [LILYS-
We'll write no more billets to BELLAS
The art of lip-reading we'll learn,
Yes, labial lallation we'll learn!

THE OLD HALL.

(A Story of Delusive Aspirations.)



1. Jones was a tuft-hunter. One day, in a train, he encountered an elderly gentleman who aroused great interest in his bosom. "Porter," said that elderly gentleman, "ave you seen my old hall?" "Got an old hall!" murmured Jones to himself. "Rich man—probably duke! Should like to cultivate him!"



2. The Stranger was affable. "Did you ever 'ave an old hall?" he said. "Why—er—n-no," said Jones. "Very convenient thing to 'ave," said the Stranger. "I've got all manner o' things in my old hall." "Ah—armour, and ancestors, and tapestry, and secret doors, no doubt," thought Jones to himself.



3. "You *must* see my old hall," said the Stranger. "I'll show you all the ins and outs of it. I can put you up—" "Really very good of you!" exclaimed Jones. "Shall be delighted to accept—" "Put you up to no hend of wrinkles about old halls," continued the Stranger.



4. They alighted at the terminus. "There—there's my old hall! Hain't it a beauty?" said the Stranger. Jones sank slowly to the earth, without a groan. That ungrammatical Stranger's vaunted possession was a hold-all!

OUT OF DATE.

SCENE—Glade in the *Paradise of Fiction*. Group of Modern Heroines, from IBSEN, TOLSTOI, JOHN OLIVER HOBBS, and others, reposing under the trees in artistic attitudes.

Enter ROSALIND on the left, gazing round in search of someone. The eyes of all the Modern Heroines are immediately fastened on her.

First Modern Heroine. That's SHAKESPEARE!

Second M. H.

As You Like It.

Third M. H.

With disdain

He must have pictured her!

Fourth M. H.

He wrote for gain

Third M. H. She looks so cheerful!

Fourth M. H.

And so very sane

Third M. H. (sardonically). She's pretty

First M. H. (sharply).

Well, we cannot all be plain!

Fourth M. H. She didn't put a bullet through her brain!

Fifth M. H. Nor fling herself into the restless main!

Sixth M. H. Nor underneath the nearest railway train.

Seventh M. H. She didn't find that life was wholly vain

And loathsome, nor strive wildly to attain

Through gulfs of unimaginable pain!

Enter ORLANDO on right. ROSALIND, with evident satisfaction, hastens to meet him. Exit ROSALIND and ORLANDO.

Fourth M. H. (sternly). It is with deep regret we ascertain

She loves the man she married!

First M. H.

Too inane!

Chorus of M. H.'s (with a heavy sigh).

It somehow seems—so—utterly—profane!

"A NAVY ESTIMATE."—Says Mr. G., "Haven't we a magnificent list of the ships . . . in HOMER? What we can want more than *that* is Greek to me."

"THE HALL OF A THOUSAND COLUMNS"

AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

We went, afloat in that strange boat,

Fair maiden, and you studied Those 'tunnels' striking beauty, like

The Underground if flooded.

The light grew pale, as in some tale Of mystery by HAGGARD.

At rest I sat, relieved of that Huge box with which I'd staggered.

I staggered so all round the show With that delightful packet, Full of "Delight"—so vast, I might With wicked words attack it.

The tunnels past, we came at last To light, from darkness solemn— The Hall where stand, on either hand, A thousand sorts of column.

So it is said, but then one's head, Reflected as one passes, [rows Too plainly shows the endless Are simply looking-glasses.

A harmless sham, of which I am Now saying nothing spiteful— Your face is fair, so is your hair, Your smile is quite delightful.

Could we have stayed all day, sweet maid, I should not have objected; Your pretty face all round the place Was endlessly reflected.

Mrs. R. is very fond of flowers, but she says she would not stay in the Conservatory on the top of Ben Nevis all through the winter for anything.



TRUE LOYALTY.

Popular Colonel (to Sergeant, up for annual Sergeants' Dinner).
"ULLO, THOMPSON! SO GLAD TO SEE YOU! YOU 'VE HAD TO COME A LONG DISTANCE, I FEAR!"

Sergeant. "THANK YOU, COLONEL! I'D COME ANY DISTANCE TO SEE YOU! AND AS FOR YOUR FUNERAL, SIR—WHY, I'D COME TO IT FROM THE OTHER END OF THE WORLD!"

MRS. R.'S REMINISCENCES.

MRS. R.'s memory fails her a bit now and then, especially in old and familiar quotations. "Ah," she said, speaking of her nephews and nieces at school; "how lucky they are! Such nice books to read! Why, when I was young, we had only a few we used to read over and over again; and I remember a poem—let me see, 'The Battle of —' I forget exactly, but I know it was supposed to be somebody of the name of Old GASPÉR—so called, I dare say, from his shortness of breath, that's by what they term 'poetical licenses'—and it ran like this:—

It was a summer's afternoon,
Old GASPÉR's work was done,

I don't know what work it was, and I don't think it was mentioned in the poem—but that is neither here nor there—

Old GASPÉR's work was done,
And he behind the kitchen door
Was sweating in the sun.

I don't quite see how the sun got behind the kitchen door, but that depends on the way you're standing. I think the expression in the last line vulgar, decidedly, but it didn't strike us so when we were mere children. And then I remember his grandson, 'Little PIPPIKIN,' asks him a lot of questions; and Old GASPÉR's answer was always the same,—

'Why that I cannot tell,' says he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

And he went on repeating the same thing at the end of every verse, in the most irritating manner. But, as children, we were fond of Old GASPÉR and PIPPIKIN. I've never seen them since."

SOME VIEWS ON THE MONEY MARKET.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

I have been forced to study the Money Market. This was how it happened. Having injured my right hand, which I now carry in a sling, I am under considerable disadvantages in reading my morning paper in a crowded railway carriage. Those who have ever tried to unfold, re-fold, and double back an elusive broadsheet with the left hand alone, will appreciate my difficulties. There is nothing more perverse or malignant in existence than a newspaper for which a man can only use his left hand. One corner of it is sure to insert itself into your neighbour's eye, while another corner is engaged in ruffling the opposite man's top hat, and when you have more or less completed the process, you will find probably that you hold in your hand an irregularly formed ball, which has no resemblance whatever to a newspaper.

Well, the other morning I bought my newspaper, and took the only vacant seat in a smoking-carriage on the District Railway. I sat still for some time, and then began to shake out the paper. A very polite gentleman opposite (I do not know his name, but I hereby thank him for his kindly sympathy) perceived my difficulty, and offered to help me. He took the paper from my willing hand, and folded it so that I could read the leading articles and the foreign intelligence. These took me comfortably through three stations, but as there were five still left, and as I was anxious to read some political speeches and the law intelligence, I was not satisfied. However, I couldn't begin the struggle afresh, so with a sigh I laid the paper down. My sympathetic friend observed my predicament, and once again offered to help me. With deft hands he rearranged the paper and handed it back to me saying, in a tone of smiling interrogation, "Money Market, I suppose?" Now, if there is one thing I never read in the daily paper, it is the Money Market. I have never understood it, and never shall, but what was I to do? There was the paper, neatly folded, with nothing but "Money Market" and "Mines" showing. I could not presume again on my

friend's kindness. How was I to explain to him that I didn't want to read the Money Market? He would probably have thought me a maniac and treated me accordingly. I therefore resigned myself to reading what was before me with as good a grace as I could muster, and for the benefit of my fellow-men I here beg to offer the result of my investigations.

I have no doubt the article I read was a nice article, written with a due regard to accuracy and with a literary style appropriate to the subject treated of. The first statement, however, fairly took my breath away. The writer said:

"Short money was distinctly scarce to-day, which was not surprising."

I beg to assure him that he is entirely mistaken. It was surprising, for it certainly startled me to learn that money possessed degrees of height. I know what it is to be short of money, but I don't suppose that condition is particularly scarce. But it had never struck me that money, as money, could be tall or short, or could, in fact, have any other size than that ordained by the authorities of the Mint. Finally, I came to the conclusion that short money must mean three-penny pieces, though I am still without an idea as to why three-penny pieces should have been scarce last Wednesday. But I had not done with short money, for I learnt immediately afterwards that

"The temporary tightness of short money kept discount rates fairly steady, and fine three months' bills were quoted at 1½ per cent."

I began to see light. If short money gets temporarily tight, it is perhaps natural that it should make itself scarce. But then I was thrown back again. That in this inebriated condition, short money should have been able to keep anything else fairly steady was more than I could believe. I can only regret that fine three months' bills should have allowed themselves to be seen in such disreputable company. After this I was not surprised to learn that "*African Cy. Perps. had fallen*," consequent, no doubt, on a collision with short money in a state of temporary tightness.

Yours pecuniarily,

A VAGRANT.



A SOFT ANSWER; OR, BEAUTY AND THE BEAR.

Bruin (rather suspiciously). "WHAT HAS HE BEEN SAYING TO YOU?"

Madame *La République*. "OH! THE NICEST THINGS! ABOUT YOU!!"



AGGRAVATING FLIPPANCY.

Butler. "MRS. COHEN!"

Mr. Jones. "WHICH MRS. COHEN IS THAT? NOT MRS. COHEN NÉE ISAACSON?"

Mrs. Brown. "EVIDENTLY NOT. MRS. COHEN NEZ RETROUSSÉ, I SHOULD THINK!"

A SOFT ANSWER.

["Lord DUFFERIN's speech in Paris, containing such laudatory opinions of Russia that it is already called the 'Russophile oration' of a British Ambassador, has fairly taken the Russians by surprise."—*Times*, March 9.]

SCENE—A Banqueting Hall in Lovely Lutetia, the City of Light.

Conciliator (sweetly). Peace, my dear lady, perfect peace, is, like happiness, our being's end and aim—your being's, my being's, BRUIN's being's—Everybody's being's end and aim! Under its blessed auspices alone, indeed, is human happiness attainable. [*Glow*]

Beauty (blandly). Ah, Ciel, how true! [*Beams*.
Bruin (aside). Humph! Those two seem on excellent terms! Wonder what they're talking about. [*Broods*.

Conciliator. War hasn't a friend left in the wide world. Wealth, Civilisation, Science, Literature, Art, Commerce (especially Commerce—ask that dear good BLOUNT), Morality, Manners, and the Map of Europe—all, all against it!

Beauty (compassionately). Poor War! "Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow" (as your so charming poet puts it); one almost pities its sombre isolation.

Conciliator (merrily). Oh, well, War is a most unmitigated bad lot, you know—an incorrigible mauvais sujet, and your pretty compassion is wasted on it. You might as well weep over the spiffication of the Jabberwock!

Beauty (pensively). Yes—I suppose so—and yet—la Gloire—mes braves soldats—a-h-h-h! [*Hums "Ah! que j'aime les Militaires!"*]

Conciliator (sympathetically). Fear not, Madame, for the objects, the very natural and proper objects, of your flattering preference. The more Peace we have, the more soldiers we require—to keep it.

Beauty (apparently much relieved). Ah, quite so! Of course! How comforting you are, and how vary clevere!!!

Bruin (aside). She fawns on him! I must look into this.

Conciliator (observing him). But who, after all, is the first and best, most potent, and devoted friend of Peace?

Beauty (shrugging her shoulders). Que sais-je, moi? C'est une énigme, n'est ce pas?—what you call a rid-del?

Conciliator (deprecatingly). Is thy servant a Sphinx that he should ask this thing?

Beauty (smiling). Well, truly, the Sphinx must have been—what you call "a bore." She was Egyptian, hein?

Conciliator (quickly). Ah, now you would make me play *Œdipus*! Which is not my *métier*, I assure you, any more than the rôle of Sphinx. Next to the pest who goes about asking burning questions, is the pragmatistical prig who goes about giving answers to them.

Beauty (suggestively). Unless they are soft answers?

Conciliator. 'Tis not always so easy to find soft answers to hard questions. But as I was about to say, the Best Friend of Peace is, without question, your devoted—and watchful—partner, BRUIN.

Beauty. You say that?

Conciliator (with emphasis). And mean it, Madame!

Beauty. How nice of you! And how pleased he will be to hear it!

Conciliator. Oh, he knows it is my opinion, which indeed I have often expressed before. I am one of his warmest admirers—a true Russophile. Anything more handsome than his conduct in the matter of Ishak Khan, and frontier questions generally, I cannot conceive. Ah, he's a dear, faithful fellow. And as Friend of Peace!—well, like Otus and Ephialtes, in the *Iliad*, he and—another, hold Mars chained between them:

"The mighty Mars, in mortal fetters bound,
And lodg'd in brazen dungeons underground,
These many years imprisoned roars in vain,
Otus and Ephialtes hold the chain."

Unfortunately the chain—whose links are of gold, and need continual strengthening—is a little expensive.

Beauty (sighing). Yes, indeed! However, I trust "the great stream of tendency" you speak of will draw us three yet closer together.

[*They separate, saluting cordially.*]
Bruin (approaching BEAUTY, doubtfully). What has that fellow been saying to you?

Beauty (with effusion). Oh, the nicest things—about you!!!

Bruin (softened). You don't say so?

Beauty. But I do, mon ami! Had it been a lady who said them I should have been jealous. All ardent admiration—for you as the Friend of Peace and best of good fellows! All courtesy, goodwill, and conciliatory spirit! And—listen!

[*Whispers in his ear.*]
Bruin (scratching it with half pleased perplexity). Well—well—well! I'd no idea he was so fond of me, ce cher DUFFERIN!

Beauty. Doats on you, my dear!

[*Left wondering.*]



SENTIMENT.

Artistic-minded Youth (in midst of a fierce harangue from his Father, who is growing hotter and redder), "BY JOVE, THAT'S A FINE BIT OF COLOUR, IF YOU LIKE!"

A NICE POINT.

"THE NICE CABDRIVERS." Under this very attractive heading, which announced an exceptional set of cabdrivers so contrary to the experience of all Londoners, many ladies were disappointed at finding that the paragraph in question, which appeared in the *Morning Post*, referred to the cabdrivers or *voituriers* of Nice, which is quite another affair. These cabbies had been in a body to the Mayor to protest against the excursions in and about Nice got up by a celebrated English Tourist Agency, which excursions made considerable incursions into the gains formerly made by these native cabmen. Such a way of depriving them of their fares wasn't a fair way of doing business. The magistrate agreed. If "the well-known Tourist Agency" alluded to in the *Post* was "Cook's," then the magistrate may be credited with having judicially decided that too many Cook's excursions were calculated to spoil the cabmen's broth. It is true his Worship might have added that one Tourist Company only assisted another Tourist Company, as in taking out his parties to view the environs, "Cook" only took them to "GAZE." However, the magistrate showed his sympathy with the feelings of the Nice cabmen who had turned nasty by fining the representative of the celebrated Tourist Agency, and bidding him not to repeat the offence. The paragraph above alluded to should have had the Shakspearian heading, "*Excursions and Alarms!*"

Mrs. R. hopes all the basilisks are gone, and that there will be no more influenza.

HER TOOTHACHE.

O FAIR one what has dimmed your smile,
Which makes the hearts of age and youth
ache?

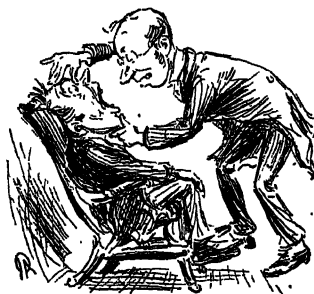
Why are you sad; why look so bad?
You have—you don't say so—the toothache?

I thought that when we met to-day
We should forget each rude, uncouth ache,
In perfect bliss, and now you've this—
I'd like to swear—this beastly toothache!

Those soft, fair cheeks, that rosy mouth—
Oh, dash it all!—must now, forsooth, ache.
You ought to see the dentist, he
Can cure undoubtedly the toothache.

He'd stop the horrid pain which makes
My heart, like your poor face in truth,
ache.

"He's stopped," you say, "my tooth to-day."
Hang him! He's given you the toothache.



Looking down in the mouth.

THE BOAT-RACE.

It is very difficult to say which crew will win the Boat-race. The Oxford men are bound up with COTTON; the Cambridge men are rowing under a FOGG. If, however, Oxford require a CRUM of comfort they can reflect that, though the Cambridge No. 6 may be BLAND, their own is certain to row hard for a STRETCH, while their stroke, being a PITMAN, may be trusted to dig them in. If Cambridge want to win they will have to BEGG their hardest. Prussic acid, please. No cards.

THE DAILY NEWS.—There was very little room for improvement where all was so good. But a second visit to DALY's sets us a thinking that it would be difficult just now for any manager to produce *Twelfth Night*, and "go one better." Miss ADA REHAN must reckon this as perhaps her best impersonation, bar one, given in London. Mr. GEORGE CLARKE, as *Malvolio*, is capital, and Mr. LEWIS, Miss CATHERINE LEWIS, and the rest of the merry roistering party, are hard to beat. The solo and part-singing and the music throughout is charming. Those among us who fear being bored by a classic should just step into DALY's and learn how the Bard was not for an age or for any particular country, but for all time and for all sorts and conditions of men and women, and how the humour and the fun is as fresh as ever it was three centuries ago. We have to thank our American Cousins for this *Twelfth Night* treat. Truly they "take the (*Twelfth Night*) cake."

THE real "De Beers Mines" are at Burton-on-Trent.



ENTERING THE LISTS.

“FROM SPUR TO PLUME A STAR OF TOURNAMENT.”—TENNYSON.

ENTERING THE LISTS.

"—like that ARTHUR who, with lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot through the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings."
"The Passing of Arthur."

LADIES and kings! And all unite
Loud cheers to lift, pink palms to smite
In praise of him, the gay young knight,
So smooth, and strong, and stately,
"From spur to plume" the lists' new star,
As bright in peace, as brave in war;
Or if some scattered grumblings jar,
They jar not greatly.

A wondrous concord of acclaim
To greet so young a champion's name!
But he no stranger is to fame,
To the tough fray no stranger.
A good sword, he, and sturdy spear.
Those quiet lips and glances clear,
Though smiling, are not wont to fear
The face of danger.

"An old knight's head on shoulders young!
A level head, a winning tongue,
Courage as cautious as high-strung,
And pulses firm and steady!
A Lancelot's fire, yet humorous-cool,
Young chief of the Ulysses school,
Whom wit forbids to play the fool
Headlong and heady!"

So veteran voices round the ring
Proclaim. Minstrels, no doubt, will sing
His feats anon; to-day the thing
Is for amused sagacity
To smile, and nod, and wag wise head
At rival parties all full-fed
With hope from shrewdness, tact high-bred,
And calm tenacity.

Extremes do meet—in praise of him,
Young knight, of no Titanic limb,
But cool bright glance that nought can dim,
And easy seat in saddle.
True "star of tournament" he seems,
Yet sense in those calm optics gleams.
He's slave to no knight-errant dreams,
No Quixote twaddle!

Yon stand the shields his lance must touch
In challenge! Do they hope too much
Who deem fierce charge and iron clutch,
To smite, and thrust, and batter,
Are his, as well as tourney-skill?
Will deeds heroic pulses thrill
As in the days of Grand Old WILL?
Time test that matter!

How deems "the bold Sir Bedivere"
Who bears the champion's untried spear,
And who awhile was held so near
The championship's succession?
No matter that!—The trumpets bray,
The lists are loud in plaudits gay.
He of all hearts and lips to-day
Holds proud possession.
Punch, who has praised him, squire and
In many a council, many a fight, [knight,
Rejoices at the radiant sight
And general gratulation.
Young knight! You will go fast and far,
Whether in "gentle joust" or war!
To-day at least there's nought to jar
On exultation.

SHE-NOTES.

BY BORGIA SMUDGITON.

With Japanese Fan de Siècle Illustrations by Mortarthurio Whiskerstly.

PART II.

SHE is lying on her back in a bog-stream. Strangely enough there are white clouds waltzing along the sky. To her fancy, which is nothing if not picturesque, they are a troop of fairy geese on their way to Michaelmas. No? well then, plainly they are ANTONY and CLEOPATRA. And oh! the dalliance, the wild free life of Egypt! No dinners to order; very little washing on Mondays.

Presto! In imagination she is on a stage. She is a *Tableau Vivant*! All the fauteuils have their glasses up. She has pink overalls, with a cestus round her neck. Her lissom limbs scintillate; she dances slightly. KILANYI says she must try and keep still. A moment more and there is a lovely cat-call from the gallery; she can still hear it above the orchestra, as the next tableau is being wheeled on. It was a supreme keynote!

And the other women? Crushed, joyless, machines—misunderstood! How can the dense brute maleread the enigma of the Female Idea? They think us innocent! not we! but we all keep up the deception and lie courageously. They will never know that we are really primitive, untamable, ineradicable animalculæ.

"Got the blue devils, little witch?" (It is the grey man. He has dropped his drawl and his fly-book. They have been getting on nicely, thank you, since we saw them last.)

"Yes, we are all witches, we women. We can read men but they can't read us." "Can't I read you?" "Me, the real ineffable me? Yes, perhaps just a little. You have a dash of the Everlasting Female in you." As she speaks she rolls up her shawl into an infinitesimal pellet.

"Well, look here" (desperately). "What do you say to a trip in my yacht? Southern seas! Venice! Constantinople! Olympia! And then, when the winds are hushed and the steam is shut off for the night, we would fly with no visible means of locomotion over the silvery deep! You smile? Where is the pain?" "Oh! if I could only have the yacht without you in it!" (He winces.) "Yes, I say, give us women freedom and we would all go one better than NAPOLEON. NELSON knew nothing of the eternal I! Bah! and he was blind in the other." "You strange creature!" "No, not strange; only true. Were I more elusive I might be more fascinating."

A long silence broken only by the chirp of a grasshopper. The air is charged like a battery. It seems that a submarine cable connects these two souls. Nevertheless, she distinctly observes that the grasshopper has strained his Achilles-tendon. Curious that at such

a climax the minutest detail should not escape her. Am I right in thinking that no novelist has as yet detected this remarkable phenomenon? He comes nearer (I mean the grey man). His skin beneath his collar blushes a rich cobalt. "Is my little moment up?" he gasps. (His stop-watch is in his trembling hand.) "Lord! what a cheek you have!" "Don't, oh, don't say that!" "Very well, I withdraw it." "But listen!" (she is dropping asleep); "listen, I say!" (she will be snoring directly); "if my moment is really ended—and my stop-watch points to the fact—and if you mean to send me away, hang something white on the gooseberry-bush (our gooseberry-bush) to-morrow about the ninth hour!" She rises and is gone like a water-snake.

It is to-morrow about the eighth hour. She is still in bed. There is a nod at the window. It is all right; only a blushing sweet-william. On the mantel-piece is a daguerreotype of her late aunt, in a velvet bodice and other things. But it is not that which drives her crazy. It is her husband's cheery pick-axe in the garden. Is he really digging her grave? Why, surely, no; he is simply arranging the onion-bed. Yet what an interesting corpse she would make! The pity is that one can never see one's own corpse in the glass. Stay, is that BERTY? "Oh! BERTY" (the young cook enters demurely for orders), "I wonder had you ever a lover?" "Well, Ma'm, what do you think?" "Say, what happened him, anyway?" "Why, he left me, Ma'm, left me for Another; and" (regretfully) "we might have married, and had such heavenly twins; and, oh! he had such a beautiful crest on his writing-paper!"

A moment's tension follows; the next sees the lady feeling for a coin in her dress-pocket. She spins it deftly. "Heads, he stays! tails, he goes! Tails! by all that is virtuous."

"BERTY!" (Her voice is firm, like a quickset hedge.) "BERTY! I cannot spare my 'nighty' just now, but your white apron will do as well. You do love me, don't you?" (Kisses her.) "Then for my sake go and hang yourself for a little while on the gooseberry-bush. Mind! the gooseberry-bush!" "Yes, Ma'm."

A rare fidelity! And so few men could have understood or even spelt the why in BERTY!

Two hours later she wakes up, and remembers the faithful girl! Perhaps it is even now too late! She hurries through her toilet. The daguerreotype shows no sign. Threads of bogwool float persistently in the summer air. She is by the gooseberry-bush with a stout pair of scissors. Too late! The girl is gone! Another hand, a hand that held a stop-watch, has cut her down, and BERTY is by this time a free and unfettered woman, on her way to a yacht.

The grey man, after all, had his consolation.





ALL HER PLAY.

Country Gentleman (to nervous man, whom he has mounted). "BY JOVE, OLD CHAP, NEVER SAW THE MARE SO FRESH! TAKE CARE YOU AIN'T OFF!" Nervous Man (heartily). "W—W—WISH TO GOODNESS I WERE!"

LAYS FROM THE LINKS.

II.—A TOAST

FILL up your glasses! Bumpers round
Of Scotland's mountain dew!
With triple clink my toast you'll drink,
The Links I pledge with you:
The Links that bind a million hearts,
There's magic in their name,
The Links that lie 'neath every sky,
And the Royal and Ancient Game!

A health to all who "miss the globe,"
The special "stars" who don't;
May thousands thrive to tee and drive
As Jehu's self was wont!
No tee without a caddie—then
The caddies with acclaim!
A health, I say, to all who play
The Royal and Ancient Game!

Long life to all who face the foe,
And on the green "lie dead"—
An envied lot, as all men wot,
For gallant "lads in red":
Where balls fly fast and iron-shots plough
Win medals, trophies, fame;
Your watchword "Fore!" One cheer—two
more—
For the Royal and Ancient Game!

Then "toe and heel it" on the green
(You'll make your partner swear),
But I'll be bound your dance, a round,
With luck will end all square
Win, lose, or halve the match—what odds?—
We love our round the same;
Though luck take wing, "the play's the
thing,"
The Royal and Ancient Game!

Then, Royal and Ancient Game, accept
This tribute lay from me;
From me then take, for old sake's sake,
This toast—Long life to thee!
A long, long life to thee, old friend—
None worthier the name—
With three times three, long life to thee,
O Royal and Ancient Game!

THE NEW BROOM AND THE NEW WHIP.

MR. THOMAS ELLIS is to be the New Government Whip. Humph! Prominent Welsh member—very advanced Radical—new man—totally disconnected with old "Patronage Secretary" traditions of wealth and family influence! ELLIS's first state will hardly be *Ellisian* one fears. But *Punch* wishes him success. One fancies one can hear the new PREMIER piping—after "*The Admiral's Broom*":

"A new Whip at the fore!" said he,
"A Welsh Whip is the sign for me,
That the world may know
Fresh *vous* and go
Rule the Lib-e-r-al Par-tee!"

A Bad Second to Sir Edwin.

"Lo! as the wind is, so is mortal life,
A moan, a sigh, a sob, a storm, a strife;"
Or naught is solid in this tearful vale,
And everything is "very like a wail!"

BEFORE THE BOAT-RACE.—A young lady of sporting proclivities told Mrs. R. that "she went to see the crews practising, and 'spotted' her favourite blue." "How unfortunate!" exclaimed Mrs. R., sympathetically; "but I think I know a receipt for taking out the spots."

"HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE."

"Anyone who not only drinks alcoholic liquor out of a shoe, but permits others to do so, is unfit for Human Society."

Mr. Harris, in a recent suit.]

WHY, Mr. HARRIS, why this harsh decree? Since Royal EDWARD honoured Beauty's knee The Socialist, more social, *coûte que coûte*, Going one better, honours Beauty's foot, And, lest the Democratic mug looks glum, Quaffs from Northampton's Cypripedium. Why, if we do not drink to inebriety, Should such a cup unfit us for Society? Are shoes inhuman, or is drinking bestial? To true men "*Wein und Weib*" are both celestial.

The gallant SELLINGER, if tales be true, Toasted the fair one from her dainty shoe, And Social Democrats have this of human, That they can play the fool about a woman. But, Mr. HARRIS, Mr. HARRIS, you Deserve no love, for slighting Beauty's shoe. You should be handed o'er to Mrs. Grundy, With cameo brooch, long chain, and silks o' Sunday.

Who'd brand the Graces as three foreign shockers, And cram poor Cupid into knickerbockers. Yes, where brave days of powder and of patch

Such brief abandonment of joy would snatch, And modern Democrats the same would win, Proving that woman makes the whole world kin,

We want no legal phantom of propriety To fix his Human canons of Society. But soft. No comment on a law report! "Honour the King!"—here's no contempt of Court.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"RECOMMEND me a good novel," write his many friends to the Baron, to whom presently he doth reply, unhesitatingly: "Ask for *Hooks of Steel*, and see that you get it." 'Tis writ by one HELEN PROTHERO LEWIS, and published by Messrs. HUTCHINSON & Co., so now you know as much as the best-informed advertisement can tell you. 'Tis a queer title, nay, a bad title, "a title," quoth the Baron, "that set me against it for some time." There it lay on his table neglected, when one afternoon, having unexpectedly finished his tale of work, it occurred to the mighty mind of the Baron, or the Baronial mind, that there might possibly be something sharp in *Hooks of Steel*. Ladies and gentlemen, my readers all, 'tis a very powerful novel, a well-imagined, well-developed plot, worked out by means thoroughly original, and by simply natural characters." To what is somewhat conventionally melodramatic in it, the abortive abduction, to wit, the Baron has some objection; not on the score of its improbability,—for who can say with certain given characters what may or may not be probable as long as the personages of the drama are represented as acting consistently with the characters assigned to them by their author?

Critically speaking as to the heroine, the making her such a student of SHAKESPEARE that she applies quotations to every situation in which she finds herself, is rather a nuisance to the reader, and must have been somewhat hampering to the authoress. There are old farces and antiquated novels in which



"LABBY," OR THE PARLIAMENTARY "PETER BELL."

"A PRIMROSE BY A RIVER'S BRIM,
A YELLOW PRIMROSE WAS TO HIM,
AND IT WAS NOTHING MORE."—Wordsworth.

the same idea, always more or less wearisome, has been worked to death, and long ago played out. Here it is quite unnecessary, and adds nothing to the humorous portions of the story, which are good enough in themselves and without this. Had the authoress, giving her heroine's childish reminiscences of home, written nothing else but the following brief summary of her early family history, it would have atoned for some dreary chapters, did any such exist. The Baron begs to quote this passage:—

"Of my father, I, though for different reasons, find it difficult to write. He left when I was very young. He took the governess with him. I was glad of that."

Isn't it perfect? What a summary. The child was six or seven at the time, and just remembers her delight at the removal of the governess. A domestic drama in four lines: the quintessence of pathos and humour combined, at least, so thinks the Baron, nor can he recall at this moment any passage equally brief in STERNE or THACKERAY that tells a whole drama of events and emotions in so few words. Read it, my friends, ye who ask me for a book, says

THE BARON DE B.-W.

DELIGHTED TO HEAR IT.—The eminent physician, Sir WILLIAM BROADBENT, Bart., is restored to health. This is excellent news, and could hardly have been expected, seeing that the doctor who was first called in to attend his brother medico was *aced*! But Sir WILLIAM soon began to rally when complying with his adviser's *Ord-inances*.

"THE NURSERY OF THE STAGE."

How marvellous is Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS in *Don Juan* at the Gaiety. Whether he be a gentleman bathing, or a cockney sportsman out fishing or shooting, or a music-hall masher, or an ancient Greek philosopher, or an auctioneer, or twenty other characters in the same piece, for he is everything in turn and nothing long, he is the cause of continual and spasmodic merriment. I am informed that there is scarcely a performance of his without a surprise for the audience, and equally so for those who are on the scene with him.

Miss CISSIE LOFTUS is capital with her imitations of popular vocalists, and Mr. EDMUND PAYNE as something or other—it doesn't matter a bit what,

as he has nearly as many changes of costume as Mr. ARTHUR ROBERTS—is very droll. The dancing, of course, is good, and Miss LOUISE MONTAGUE ought to be able to do a great deal more than she does, if she ever gets a chance in either Comic Opera or Opéra Bouffe. It is a pity that Miss MILLIE HYLTON should in one of her songs suggest an inevitable comparison between her and NELLIE FARREN in the latter's inimitable

Street Arab, written by the late ROBERT REECE, and marvellously sung and acted by Miss NELLIE as *Aladdin*. Miss HYLTON might be very well satisfied with the success of her "*Linger Longer Loo!*" which is still in the full swing of its popularity.

"I hear," said one Royal Academician to another R.A., but which Royal A. it was, and who was the other R.A., I have quite forgotten, "I hear that you like my pictures, but you describe my skies as 'putty.'" "Well, my dear fellow," returned Tothor R.A., pleasantly, "I own I did. But—I'm very fond of putty." So of the Gaiety piece and players with ARTHUR ROBERTS

at their head; it is mere child's play; it is like children in the nursery dressing up, saying, "Now I'll pretend to be so-and-so," or acting eccentric scenes with their toy theatre and shoving on any characters in any costume, letting them do anything without rhyme or reason, but always funnily, absurdly funnily, and all done in the best of all possible spirits. I am very fond of such nursery entertainments: and the Gaiety Theatre might well be styled "The Nursery of the Stage," with ARTHUR ROBERTS as the big baby, the absurdest, whimsicallest, comicalist, laughablest baby of them all.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 12.—Unusual bustle in both Houses to-day. Remember in days gone by how JOSEPH GILLIS, in course of all-night sitting, repaired to Library, stretched himself on two chairs, slept the sleep of the just, turned up again in House at six o'clock in the morning, "feeling," as he said, "like a giant refreshed." Longest Session on record having been balanced (on CHARLES LAMB's principle of attendance at office) by shortest recess ever known. Members come back to-day so many giants refreshed. Sat through 226 days and nights in Session that closed last Monday; beginning afresh this Monday ready to sit on till Christmas Eve.

One place vacant—at least, filled by another. Mr. G. will no more be seen on Treasury Bench. In his seat towers the colossal figure of the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD.

"Yes," said the SQUIRE, as we shook hands with all the warmth engendered by prolonged absence of six days, "both Houses under entirely new management. Hope we shall do well; certainly failure will not result from lack of effort. Don't know which has the harder task, ROSEBERRY, with a majority of six to one against him; or me, with a nominal majority of 36 behind me. Have offered SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE to ROSEBERRY. Might create him Baron TWICKENHAM of Pope's Villa. ROSEBERRY says better leave things as they are. Dangeous experiment to make a Radical a Peer. Within twelve months the SAGE would drift towards the Dukes, and TWICKENHAM would be counted among the Dissident Liberals."

"Well," I said, "your majority at least is all right. If it pulled through such a Session as the last it will do anything. Certainly you've lost MARJORIBANKS, a Heaven-born whip. But ELLIS is a capital fellow, and, moreover, 'BOBBY' sticks to the old ship. With Youth at the prow and ELLIS at the helm, she'll travel far."

"Ah!" said the SQUIRE, stroking his chin, a troubled look crossing his ingenuous countenance, "but the worst of our majority is that it's always threatening to split up. Our little household is in a chronic state of giving

a month's notice. There's the Irish Cook, represented by JOHN REDMOND and the rest of the Muses, gives notice that unless we do something impossible he'll leave. Then the Welsh housemaid writes to say if she's obliged to go to church on Sundays she won't stay in the place. Even the Scotch Butler threatens to go unless we, *inter alia*, veto the opportunities of other people to get whuskey when they want it. I've often thought, dear TOBY, that if I started in business again with any prospect of reaching the position of Leader, I should come out as a Tory. Look at PRINCE ARTHUR's happy lot. It's rare, indeed, that anyone on his side kicks over traces. If they do, the PRINCE has only to hint that if this sort of thing goes on he'll go off. Thereupon, stamping and rearing cease; the truculent 'Neigh, Neigh!' becomes the disciplined 'Yea, Yea.' At best of times it's no easy thing to drive the Liberal coach. Just now, with the road up in many places, and the team restive, it's peculiarly hard for a new coachman."

Business done.—Opening of New Session.

Mrs. Grundy's View of It.

Oh, fudge, Mrs. CRACKANTHORPE! Fie, fie, Miss CUFFE!
Girls over the pales of Propriety bolting?
Kick over my chaperon traces? Oh, stuff!
This "Revolt of the Daughters" is simply—revolting!

ARCTIC POLO.—MR. JACKSON will take on his Arctic Expedition some horses of the Russian Tundra Country. The *Times* speaks of them as "wiry little animals," and adds that "if they cannot be used for draught purposes, they will be readily convertible into food." Rare beasts! Good for work when alive, and, when killed, equally available for food or for drink, *i.e.* "draught purposes."

FROM OUR OWN GENERAL EXAM. PAPER (with Answer by Our First-Class Stupid).—Q. Give the occupation and business of a Stevedore. *Ans.* He is a great personage in a Spanish Bull-fight, and comes in before the Matadore. If the Stevedore doesn't kill the bull, the Matadore does, if he can.

MONSIEUR RIP AT ASNIÈRES.

(A Legend of the Boat-race.)

MONSIEUR RIP, when he closed his eyes on the banks of the Seine at Asnières, was wearing a boating costume of the latest mode. There had been pictures of him in the print shops of the Rue de Rivoli, and he had accepted them as faithful portraits.

"Yes," said he, as he glanced at one of these engravings; "my dress is not exaggerated. I have high boots like those worn by Life Guards in 'Old England' and the Cent Guards of the Second Empire. Yes; and my stiff linen shirt, and my even stiffer linen collar, is admirably represented. Again, here are my buckskin breeches, and my lavender kid gloves, and my delicately tinted necktie, and my artistically arranged button-hole. I am here to the life. It is the costume of the French boating-man! Long live France!"



So said Monsieur RIP before closing his eyes and dreaming his dream. Then came his vision. He saw in his sleep delegates from England coming to Paris and teaching his countrymen how to row, and how to train for boat-racing. His compatriots were initiated in the mysteries of the tub, and the advantages of the matutinal scamper. He could not make it out. It was contrary to the traditions of the race. He was quite the "sporting man," but then it was a "sporting man" of his own particular pattern. When he went a hunting it was with a short sword and a huge horn. When he raced he chose August for hurdles and other obstacles.

After a while he came to himself. He rubbed his eyes. Where were the pleasure-boats of his delightful Asnières, with their cargo of long-booted swains and elegantly attired damsels? Where were his counterparts and their companions? They had gone. It was early morning, and there he saw a sight which fairly filled him with amazement. He noticed a number of athletes, clad in flannels, running steadily round a cinder-path, evidently doing a fixed distance. They looked like thorough JOHN BULLS, and had not a soupçon of the *petit-maitre* who used so frequently to be the model of the artists of the boulevards.

"Why JULES, ALPHONSE, GUSTAVE!" cried the astonished Monsieur RIP. "What are you doing?"

JULES stopped, but the others went on.

"We are training for the great boat-race between London and Paris," explained JULES. "I can give you a few minutes, as I am in the centre of the boat, and need not keep down my weight to the limit of those others."

"I am glad to see you, my dear friend," said Monsieur RIP. "And you must breakfast with me. A mouthful of soup, a sole à la Normande, a ragoût of—"

"Stop, stop!" interrupted JULES. "I had my breakfast at eight, and our coach doesn't allow kickshaws. I have to practise for a couple of hours."

"But it is raining, my dear friend," cried Monsieur RIP. "You surely will not run the risk of spoiling your clothes with the rain. For you cannot row with an umbrella." JULES laughed, and said that he did not care a jot for a ducking. On the contrary, he liked the rain, as it made the river "nice and wet."

"And you have adopted the manners and customs of Albion the Perfidious?" continued Monsieur RIP.

"Don't you call names," said JULES, indignantly. "Our friends, the English, are particularly good fellows, and we like them. A fellow-training makes us wondrous kind," to adapt SHAKSPEARE to the emergencies of the moment.

"You mean SHAK-IS-PEARE, the great WILLIAMS?"

"I mean what I say, and nothing else," said downright JULES. "It seems to me, old chap, you are slightly out of date. You are the Frenchman for laughter, which is as scarce as the 'Anglais pour rire.' Come, I can waste no more time on you. So good-bye."

"But I have been asleep for twenty years," cried Monsieur RIP.

"What had I better do?"

"Why, go to sleep again, as the world has caught you up and passed you. France is no longer the laughing-stock of England. 'Mossoo' is out of date, and we know how to hold our own."

So Monsieur RIP, seeing that he was "not in it," took JULES's advice, and commenced a fresh slumber.



APPROACHING FINANCIAL CRISIS.—On Saturday, the 17th instant, there will be a great run on two well-known banks. Don't be panic-stricken! 'tis the day fixed for the University Boat-race.

A VADE MECUM FOR THE EASTER HOLIDAYS.

(By a Misanthrope who does not intend to observe them.)

Question. What is the great advantage of the Easter holiday over any other vacation?

Answer. That it is shorter than any of its rivals.

Q. Then you do not consider it a recreation?

A. Certainly not; on the contrary, I believe it to be distinctly a labour.

Q. In what shape does the labour lay?

A. In the shape of so-called pleasure-trips and other festivities equally foolish and fraudulent.

Q. But surely you find a visit to Paris and back in four days a delightful relaxation?

A. Indeed I do not. If the sea is calm the hotels are sure to be full; and if there is a rough passage nothing on earth will compensate for the couple of hours of pure misery.

Q. But surely travelling at Easter is popular?

A. So popular that every one does it and inconveniences every one else.

Q. But nowadays the railway and boat arrangements are so excellent?

A. Sufficiently excellent to give a foundation for a report that they might be better.

Q. But would we not find at this moment hundreds of compatriots abroad?

A. Quite so; which af-



"PENNY 'ADDICK."

"FINEN?"

"No; THICK 'UN!"

fords the best reason for remaining at home.

Q. In your opinion, are your countrymen to be shunned when discovered on the Continent?

A. Why, certainly. If they are personally conducted they are on bad terms with LINDLEY MURRAY, and if they travel *en prince* they are simply insupportable.

Q. But suppose you avoid your fellow-travellers, will not your Easter trip abroad under those circumstances be enjoyable?

A. No, for you will then have to endure the hotel proprietors, who "do" you both as to your accommodation and as to your pocket.

Q. Is it necessary that you should always meet with swindling caravanary keepers?

A. Not necessary, but habitual.

Q. But does not foreign travel enlarge the mind?

A. Not necessarily, although it may lighten the purse, and extend one's knowledge (and use) of strong language.

Q. Then what is your best way of enjoying Easter?

A. By ignoring it.

Q. And you would keep on at your ordinary work?

A. Certainly, for it would be less labour than trying unsuccessfully to find recreation in the hard toil of imaginary relaxation.

MENU FOR THE UNEMPLOYED.—*Hors d'œuvre.*

RIDICULOUS RIO.

Big guns bombarding with blundering bluster.

Soldiers and sailors, a terrible muster, Firing and fighting, ferocity, fluster;

The trio, Marshal and Admirals, had such a buster At Rio!

Booming and bursting and beating and banging,

Threats of imprisonment, exile, and hanging, Vituperation, abusing, haranguing!

Yet we owe Thanks for the joke to these gentlemen slanging At Rio.

Marshal PEIXOTO defied MELLO, GAMA; Sounds not unlike what it was—melodrama. Fighting for months, yet they seemed not to harm a donkey (oh!)

Much less a man, sailor, townsman, or farmer, At Rio.

QUERY.—When last week Parliamentary questions were occupying most minds of any voting power, there appeared a large-typed heading to a column of the *Daily News*, "Return of Mr. W. H. STEAD!" At first sight the readers put down paper and exclaimed, "STEAD an M.P.! Where has he been standing for?" Then, on resuming their perusal, they discovered that he had just come back from Chicago. But—why come back?

TO THE GIRL OF TO-DAY.

(A Screed by an Anatomical Poet.)

["There is a terrible rumour abroad. . . . The enormous and preposterous shoulders, that girls have been wearing, are of no inconsiderable weight, and this has brought about a development of the deltoid and neighbouring muscles; consequently a permanent enlargement supervenes, and the graceful, polished, well-shaped shoulder of the English maiden is likely soon to disappear altogether."—*The Bystander*, *Graphic*, March 10.]



BEWARE, rash girl, the hypertrophic size Of thews that have with fifty-pound dumb-bell toyed,

Nor rival Caryatid, pillar-wise, In poising Atlas-weights with massy deltoid!

'Twere vain, indeed, your shoulder snowy-white Outgleamed the fabled ivory limb of Pelops.

If, fashion-thralled with gear of monstrous height, Its curve to disproportioned bulk develops!

Deal gently with a woman's fairest charm, Nor cultivate a huge acromion process—Far better show a duly rounded arm, Than marred with unsymmetric exostoses.

Besides, those Brobdingnagian epaulets Serve but to dwarf and hide a dainty profile; When such upholstery your face besets, Your tantalised admirers' eyes with woe fill!

Return, I pray, to costumes *à la Grecque*—No more with fardels strain your teres minor! And cast WORTH's grievous yoke from off your neck, Unshackled by his fashion-plate designer!

THE "LIBERAL" PARTY.—First a Majority of Two, then a Minority of Two. Evidently the Liberal Party is going to the deuce!



A DISPASSIONATE CRITIC.

Mr. G. (reading a report of Lord Rosebery's Speech in the House of Lords, March 12). "WHAT A PITY IT IS A PRIME MINISTER SHOULD BE SO AMBIGUOUS!"

BALLAD OF THE SPOOK.

It was the melancholy PSYKE,
Within the haunted room.
"He I can never, never strike!"
He murmured in his gloom.

"My spiritual sense is sealed.
What others say they spy,
It never yet has been revealed
To my material eye."

* * *

That night he saw a real Spook
Rise from the empty air,
And anxiously begin to look
And fumble everywhere.

He spoke no word, though heavy
sighs
Revealed his wretchedness.
Shoeless his feet, but otherwise
He was in evening dress.

The watcher trembled with
delight,
His heart beat loud and fast.
"Long have I waited for this
night,"
He cried; "we meet at last!"

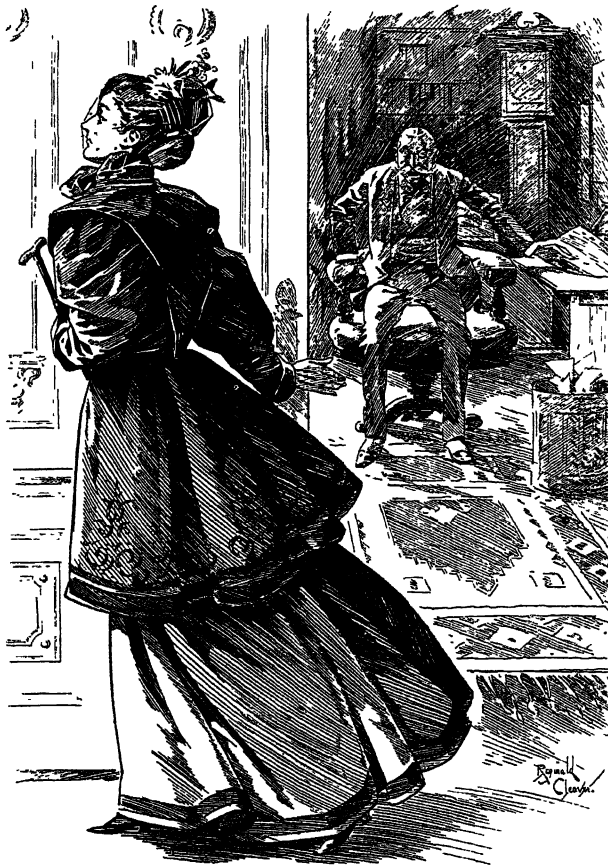
"And now you stand before my
eyes,
I long to hear defined
The nature and the boundaries
Of matter and of mind.

"You, you can satisfy our doubt
On many a bitter *crux*!
What sayest thou, Phantom?
Ah, speak out
More clearly. '*Fiat lux*!'"

Right wearily replied the ghost,
In grief-worn accents slow,
"I'm looking for the shoes I lost
Two centuries ago!"

Envoi.

Ever the Phantom goes and comes,
Mobbed by inquiring hosts,
And there are many Mediums,
And there are many ghosts.



PARTING SHOT.

She. "AND NOW, MY DEAR, HAVING GIVEN YOU A BIT OF MY MIND, I'M OFF TO THE DENTIST TO HAVE MY TOOTH STOPPED."

He. "EXCELLENT, DEAR. AND, WHILE HE'S ABOUT IT, ASK HIM TO STOP YOUR TONGUE ALSO!"
[Exit "*She who CAN'T be obeyed.*"]

Yet spirits of "the mighty dead"
Are never brought to book.
The Spook we summon in their
stead,
It is an idle Spook.

The words that on his lips are
found
Are trivial and untrue.
The Borderland he hovers round—
Naught else has he to do.

A GLADSTONIAN LAMENT.

THERE is nae luck about the
House,
There is nae luck at a',
There is nae luck about the
House
When our Old Man's awa'!

LETTERARY GLADSTONIAN PROSPECTS.—MR. GLADSTONE, during his retirement, has already commenced letter-writing. He began with an epistle to JONES. It will of course be followed by two or three to SMITH, a few to BROWN, and any number to Sir ROBINSON D. N.

To a Brute.

"We must speak by the card."
Hamlet.

You say you "call a spade a spade";
But most of us would start,
If you by any chance essayed
To call your heart a heart.

THE PUZZLING BANK OF ENGLAND MAXIM.—Always to tell the whole truth, yet with *considerable reserve*.

MRS. R. has learnt the fashionable game, Rubicund Bezique.

A DISPASSIONATE CRITIC.

The Recluse of Brighton Reads and Ruminates:—

HUMPH! Pleasant yet strange, passing strange to read the next morning of the Parliamentary fray in lieu of taking part therein overnight! Newspapers are more interesting than I imagined. They do not now entirely consist of abuse of me! Pretty to observe how they're beginning to say pleasant things about me. The next step I suppose will be to regret me as "a restraining influence." Fancy a firebrand as a restraining influence! As HORACE says:—

"*Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum
Collegisse juvat.*"

Let's see, how have I translated that? No matter! MS. not here. I've collected plenty of Olympic dust in my time. How many "King's Ransoms" I wonder? Now I'm out of it. So glad! At least I think I am. Wonder how the new charioteer is getting on.

"—*metaque fervidis*

Evitata rotis."

(I hope he remembers his HORACE.)

"—*palmaque nobilis
Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos.*"

One of that sort I've no doubt. General chorus of praise. Not quite universal though. Suppose the Thersites of Northampton would translate "*Terrarum dominos*" House of Lords, and impeach the courtly Venusian as a sycophant.

Well, well, "*mobilium turba Quiritium*" not masters of majorities now. What were those jocular lines someone sent me about "LABBY in Our Lobby"?

"The papers and the people all
Make game of little LABBY,
And say that cheek deserves a fall,
When cheek grows sour and shabby.

He swears a Rad who trusts a Peer
Is foolish, false and snobby.
That's all my eye! We'll by-and-by
Find LABBY in our Lobby!"

Ha! ha! ha! Never gave my mind—like CANNING and Sir WILLFRID—to political doggerel. Perhaps if I'd stolen a few hours from HOMER and HORACE to pen squibs for *Punch*—Well, no matter! Doubtless their doom would have been the W. P. B.! (*Reads on.*) Hillo! hillo! What is all this hullabaloo? Government beaten—on an amendment to the Address—by two votes!!! And on the motion of Thersites, too!!! Oh, ROSEBERRY, oh, Sir WILLIAM, this is a bad beginning! LABBY in our Lobby indeed? Nothing of the sort. And what's it all about? Something in ROSEBERRY's speech to the Peers apparently. What has he been saying? Must see.

[*Reads back.*

Tut! tut! tut! What a tempest in a teacup! But why, PRIME-ROSE, did you go out of your way to "agree" with the Marquis? Most indiscreet, and unnecessary. Cuts most of the ground from under our feet, too, I must admit. Dear, dear, dear, what a pity a PRIME MINISTER should ever be *ambiguous*! Fatal! just as well be "inebriated with the exuberance of one's own verbosity." Ah, I must write to ROSEBERRY about this. Half a mind to run up by next train and put things straight by a *little plain speaking*. Suppose that would *hardly* do, yet. Let's see, what is it HORACE says again?—

"—*ambitiosa recidet*

*Ornamenta, parum claris lucem dare coget,
Arguet ambigue dictum, mutanda notabit
Fiet ARISTARCHUS.*"

"He will make him throw light on the parts that are not perspicuous; he will arraign what is expressed ambiguously."

Ah, ROSEBERRY, I see I must play the friendly ARISTARCHUS with you, as old HORACE advises. Whatever you do you must not be *ambiguous*. *Crede experto!* [*Sits down to write to that effect.*

TWO QUERIES.—A most, if not *the* most explosive Ecclesiastic—Isn't it the Bishop of Bomb-ay? And, when in full canonicals, does he wear a dyna-mitre?

ANACREONTICS FOR ALL.

THE TEA-TOPER'S TOAST.

AIR—"One Bumper at Parting."

ONE thumper at parting:—though many
Have poured from the urn since we met,
The fullest, the sweetest of any
Remains to be swigged, my dear, yet.
The flavour that Souchong has in it
Is always so slow to come forth. [minute,
Now the tea's brewed and stewed to the
It's brown as—bear from the North.
Our brewing's like Bruin! Full measure,
With plenty of cream dear, fill up!

I am sure, ma'am, 'twould give me great
To hand you the twentieth cup. [pleasure

Lor! BETSY, my love, ain't it pleasant
To pause o'er the flavour awhile?
I could drink thirteen cups like the present,
Yet pass up again with a smile.
"Swell wisely?" Nay, mum, the Master
Mocked not such tea-drinking as ours!
Doctor JOHNSON drunk more and much faster!
I'm sure 'tis more fragrant than flowers.
So come!—may our life's happy measure
Be all of such moments made up;
Ah! tea is the old lady's treasure!
Do try just another half cup!

It picks you up when you've a sinking,
And when you've the blues makes you
bright.
Poets pipe of the pleasures of drinking—
They mean much more wine than is
right,—
Give me tea, when you're sorry or
smarting!
And tea when you're dumpish or dim!
So fill up, my love, before parting,
Its full liquid draught to the brim!
Don't number 'em, dear, nor don't measure,
But brew on, pour out, and fill up!
For if our poor life holds true pleasure,
'Tis found in the blessed tea-cup!



LIABLE TO MISINTERPRETATION.

Awful Young Brother (Son of M.F.H.—to Sister, who, in course of a slight flirtation, has wandered too far forward down Covert-side with the Captain). "HERE, I SAY, MAUDE, THE GOVERNOR'S JUST SENT ME ON TO SAY YOU'RE GETTING A DASHED LOT TOO FORWARD WITH CAPTAIN SPARKS, AND YOU OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER!"

A TWICE-TOLD TALE;

OR, THE OLD, OLD STORY.

OUT of the joy and beauty of last night
There grows to shape a spectre of affright,
As o'er the shining wave the sea-fogs creep,
Choking the myriad laughter of the deep,
Slaying the sunshine with their blinding
blight.

All was so fair, with fairer promise yet!
It is no dream, your gladness when we met.
Too humble am I to misread your grace.
Yet was there not a new light in your face,
The light, once seen, that no man will
forget?

Was not your sweet austerity surprised
By tenderness in sympathy disguised,
As when the stubborn winter steals away
In the fair presence of the first spring day,
Smiling through a soft haze, scarce recog-
nised?

Yes, Memory, candid friend, tells all too true,
That, Herod-like, those infant hopes I slew,

When with the same ingenuous conviction,
The same impromptu grace of air and
diction,
I told the self-same story twice to you.

Was it to you I let it off before,
That brilliant-seeming flash about the floor,
About the floor, and letting things go slide?
Yes, I can see your calm eyes opening wide,
Your mouth's faint quiver pleading "Oh, no
more!"

Would I had been a bird whom nature's plan
Prompts to a coda often as they can!
A thrush is wise to show he can recapture,
As BROWNING says, his first, fine, careless
rapture,
But thrush's wisdom is not wise in man!

'Twixt you and me there falls a killing hush.
Severed from human kin and raptured
thrush,
Hated by gods and men, a bore, a bore,
I ne'er can venture, sweet, to woo thee more
In profuse strains of unpremeditated gush.

IN A LADY'S ALBUM.

A Flattering Evasion.

WERE I but JONES I would strive worthily
To hymn thy praise in soul-pervading
tones, [me—
And laurel laureate wreaths would come to
Were I but JONES.

'Midst piles of girdlecakes and buttered
scones
I sadly sit and drink my cup of tea.
All, all in vain I range the trackless Zones—
The Frigid, Temperate, Torrid, all the
three.
I would sing if I could, and make no bones
Of sonnets by the score in praise of thee—
Were I but JONES!

MORE APPROPRIATE.—*The Clergy Direc-
tory*, issued by PHILLIPS of Fleet Street, is
mentioned as a Book of Reference. It ought
to be "A Book of Reverences."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Burdett's Official Intelligence is out, with the violets and other blushing evidences of Spring. The little thing is now in its thirteenth year, and the amount of information it has garnered would floor Lord MACAULAY or any class of his young schoolboys. There seems to be only one point in which Mr. BURDETT might add to the value of his marvellous and, to an important section of the community, indispensable volume. In addition to fullest particulars of stocks known to the London Market, and dealt in on the principal Exchanges, he quotes the latest prices current. Now, if in a parallel column he would only give the prices that will be current this time next year, the already inestimable value of the work would be materially increased. Perhaps he will think over this suggestion.

In *Outlines* (HUTCHINSON & Co.), Mrs. HENNIKER has kept her best wine till the last. All the four stories in the dainty volume are good, being marked by a purity of style which my Baronite, basely sheltering himself behind me, ventures to observe is not common with lady writers. There are scattered sentences which bring to the pleased senses the sound of the sea, the scent of the gorse, and the restfulness of green meadows in which the kine stand. Moreover, Mrs. HENNIKER has an unstrained humour that is refreshing. The *Major* in the second story is a delightful reality, which Mr. *Fludger*, the statesman who has a lapse in love, is not. Best of all, save for its atrocious title, is the last story, which Mrs. HENNIKER, in a lapse almost as sad as the statesman's, calls "A Sustained Illusion." It is both powerful and pathetic, a plot DICKENS might have conceived, a story he would have read with keen appreciation.

The Surrender of Margaret Bellarmine, in two volumes, by ADELIN SERGEANT, published by Mr. HEINEMANN, who has been a



bit lucky in his outputs lately, attracted the Baron's attention. 'Tis a good title, and it commences uncommonly well, the first chapters being as appetising as a piquant *hors d'œuvre*. "But," quoth the Baron, "taking it that 'time is money,' then is this story like a well-sounding investment, which, after paying well at first, is gradually compelled to let the interest dwindle until we come to the conclusion—at the end of vol. II.—that the concern might have been wound up long before with advantage to the investor." There is a religious element in it which is a bit puzzling to the Baron. For example, there is "that saintly priest *Father Lavignon*, of the Roman Communion," who at one time seems to be intended to influence the heroine to a considerable extent; but he fizzles out and disappears. Then there is *Lady Ingoldsthorpe's* sister, who is a member of the Community of St. Hilda's, and is called "Sister MONICA 'in religion,'" and who is apparently a real genuine nun. She, too, fades from our sight. The heroine marries an elderly atheist, and herself becomes a kind of sentimental Nothingarian, with a sneaking affection for ecclesiastical lights and hymn-tunes. Later on appears on the scene a clergyman, who is sometimes styled *Father Clermont*, and sometimes *Mr. Clermont*, but who preaches and conducts the service in an Anglican Protestant Church, and on a most solemn occasion, by the bedside of a dying man, uses a form of words peculiar to a certain Roman rite. However, any question of a "persuasion" is a mere trifle to this heroine, who can persuade herself to pretty well anything, and such details as these would have escaped notice had the story been condensed into one volume, printed in the same clear type as it is now. But—"Bother sermons in novels that I take up for amusement," quoth the Baron. "And now," he continues, "permit me, in view of leisure time and the coming Easter holidays, to strongly recommend to your notice a single-volume novel, by F. S. CAREW, entitled *Jim B.* 'Tis true to nature; 'tis a plain unvarnished tale told with dramatic simplicity." By the way, *à propos* of the Baron's remarks on the clergyman as represented in *The Surrender of Margaret Bellarmine*, here in the story of *Jim B.* are two capital parsonic sketches. The heroine of the story is by no means an exceptional person, though a person to whom some may take exception. Are there many varieties of the *Jim B.* type? Yes: but as a rule they do not end as he ended. The author of his being had pity on him. "Tis an excellent piece of work, and I strongly recommend it," quoth emphatically,

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

SUGGESTED TITLES FOR MR. LABOUCHERE'S NEW PEERAGE.

DUKES.		DUKES.	
The Duke of Dosshouse.		The Duke of Dusthole.	
" Dogsnatch.		" Cukusegg.	
" Dunnistime.		" Chuckerout.	
EARLS.		EARLS.	
Earl of Elbergrease.		Earl of Sootbagges.	
" Whilkbarrow.		" Frydunnion.	
" Oldjerorse.		" Ammong.	
" Hoddjobs.			
MARQUISES.		BARONS.	
Marquis of Sparrer-grass.		Baron Bowler.	
" Fishsnack.		" Welsher of	
" Foaraille.		" Wharndorfe.	
" Scruashag.		" Polax of Sham-	
VISCOUNTS.			
Viscount Antisoape.		" bles. [says.	
" Pottat.		" Purly of Kick-	
" Larrakin.		" Ardrow of Kip-	
" Anklejack.		" Bradawl. [pers.	
" Goldengab.		" Boorer.	
" Sandwich-		" Bannerman of	
" bord.		" Idepark.	
" Leveldown.		" Mender of	
" Pennitoy.		" Wileyuwayte.	
		" Blueblaze.	
		" Tubthump.	
		" Corduroy.	
		" Boxolites.	



"THIS FEARFUL STEAD."

SPENNER.

[Mr. W. T. STEAD has complacently told the *Daily News* interviewer how rude he was to the ladies of Chicago.]

A SHIP has arrived with a very great man,
Who loves to be advertised still if he can—
Priceless cargo!

He taught the Old World what's good, beautiful, true,
And now he's been doing the same to the New
In Chicago.

He talks with a very superior air—
To hear him, perhaps, little children with their
Pa and Ma go.

He was, when he spoke in a manner so crude
Of rich, idle ladies, uncommonly rude
In Chicago.

How lucky for him he escaped being ducked,
Or out of the place, by the populace, chucked
With "Ta, ta, go
And tell other people this drivelling rot;
You think that we want it,
we simply do not
In Chicago."

But JONATHAN answered
with tongue, not with
foot.

How sad that on language like this we can't put

An embargo;
When reading the elegant things that he said,
We wish they had kept Mr. W. STEAD
In Chicago.



VERY LIKE.—"Carrying on a milling business," a description given of some parties in a recent case heard before Mr. Justice KENNEDY, reads to a student of P. R. reports as if the persons in question were professional pugilists. The word "flour" was omitted before "milling."

"THE WHEREABOUTS OF THE KING OF THE BELGIANS."—Such was the heading of a paragraph in the *Daily Telegraph* last Friday. Perhaps ere this number be issued some satisfactory news of the missing monarch will have been received. If not, then perhaps a more telling advertisement might be headed,—"LOST. ONE SOVEREIGN. Any one finding the same may keep him at their own expense as long as they like. No further reward."



SOCIAL AGONIES.

Herr Bauer. "ACH! MY LIDDLE VRENT, MY POOTS ARE NOT MUTTY! VY ARE YOU TRYING TO PRUSH DEM?"
Tommy. "MAYN'T I? MUMMIE SAYS YOU WANT POLISH!"

THE KNIGHT AND THE JESTER.

A Tale of Contemporary Chivalry.

SIR ROSEBERY the Knight was a peer of fair fame,
Sing waly, waly, oh!
One mighty expert at the tournament game,
Sing waly, waly, oh!
And LABBY the Jester, a scurril wight,
Held grudge 'gaunst that noble, magnanimous knight,
Though he could not unhorse him, of course, in fair fight;
Sing waly, waly, oh!

Sir ROSEBERY the Knight was of right noble blood,
Sing waly, waly, oh!
This liked not the Jester, Thersites in mood,
Sing waly, waly, oh!
The Knight had been raised to the highest command,
And entered the lists looking lofty and grand.
"Such choice," quoth the Jester, "I can't understand!"
Sing waly, waly, oh!

Sir ROSEBERY the Knight entered gay on his course.
Sing waly, waly, oh!
Cried LABBY the Jester, "This knight I'll unhorse!"
Sing waly, waly, oh!
So he mounted himself, *cap-a-pie*, on a pig,
And he pranced in the path of Sir Knight in full fig;
And said he, "I will play this proud champion a rig!"
Sing waly, waly, oh!

Sir ROSEBERY the Knight rode exceedingly well,
Sing waly, waly, oh!
And he had, as a rule, a firm seat in his selle;
Sing waly, waly, oh!
But whether too proud or too careless, our knight
Was not sitting fast as the pig hove in sight,
And the sorry result was—at least a sore fright.
Sing waly, waly, oh!

For LABBY the Jester sat much at his ease,
Sing waly, waly, oh!
And shook at the Knight a big bladder of peas;
Sing waly, waly, oh!

His charger it shied, as the pig came in view,
At the porker's hoarse grunt, and the Jester's shrill "Boo!"
And—our Knight in his saddle he lurched all askew,
Sing waly, waly, oh!

Ah! sure in the Lists 'twas a piteous sight,
Sing waly, waly, oh!
To see a knave Jester upset a proud Knight;
Sing waly, waly, oh!
The Lists laughed aloud, and the ladies turned pale,
To behold a stout champion all covered in mail
Before coxcomb and bladder and porker turn tail!
Sing waly, waly, oh!

'Twas but for a jiffy! The Knight's face flushed scarlet,
Sing waly, waly, oh!
As he settled in saddle, and scowled at the varlet,
Sing waly, waly, oh!
But knights should be wary, and keep a firm seat,
Nor in stirrups loose dangle negligent feet;
Such a Jester's best jest is at best bitter-sweet,
Sing waly, waly, oh!

NOVEL PICTURES.—Were an artist totally ignorant of the ways of our Parliament commissioned to illustrate the descriptive reports, how would he have represented this incident, graphically given by the writer of "Pictures in Parliament"—"When, after prayers, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT rose from the Treasury Bench, the House was, with a single curious exception, densely crowded." Wouldn't the artist have represented Sir WILLIAM in the act of slowly and reverently rising from his knees in the presence of a devout assembly? It would be interesting to see what would be made of "Pictures in Parliament" by one who had never been inside St. Stephen's, and who had adopted some ingenious process of "combining the information."

GOOD RESOLVE ON THE PART OF MRS. R.—"I think," she said, after considerable deliberation, "I shall send a subscription to the Irish Association for the Promotion of Intemperance."

"THE OLD JOKER'S CLUB."—The furniture here is all made of the best "Old Chesnut."



THE KNIGHT AND THE JESTER.

"SIR ROSEBERY THE KNIGHT ENTERED GAY ON HIS COURSE.
SING WALY, WALY, OH!
CRIED LABBY THE JESTER, 'THIS KNIGHT I'LL UNHORSE!'
SING WALY, WALY, OH!"

SNOBLESSE OBLIGE!

[Mr. PEARCE EDGUMBE, Liberal Candidate for South Dorset, told a Yeovil audience—"The only use of making Peers was to get money for Party purposes. On both the Liberal and Conservative side Peerages were exchanged for five or ten thousand pounds. It was a well-known fact, and was degrading all round."]

1850.—Quite useless to attempt to conceal from myself the fact that what I really *do* aspire to is a Peerage, to be "Viscount," or possibly "Baron," BLAZER. Should of course be glad to do some good work in the world, such as being eminent statesman, soldier, author, and so on. Still, could do without those. Can't do without the Peerage. Here goes for it!

1860.—Have spent last ten years in becoming famous as a writer. Marvellous success! Confess I was a little doubtful whether my very introspective and improper novel, called *Topsy Turcville, or the Infernal Triplets*, would bring me a reputation or six months in Clerkenwell gaol. It did the former, mainly, I think, because I had previously made friends of the Gammon of Writingness in the shape of all the leading critics. Thought authorship would be a sure road to rank. And the Government has only made me a C.B.! Disgusted. Shall try something else.

1870.—Last decade spent in Colonies. Made enormous fortune out of storing mutton in cold chambers. Question is—Will it send me to Upper Chamber? Also become greatest living authority on Imperial Federation. Home again, and this time feel pretty confident about the title. Unfortunate change of Government. New one doesn't care for Federation. Offers me—a C.M.G.! Not even with the K. before it. Must begin my Peerage-hunt all over again.

1880.—Have tried philanthropy. In last ten years given two public parks, endowed a hospital, been elected President of five Societies, made no end of speeches, and finished up by offering to build National Social Home for Epileptic Anarchists. And all I've got by it is a statue in Embankment Gardens! As far off the Viscount as ever, and nearly fifty years old!

1890.—My hopes decay. Given up last ten years to fashion. Won a Derby, got Royalty to assist at my battues, and always took care to send pars to the papers saying that "Mr. THEODOSIUS BLAZER, C.B., C.M.G., and the Hon. Mrs. BLAZER have left town for their place in Bedfordshire." Their "place" sounds so imposing! Who was it who "went to his own place"? Must look it up. My friends consider I'm lucky. Say I've got a "stake in the country." I have, and I feel tied to that stake. As regards Peerage, no forrarder!

1900.—Hurrah! got it at last! Might have had it years ago, it seems, if I'd known how political matters are managed. Needn't say much about the subject, but the Electioneering Fund of the Party to which I belong has, somehow or other, become richer by ten thou. Fair exchange is no snobbery. How true are the poet's words, that "The Rank is but the Guineas' Stamp!" Send Press notices that "Viscount and Lady BLAZER are leaving town for Cairo," and so ends my story of satisfied social ambition.

Where Less is Meant than Meets the Ear.

Of insincerity we may,
Alas! accuse all ranks,
For one and all are wont to say
"No, thanks," and mean no thanks.

"OH, HORRIBLE! MOST HORRIBLE!"—Mrs. R. heard her nephew reading out from the *Daily Telegraph* of Saturday last how that "the right honourable gentleman (Mr. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR) was handicapped to receive thirteen strokes." "Good Heavens!" interrupted Mrs. R. "Whatever his faults, I couldn't believe that such things were done nowadays! I know he is against the Government, and in old days he might have been brought to the block and beheaded. But now—" And it took all her nephew's eloquence to pacify her, and to make her understand that Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR is a great golf-player, and had just won a match against Mr. HARRY ANSTUTHER.



OUR NORTHERN VOLUNTEERS.

Sentry. "COME OFF THE GRASS!" Yokel. "WHA-A-AT?"
Sentry. "GOT ANY TOBACKEER, MISTER?" Yokel. "NO—I AIN'T."
Sentry. "THEN COME OFF THE GRASS!"

A CAMBRIDGE TRIUMPH.

[The first hockey-match ever played between feminine teams representing Oxford and Cambridge took place on March 14.]

FROM studious academic shades

They came, those gallant teams, they came,
Each one of those heroic maids

Had vowed to conquer in the game;
Or, even if she failed to win,
To damage *one* opponent's shin!

Who shall describe the caps, the skirts
Which decked those damsels, doubly
"blue"?—

Though one, malicious spite asserts,
Declined to don the proper hue,
Because—no doubt she was not right—
It "made her look a perfect fright."

And then the game—the onslaughts rash,
The furious, if erratic, blows
When stick met stick with sounding crash,
Or swiftly fell on hostile toes;
What fiery words, what thrilling cries—
In Greek and Latin—rent the skies!

Full long and fiercely raged the fray,
But when at length the game was done,
Cambridge, it proved, had gained the day
By three resplendent goals to one;
And friend and foe and referee
Went, somewhat breathless, home to tea.

Let Oxford talk of Football now,
Of Sports or Rackets, Golf or Chess,
Though strong their crew from stroke to bow,
Though all their runners gain success,
However well they bowl or catch—
We've won the Ladies' Hockey Match!

THE NEW POCKET SEARCH AND INVESTIGATION CO., LIMITED.—This Company is formed for the relief of all superfluous-cash holders.

DOGGEREL FOR THE NAVY.

(Brought up to Date by the Framers of the Naval Estimates.)

SEVEN little ironclads all in a fix;
One blew up, and then there were six.

Six little ironclads ready for a dive;
One capsized, and then there were five.

Five little ironclads just off the Nore;
One turned turtle, and then there were four.

Four little ironclads ready for a spree;
One was disabled, then there were three.

Three little ironclads sailless and bare;
One collided, and then there were a pair.

Two little ironclads—all that remained;
One was a failure, and the Admiralty was pained.

Planned little ironclad, counting for one
Had it been built, but, alas, there was none!

At the loss of his ironclads how JOHNNY
swore;
Then he paid three million pounds and bought
seven more!

"RARA AVIS."—At a recent concert for a charitable purpose at Grosvenor House a Miss ROWE made her *début*, and is described in the *Times* as "the possessor of one of the most beautiful contralto voices that have been recently heard in England." Fancy if she had been the fortunate possessor of *two* of the most beautiful voices! What a double-throated nightingale! But to have such a contralto voice! that is the thing! Henceforth, if this opinion be ratified, the young lady will be in all musical assemblies, operas, and concerts, "the First ROWE."



INDUCTION.

"GOOD MORNING, DEAR MRS. GOLIGHTLY. HAVE YOU BEEN INTO TOWN ?

"YES; I'VE BEEN BUYING *MARQUETERIE*."

"OH—DID YOU HAPPEN TO NOTICE WHAT THEY WERE ASKING FOR TOMATOES !"

THE LATEST KIND OF LADY-KILLERS.

(Fragment from a Colloquial History of Modern Times.)

THE members of the Ladies Medical Staff Corps had passed a most successful inspection. The Surgeon-Field-Marshal-Commanding-in-Chief was entirely satisfied.

"My dear Madam," said the Doctor to the Lady Colonel-Superintendent, "nothing could be better than your ambulance drill. You all seem to know how to set a leg and to bind up a fractured arm. And now thank you very much indeed, and you may dismiss."

"Not yet, Surgeon-Field-Marshal-Commanding-in-Chief," replied the Lady Colonel-Superintendent. "We have something else to show you. Now women, fall in!"

And then the females who had been doing so remarkably well as bearers and hospital orderlies seized their rifles and formed up in

companies. In a moment their commander had drawn her sword and had placed herself at the head of the battalion. The ladies skirmished and charged and resisted cavalry. They even began to fire, although some of them at this point of the war game put their fingers in their ears to keep out the noise of the explosions.

"Are you not satisfied?" asked the fair commander of her inspecting officer. "Do you not think we should be useful in the field?"

"Do you mean to kill men?" said the Doctor, replying to one question by asking another.

"Well, I suppose we should kill men; although that is putting it rather brutally."

"My dear Madam, women as fighters, are out of place," said the Surgeon-Field-Marshal-Commanding-in-Chief, courteously, but firmly. "If there is any killing to be done, take my word for it, you had better leave it to the doctors."

And the old Surgeon spoke as an expert and gave sound advice.

THE FLIRT'S DEFENCE.

(Kirke White very much Up to Date.)

COMMUNICATED TO MR. PUNCH BY A
MODERN MAIDEN.

AIR—"Why should I blush to own I love?"

WHY should I blush to own I—flirt?
'Tis pleasant, and no soul gets hurt!
Why should I blush to say to all
That flirting holds my heart in thrall?

Why should I seek the staircase shade,
Least flirting's secret be betrayed?
Why should Ma's brow in sternness move
Because I practise mimic love?

In dim-leaved green conservatories,
We spoon and tell tremendous "stories"
We fib and mutually flatter,
But after all, what does it matter?

He loves me not, I don't love him!
Yet in that Eden greenly dim,
After the rapture of the dance,
It seems romantic to—romance!

Pretty pretences, bold "white lies,"
Make up this passing Paradise.
As Eden 'tis a sweet mistake,
But—there's no venom in our snake.

ADAM's a fraud, and so is EVE,
But then we mutually deceive,
That is, deceive—for all our pother—
Neither ourselves nor one another!

What matters then the pretty flam,
If we are partners in the sham?
And if hands meet, or may be lips,
'Tis but to part, like passing ships.

Cold is the sparkle, false the glow;
But then it's awfully nice you know!
And makes, like tilting in the ring,
Fine practice for the real thing!

To look into each other's eyes,
And tell a pack of pretty—lies;
To passionately press hand on hand,
Is—humbug, we both understand.

To sigh, and blush, warm lips to taste,
And madly clasp the mutual waist,
Of course is all mere amorous mockery,
For modern hearts are not like crockery.

But since love-making is an art,
A play in which we've each a part;
Why, why, despite the chaperon's curse,
Should we not practise and rehearse?

The Flirt just "understudies" Cupid,
And fuss about it all is stupid.
Unless true Marriage is to cease,
Flirting must be "on the increase"!

Is it too naughty then to dwell
On Flirts, who kiss and do not tell?
No, we agree—myself and BERT—
'Tis blameless as 'tis sweet, to flirt!

"WORDS! WORDS! WORDS!"

In the advertised programme of the last morning performance of London Ballad Concerts, whereat, by the way, precious few London Ballads appear to be given, with every vocal piece of music is given the name of the composer only, while that of the writer of the words that inspired the composer is invariably omitted, except in one instance, namely, that of "*The Judge's Song*," with chorus, sung by Mr. SANTLEY, to which are appended the joint names of GILBERT and SULLIVAN, which is the proper order wherein they should appear, seeing that words come first and music follows. But why omit the names of the word-mongers of all the other songs on the list? Why, for example, is "*The Night Watch*" announced as by "PINSUTI," when it ought to have been "by FRANK FRANKFORT MOORE and PINSUTI"? Again, why not "*O Rudder than the Cherry*" by "GAY and HANDEL" instead of by "HANDEL" alone? Should not "WEATHERLEY" share with "MOLLOY" such success as has been achieved by "*To-morrow will be Friday*"? And how comes it that the author of the beautiful "*Lost Chord*" that inspired SULLIVAN's melody should in the programme be nameless, unless it be omitted on the erroneous supposition that the majority everywhere know that it is written by one, ADELAIDE PROCTOR? This omission is customary, but it is a custom that would be more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and librettists owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. W. S. GILBERT for vindicating their right of being named in the same programme with the composers. The librettist of *Pinafore* and other works has invariably stuck up for the rights of the "words." Further, he has always stuck to the principle, as between librettist and composer, of "honours divided," and "forces combined." He has persistently adhered to that immortal incident of Equality and Fraternity which is embodied in that motto of eternal verity "Share-and-share-alike!"



ON THE COLONIAL TOUR.

Famous Pianist. "HIMMEL! HOW HOT IT IS! I REALLY THINK I MIGHT JUST HAVE HALF AN INCH CUT OFF—JUST ROUND THE NAPE OF MY NECK, YOU KNOW. JUST THINNED A LITTLE—"

His Agent. "OUT OF THE QUESTION, MY BOY. REMEMBER CLAUSE SEVEN IN THE AGREEMENT—'YOUR HAIR NOT TO BE CUT TILL THE LAST CONCERT IN AUSTRALIA IS OVER, ON THE FIFTEENTH OF MARCH, EIGHTEEN-NINETY-FIVE!'"

THE man who obstinately sticks to the theory of BACON having written SHAKESPEARE's plays must be suffering from BACON on the brain, and is evidently uncommonly pig-headed.

A NEW CASE ADDED LAST WEEK TO THE VARIED COLLECTION IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—"The Libel Case."



mentary Government began." A fine passage in ROSEBERRY's speech where he likens the great statesman to "some noble river that has gathered its colours from the various soils through which it has passed, but has preserved its identity unimpaired, and gathered itself in one splendid volume before it breasts the eternal sea."

This very good for the Lords, an august body Mr. G. has just declined his Sovereign's invitation to join. In the Commons the

loss more acutely felt, the grief more poignant, the lamentation the louder. Hon. gentlemen in the corner under the Gallery, which Mr. MELLOR cannot see from the Chair, manage with manly effort to control their emotion when they look across at Mr. G.'s seat and find it filled by drooping figure of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Prince ARTHUR is unaffectedly touched at the severance of long and illustrious companionship. He, at least, has no self-reproach as he looks back on his association with the Great Master. He has ever maintained that high standard of public life he admired in Mr. G., and even in moments of fiercest party conflict has observed the great House of Commons traditions on which, as he truly said, are based no small part of the dignity and utility of the Assembly. One of the highest and most cherished was worthily observed in the eloquent touching tribute which the young Leader of the Opposition laid at the feet of the veteran statesman, whom a few days back he faced across the Table, taking up with almost fierce gesture the challenge Mr. G., by way of farewell, flung at the House of Lords.

The SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's eulogy was worthy of its place in the quartette. Its very best point was the unprepared one at which he broke down, stood silent with bowed head as he looked upon the vanishing figure of "the glorious and venerated chief, to us the kindest and most constant friend." House not accustomed to find the SQUIRE in melting mood. More used to watch him whipping up foes (and sometimes friends) with the scorpion of his ready wit. To see him wrestling with this rush of emotion a revelation to those who know him only at the Treasury, and are accustomed to see his face when he is asked for another thousand or two of public money for current expenses. *Business done.*—Address moved.

Tuesday.—"In the words of Scripture," Mr. FIELD observed, further filling out that shirt front whose voluminous whiteness is the pride of the Irish Cattle Traders and Stock Owners Association, of which he is President; "In the words of Scripture," he repeated, pulling into fuller view the shirt-cuffs that even from Monday to Saturday throw an air of respectability over the National Federation of Meat Traders, of which he is Vice-President; "In the words of Scripture," here he lightly touched the glossy raven locks which, brushed back from his brow, and hanging over his coat collar, lend a certain subtle Byronic flavour to the Dublin Victuallers Association, of which he is Honorary Secretary; "In the words of Scripture, the conduct of the Government is sound and fury, signifying nothing."

Some lack of generosity in this gibe, uttered at this particular moment. Government momentarily on its back. Not the time that one would imagine so heroic a figure as that of the Member for St. Patrick Division of Dublin would select to spurn it. 'Twas the SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE who laid it there; brought on amendment to Address praying QUEEN to kindly "end" the Lords. Nothing serious anticipated; SAGE got on hand a few sparkling paragraphs which he would distribute, and then House, amused, would get to business. Expected this last and least important step would not be taken before ten o'clock; Members back then; so went off to dinner.

The SAGE glancing round discovered position. If he divided at once he would have Ministers on the hip. Suddenly turned off the tap of talk; division taken in dinner-hour, and new Government, on second day of new Session, found themselves in minority of two.

"What are you going to do?" PRINCE ARTHUR blandly inquired across the Table. "We are going on with our business," answered the SQUIRE of MALWOOD, with the genial smile and airy manner which characterised the well-known Spartan who went about with a fox gnawing



"The Great Mogul."

ing his entrails. "Oh no, you're not," said JOSEPH, sweetly, from the back bench. "I will move the adjournment, then you can sleep on the matter, and tell us at noon what you think of it."

This was after one o'clock in the morning. No use fighting; SQUIRE, shaking with genial laughter (or was it the fox taking a fresh bite?), promptly agreed.

Business done.—Arranged that Debate on Address should be closed to-night. "Instead of which," as the Judge once said, Government have been defeated. House finds itself unexpectedly plunged into Ministerial crisis.

Wednesday.—On ordinary Wednesdays at quarter past twelve House a desert; Whips waylay Members in Lobby to form a quorum, so that SPEAKER may take the Chair; Sergeant-at-Arms, with sword drawn, perambulates Committee Rooms, poking the arras in likely places if peradventure he may prick POLONIUS, M.P., thereby inducing him to show himself and help to make a House.

On stroke of noon to-day House crowded; Members still streaming in till every bench filled, and throng clustered at the Bar. What will Ministers do? The usual three courses PRINCE ARTHUR has found for them, with one over. Treat the SAGE's amendment with contempt; reverse it; resign; dissolve. Which shall it be? Fully 500 Members crane the neck to hear the message the SQUIRE brings from the Cabinet. In funeral dress and solemn mood he slowly reaches conclusion, which announces that Address, embarrassed by SAGE's supplementary remarks touching Lords, shall be dropped and new one moved. "I will move it myself" said the SQUIRE, chilling the hopes of young Members on Ministerial benches who thought since there were to be two Addresses in one Session they might still have a chance of coming to the front. PRINCE ARTHUR mercilessly chaffed the Ministry, but offered no objection to the course. Rather the wounded Ministry might turn to him and his Party with confidence that they would save them from their friends.

When the SQUIRE rose to move new Address in reply to gracious Speech from the Throne, JOHN MORLEY, another promising young member, preparing to second it, SAUNDERSON interposed. Was it in order, he asked the DEPUTY-SPEAKER, for the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER moving the Address to scout immemorial custom and fail to present himself in uniform according to his rank? Was sure House would be ready to adjourn for twenty minutes to give right hon. gentleman an opportunity of getting into military or other uniform. "If glances were swords," said DAVID PLUNKET, looking across at the SQUIRE eyeing the Colonel, "SAUNDERSON would be a dead man." *Business done.*—New Address carried. Crisis over.

Thursday.—Thought to have a quiet night. Began well; promised to close peacefully; in the middle an eruption. It was the SAGE of QUEEN ANNE'S GATE again. Murmuring about Matabeleland, he was interrupted by ironical cheer from ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight). SAGE turned upon him with bland ferocity. Declared that "as usual he knew nothing about the matter, his political stock in trade being vague abuse of Liberals, and a general waving of the British flag, though he was an American not a British citizen."

Later the gallant Knight protested, in hearing of interested Committee, that his "ancestry were entirely English." SAGE bound to admit that a not uncommon incident with gentlemen born in the United States. He therefore withdrew his remark. For the time silence fell, but gore must ensue. Pistols (or lances) for two, and a vacancy either in Northampton or Sheffield is regarded in Whips'



"I know that man; he comes from Sheffield."

room as inevitable consequence of the episode. Difficulty for lookers on to understand why the SAGE should think American citizenship a reproach, or why the Knight, formerly of Brooklyn, U.S.A., should resent it as such.

Business done.—Supplementary estimates agreed to.

Friday.—In Committee of Supply; Army Estimates under discussion; vote a mere fleabite of £5,981,000 to meet expenses of British Army during coming year. A pretty large order; attendance scarcely commensurate; no one looking round empty benches would imagine that, not to dwell on trifling amount of sum named, safety of Empire is at stake. ARNOLD-FORSTER not at all satisfied. Navy pleases him not nor the Army either. Still, members drop out to dress for dinner, the world goes round, CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN cracks his little joke, the bill is ordered to be paid, the British Army marches out, and so home to bed.

Business done.—A good deal.

"WHY CERTAINLY!"—There appeared quite recently in the *Observer* an article on "Coming Costume." Now though this was not labour lost, yet what may be *A Coming Costume* is not so interesting to ladies as what is the *Be-Coming Costume*.

AFTER THE BOAT-RACE.—Writes an expert in the *St. James's Gazette*, "The style of Oxford is undeniably good, saving some feather under water of three of the oars." Very low feathering this. But the Oxonian winners were all in uncommonly "high feather" afterwards.

MOTTO FOR FRAUDULENT BANKRUPT.—As you make your books so you must lie in them, and sleep as comfortably as you can in your own balance-sheets, which will never be sufficiently well-aired—if you can help it.

THE PLACE FOR MR. LABOUCHERE TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY.—At Constantinople, with its Peerless splendour.

THE MISSING KING.—Causes no doubt an a-king void.

POPULAR SONGS RE-SUNG.

THE CONDUCTOR'S EYE.

AIR—"The Speaker's Eye."

"Minor grievances, in their sum, make the greatest sorrows of life. Here is one, and not the smallest. I can never be sure of catching the eye of the conductor of an omnibus."

Letter by "Past Forty Year," in the "Daily News."

MR. SIDNEY BROWN was a worthy "old bloke."

Who lived in a suburb out of London's smoke.

He had 'bus'd it to town for thirty year, Till his legs got shaky, and his sight grew queer.

But though he stuck to his shop like a leech,

Times changed with him as they changed with each;

For he found of late, howso'er he'd try, He could seldom catch the Conductor's eye.

He seldom could catch—

(Whistle) O phew! O phew!

O phew!

He hardly could catch—

O phew! O phew! O phew!

He found it hard, confound it, yes,

To catch the Conductor's eye!

The "cad" was once on the footboard found, Keeping of a sharp look-out around, But now he went clambering across the roof,

With a ting-ting clipper for the passenger's oof;

Collecting fares with his musical clips, Or chatting with the driver about sporting tips.

Poor BROWN would whistle, wave his gingham, and cry,

But he could not catch that Conductor's eye He could not catch, &c.

He would stand on the kerbstone till his feet grew cold,

A-hailing of the 'busses that unheeding rolled.

The driver whipped on with disdainful pride, As though the Conductor had yelled "Full inside!"

When he looked at his watch BROWN was sick at heart,

For fear for his suburb he should never make a start.

He'd shout and he'd whistle, and he'd cry out "Hi"

But he could not catch the Conductor's eye.

He could not catch, &c.

And if by chance he obtained a seat,
His confabustication seemed yet more complete,
For when he wanted near his home to alight,
The Conductor was quite certain to be out of sight.
He would whack with his broolly on the roof, and shout,
But once in that 'bus, 'twasn't easy to get out.
A quarter of a mile past his villa they would fly,
Ere BROWN could catch the Conductor's eye.
He could not catch, &c.



Poor BROWN would sit with his Gladstone and his rug

A-dreaming of old days so serene and snug. When the good old "knifeboard" had not to compete

With spiral stairway and with garden-seat. When the genial Conductor was ever on his board,

And time for pleasant gossip with his fares could afford;

Ere the punch and the ticket made it vain to try

To catch an invisible Conductor's eye.

He could not catch, &c.

One night, at the close of a dreary drowse, BROWN found he had travelled half a mile past his house;

He tugged at the strap, and he yelled till hoarse,

To attract the Conductor—on the roof, of course!

Then he grasped his gingham, and he staggered to the door,

And prodded at space for a minute or more, Till at last, lunging out with a fiendish cry,

He caught the Conductor—bang in the eye! At last he'd caught, &c.

Then an awful silence filled that 'bus, Whilst the blinded Conductor began for to cuss.

He writhed and squirmed and screwed his face,

And punched a penny ticket in the two-penny place.

At last he cried, "You jolly old guy! You've stuck your broolly in my bloomin' heye!"

Then BROWN he chortled with extreme delight,

And said, "Confound you, and it serves you right!"

I've caught at last—(whistles)

I've caught at last—(whistles)

At last, hooray! I've been and gone,

And caught the Conductor's eye!"

LAYS FROM THE LINKS.

A "THREE-CARD LAY."

LONG ago in sweet September, Oh! the day I well remember, I was playing on the Links against the winsomest of maids:

In a "cup" my ball was lying, And the "divots" round were flying, And with eyes a-dance she said to me, "Your iron's the King of Spades!"

Now a foe, on such occasion, Of the feminine persuasion, Fair and twenty to the game a sort of subtlety imparts;

And I felt its potent glamour, And I answered with a stammer Shy and nervous, "It was rash of me to play the Queen of Hearts!"

Any further explanation Of my inward admiration Very likely had exposed me to the deadliest of snubs;

But a snigger from behind me Just in time came to remind me Of the presence of my caddie—and I blessed the Knave of Clubs!

MRS. R. ON FISH DIET.—Our good friend has heard that many diseases can be traced to eating fish not absolutely fresh. "It's very likely," observed Mrs. R. thoughtfully, "though it never occurred to me till now to ask from what illness a herring had been suffering previous to its being cured. But I never again will eat any fish unless it can be guaranteed as quite fresh and well, or that it has been thoroughly cured. By the way, I know there are horse-doctors and dog-doctors, are there any regularly certificated fish-doctors?" Her nephew suggested that if there were, they would be known as "Physh-icians." Mrs. R. objected that he never could be serious for a minute; and for her part her motto as to this fish question would always be that "What can't be cured oughtn't to be endured."

THE R.A. OF MUSIC.—The Evill Prize was awarded this year to REGINALD BROPHY.

REGINALD BROPHY Gained the trophy.

And this being for the benefit of BROPHY, good does come out of Evill. REGINALD B. should henceforth adapt the royal motto, and read it thus, "Honi soit qui bon y pense."

Louis Kossuth.

BORN, IN HUNGARY, 1802.

DIED, IN EXILE, 1894.

UNFLINCHING patriot and unfaltering foe Of lesser aims and compromises low, Stubborn, unpurchasable; thou at least Sate ne'er a sycophant at Power's feast.

Consistent still through thy great length of days, [praise.

Living, long since thou earnedst *Punch's* And though apart from the new Age's strife Thou lingeredst out thy long and honoured life.

An exile and a hermit, half forgot, [not Thy death moves many memories. Laurell'd

'Midst the successful, thou shalt ever stand Foremost among that high heroic band

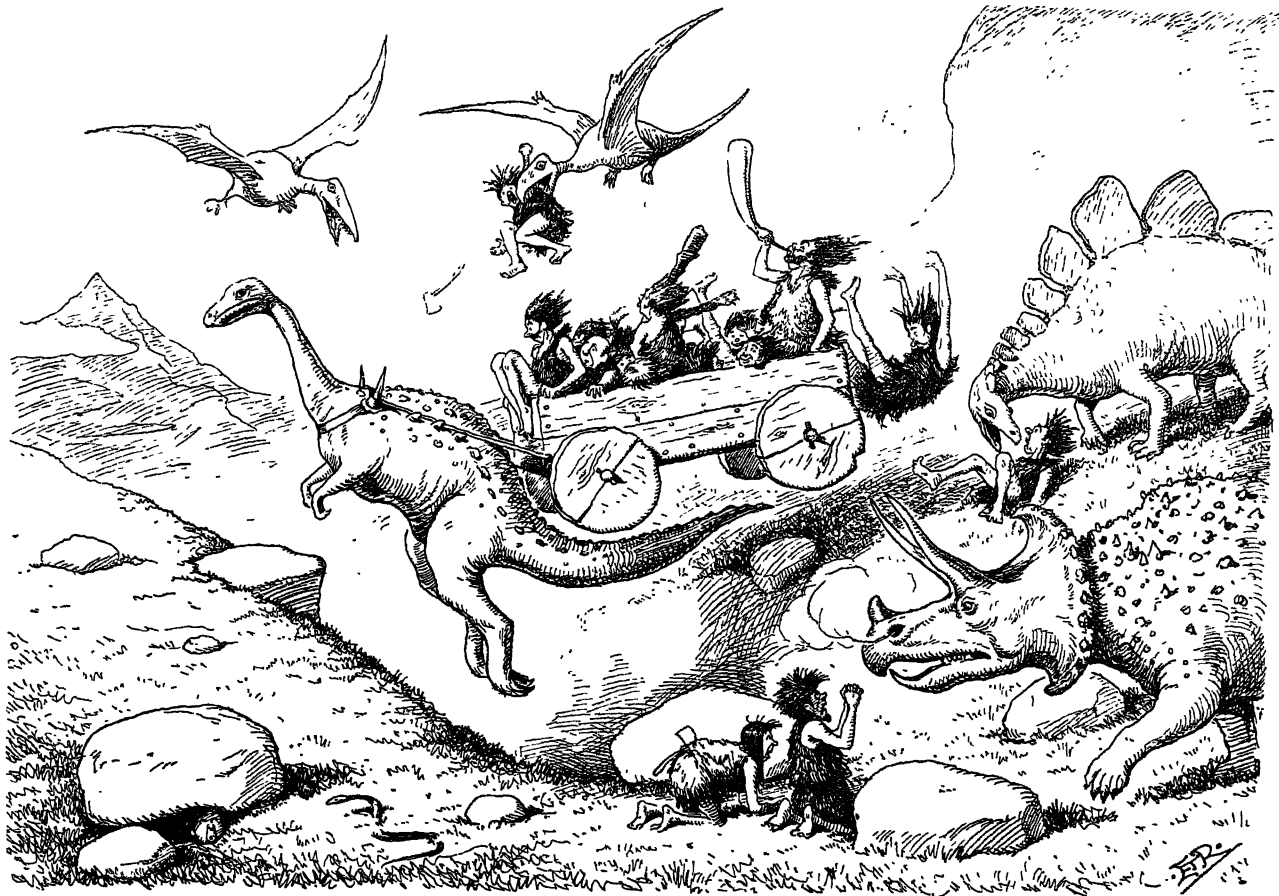
Who yielded never, though foredoomed to fail, And though fate-baffled, knew not how to quail.

Farewell! Thou art, in high or low estate, Of those great memories which make men great!

SHORTLY TO BE PUBLISHED.—Sensational Parliamentary Novel by the Earl of R-S-N-RY, *Lost in the Lords! or, the Story of a Bill!*



THE NEW NAVY HORNPIPE; OR, UN SUCCÈS D'ESTIMATES.



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

EVEN A LITTLE HOLIDAY OUTING IN THE COUNTRY WAS NOT WHOLLY FREE FROM RISK!

THE NEW NAVY HORNPIPE;

OR, UN SUCCÈS D'ESTIMATES.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. J. L. Molloy.)

AIR—"The Sailor's Dance."

WHERE are they who said that his heels were
And he'd never make a sailor? [lead,
That he'd e'er be seen on a ship of the Queen,
A-prance like a tipsy tailor?
He responds to the ring of the Bosun's call,
"For a dance, my lads, make ready!"
The sun rides high in a True Blue sky,
And the old ship's going steady.

Chorus.

For it's heel and toe to the flying bow,
And it's all so bright and breezy!
The Bear with France may join in a dance,
But our Hornpipe beats them—easy!

To the Tar alone, the True Hornpipe's known,
And it takes a Tar to dance it;
And a tune well trilled by a messmate skilled
Is the one thing to enhance it.
There is much more go in that fiddle and bow
Big WILLIAM's briskly wielding
Than some had thought, the true lilt he's
caught,
And he hardly looks like yielding.

Chorus.

Ah, it's heel and toe to the tuneful bow, &c.
Oh, it stirs the blood in the heart of a Salt,
And it sets his pulses flying,
To hear feet fall without fudge or fault,
To the catgut's crisp clear crying.

See the Admiral smile, as, in good old style,
Those feet trip smart and skittish.
Not a jig or reel, but true toe and heel,
To a tune that's bold and British.

Chorus.

For it's heel and toe to the flying bow, &c.

Bold Red-Beard, you are the pick o' the crew,
No shirking, *Jeremy Diddler*!
So our hearts are eased, and old *Punch* is
pleased,

So say a good word for the Fiddler.
Slide, shuffle and skip, cut, tramp and trip!
And the tune so fleet and flowing!
These boys will be the pride o' the Ship—
If they'll only keep it going!

Chorus.

Oh, it's heel and toe to the flying bow,
And it's all so bright and breezy!
The Bear and France may pair off in a dance,
But our Hornpipe beats 'em—easy!

Does the beneficent Dental Hospital of
London stand in need of a President? If so,
why not "Mr. ARTHUR TOOTH"? His "draw-
ings" are in everybody's mouth.

"IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS 'IBIS.'"—If this
motto had been adopted, the *Ibis* ought to
have been the safest vessel anywhere.

SEX IN FISH.—The ordinary Sole is mas-
culine. The feminine is a *Femme Sole*.

A LAY OF EASTER EGGS.

(By a Lucky Little Lady.)

Not the Great Auk itself, not *Sindbad's* Roc,
Made such a lay
As Liberal Love has added to my stock
This Easter Day!
Some Moa—nay, that's too much like *some*
more!

My eggs are full,
But not of *meat*; a miscellaneous store;
All care could cull
From *Sindbad's* valley—or a jeweller's shop,
Toyman or cutler;
The sweet pearl pendent or the diamond drop;
Or, sweeter, subtler,
The rubied golden circlet; garters, gloves
(*WHEELER'S* and *DENT'S*);
Brooches and bangles, bracelets, lockets—
loves!

Kerchiefs and scents.
On all the season's joys, without expense
I am a feaster!
Ah! of all poultry I prefer the hens
That lay at Easter!

MUSICAL JEST.—Miss MARIE WURM's quar-
tette was played at the Musical Artists
Society by Messrs. BUZIAN (so busy, O!),
KORNFELT (poor chap! what twinges while
playing!), CONTIN (a Continental), and
BELINSKI (a name suggestive of the beautiful
far above earth, i.e., *Bel in sky*). They did
their very best, worked hard, and observed
that it was "Wurm work."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, March 19.—GRANDOLPH evidently resolved to give up to House of Commons what once seemed to be meant for Newmarket. Most diligent attendant since Session opened. Feels that now Mr. G. has retired, other old Parliamentary



"A rum 'un to follow, and a Haward-'un to beat."

hands should be on the spot to help in emergencies. All very well to have the CAP'EN behind the front Bench constantly in Parliamentary sou'wester and waterproofs, ready to go anywhere and do anything. But TOMMY, in spite of all he knows, is comparatively new Member, and Leader of House looks in other quarters for counsel and assistance.

To-night GRANDOLPH cleverly brought into prominence the absurdity of one of the fossils that cling to Parliamentary procedure. On first day of every Session House of Commons gravely passes resolution declaring it high infringement of liberties and privileges of Commons for any Peer to concern himself in the election of Members to serve for the Commons in Parliament. Few hear motion put, though resolution is read by SPEAKER from first word to last, formally submitted, and declared to be agreed to. It is of no earthly use; is obviously absurd, since, as HENRY JAMES showed just now, Commons can do nothing to Peer supposing he

disregards mandate. Still, been the usage for more than century to pass this resolution at opening of new Session; so we go on passing it towards end of this so-called Nineteenth Century.

GRANDOLPH, impatient of this absurdity, resolved to-night to deal it a death blow; and succeeds. The point of satire so fine and so

gravely presented that he found himself pretty well abused all round. "A trumpety proceeding," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. "An empty resolution," echoed HENRY JAMES. GRANDOLPH adroitly based his operation on visit of the GRAND YOUNG MAN to Edinburgh. It happened that since the meeting was arranged vacancy befell in representation of Leith. Leith is not Edinburgh, any more than it's the rose. But it lives near it. So GRANDOLPH, with pretty affectation of horror, denounced our Premier, "a Lord of Parliament, First Lord of the Treasury, President of the Council, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Midlothian"—("Sounds like a toast at the Mansion House," said BIDDLEPH MARTIN, smacking his lips with many pleased recollections)—for infringing the liberties and privileges of the Commons of the United Kingdom.

The SQUIRE, who, since he has come into leadership of House,

declines to see a joke in anything, took GRANDOLPH *au sérieux*. "There is no precedent for such action on part of a peer," said GRANDOLPH, with his tongue in his cheek. "Oh, indeed!" said the SQUIRE gravely, and proceeded to cite a case in which the MARKISS and Lord ROTHSCHILD had lent their carriages to JOHN ARD when he stood for North Paddington in 1887. The matter had been brought under notice of House, and OLD MORALITY, then leader, with approval of colleagues and friends, had treated it as absurd. All this hard on GRANDOLPH; but he has his reward. His amendment negatived; but next Session will see the end of the musty mummery against which he tilted.

Business done.—Much talk round Navy Estimates. No vote.

Tuesday.—Cap'en TOMMY put UGHTRED SHUTTLEWORTH through his paces to-night. Sent him a prodigious paper, including multitude of questions designed to ascertain what UGHTRED would do supposing he were ordered to clear the decks for action. One of the questions was, "Whether the signalmen of Her Majesty's ships would in action be posted under cover?" Expected SHUTTLEWORTH to say that was a question that should be addressed to POSTMASTER-GENERAL. He thought of it on the staircase, but

then too late. Moreover had already run into and smashed TOMMY. Pretty to see the Secretary to the Admiralty, a very Civil Lord, bearing down like some tall Admiral upon TOMMY bucketing about in the office. "It's like the *Magnificent* or the *Majestic* going for a torpedo-boat," says PENN, who knows all about the new ships.

House roared when Secretary to Admiralty, with bland politeness which *Peter Simple's* messmate, Mr. Chucks the Bo'sun, could not have excelled, told TOMMY "if he wished to convey any suggestion or instruction to the Board of Admiralty or to the Commanders of Her Majesty's Fleets on the subject of their duties in the preparation of a fleet for battle, we shall receive his suggestions with the consideration they deserve." A broadside that would have sunk many a gunboat; but TOMMY B., irrepressible, peppered away again before he sheered off to prepare another examination paper for the Secretary.

Debate on Naval Estimates going on through sitting; disclosed customary state of things. HARLAND, whose firm built the magnificent White Star fleet, took up his parable against the British navy. Had looked over the latest built battle-ships and cruisers, and behold! they were very bad. "Build them longer and narrower," says he. EDWARD REED, some



The "*Magnificent*" and the "*Majestic*."



THE GREAT UNEMPLOYED!

To First Commissioner of Works enter a familiar figure.

"Now, HERRY, MY BOY, HAVE YOU GOT SUCH A THING AS A JOB IN MY LINE IN THE PARKS, EH? PRECIOUS TIRED OF DOING NOTHING, I CAN TELL YOU!"

time Chief Constructor of the Navy, not less high authority, said just reverse. "Build your ships shorter and wider," says he, looking up at First Lord of Admiralty sitting distracted in crow's nest over clock. "And now," said the SQUIRE of MALWOOD, "the doctors differing, let us agree to pass the vote;" which they did.

Business done.—Navy Estimates voted. UGHTRIED SHUTTLEWORTH having got the ships, got the men, and got the money too.

Saturday.—Appropriation Bill passed; all made snug for financial year; House adjourned for Easter Holidays. HERBERT GLADSTONE here, looking a little worried.

"What's the matter?" I asked. "Getting tired already of being First Commissioner of Works?"

"Well, not in a general way, you know," he said forlornly; "but there's a little thing that's worrying me a bit. It's the dear old Pater. Hadn't been at the Board of Works twenty-four hours when letter comes post-haste from Brighton, asking me for job in the Parks, 'or anywhere,' heads. He's tired of being idle, and says he's willing to turn his hand to anything. Don't like to refuse him. But if I find him a job, sure to be talk about it in the House. HANBURY will say I am providing for my family at the expense of the nation."

Business done.—First section of new Session gone like a whiff.

TO AN EARLY-RISING SPARROW.

A Lie-a-bed Lay by the Lazy Lier.

DUSTY little specimen of common ornithology,

Why this early rising from your elevated nest?

Surely, dirty dickey-bird, you owe me an apology,

Cutting short the heaven of a Club-frequenter's rest.

True, your situation is rather mortary and bricky, bird,

Lending little comfort to a dissipated head;

Still, it is not absolutely necessary, dickey-bird,

Thus to tell your neighbours when you're getting out of bed.



Why should you, a sparrow, have your every movement signified?

Don't imagine, dickey, that all insects are the same.

Beetles have a manner that is eminently dignified,

So have other creatures that I hesitate to name.

Move they on their missions with funeral solemnity,

Emulating Somnus by their quietness and tact,

You, because your wings afford aerial indemnity,

Seem to think it clever to be rather less exact.

Cease, I beg, that chirruping, like unrepaid machinery—

Squeaking, whose intensity all other noises drown;

If you are excited at the absence here of greenery,

Surely there is plenty in the orchards out of town!

If a lack of worms and things immediately distresses you,

Worms and things can always be discovered on the ground!

Truly, 'tis a puzzle to imagine what possesses you,

Dickey-bird, to make this most abominable sound.

Say you that the remedy I hold, and have neglected it?

Hint you that, if up and dressed, I would not heed your squeak?

That's your ignorance, you know. I must say I expected it!

That's the way you lower classes generally speak?

Does it not occur to you that you and I proceed to bed

Scarcely at a similar position of the sun,—

You, when he is *setting*, showing readiness to speed to bed:

I, when he his lighting job has only just begun?

Probably you'll tell me that I ought to sing a glee with you,

Welcoming the dawning of another blessed day?

There, my young ornithic friend, I wholly disagree with you;

Nothing would induce me to go on in such a way—

Save if by some awkward transmigrationary blundering,

I should ever find myself inclined to do it too:

Then, no doubt, the world would have another fellow wondering

Why I wasn't slaughtered—as I'd like to slaughter you!

"Yes," says Mrs. R., "I like the spring, with its violets and primroses; but for colouring, give me the autumn tinctures!"

AU REVOIR TO PANTOMIME.

THE Pantomime Season is over in London. Provincially, the Pantomime Plant sometimes flourishes for some time longer. We have had two Pantomimes, one at Drury Lane and one at the Lyceum, and both must have been more or less damaged at first by the gigantic show of *Constantinople* marvellously worked by BOSSY KRALFY. At the Lyceum, *Cinderella* was much nearer the extravaganza of ancient VESTRIS and MATHEWS days, the days of PLANCHÉ and DANCE, for PLANCHÉ did so much work alone that to bring in a DANCE was quite a relief to him—than it was to a modern Pantomime. It was in two acts; which is a novelty, as Pantomimes are not usually in acts, and in this respect it resembled some of the ancient, elegant, fairy-tale extravaganzas; and it could have done perfectly well, if not better, without the Harlequinade.



The "Harlequinade" is not played out if it could only have some startling mechanical changes and some really good comic scenes for *Clown* and *Pantaloon*. It is not played out if, in addition to fulfilling the above requirements, it could be made to form part and parcel of the story, if the transformation scene were not made the culminating point of the show, and if the entire performance, beginning at a reasonable hour, say eight, could be over by eleven to the minute. At the same time an extravaganza, which means a fairy story prettily and well played, well sung, without any music-hall ditties, and with the most fanciful transformation scenes and the most grotesque changes that can be imagined and effectively given, would be as safe to attract as did those of "long, long ago," which Mr. OSCAR BARRETT evidently took as his model. This style of thing would not do for Drury Lane, *cela va sans dire*, or for Covent Garden, but for a theatre like the Lyceum.

A VADE MECUM FOR "MORTAR-BOARDS."

(Compiled by a Bigot with rather strong Prejudices.)

Question. Why should London have an University?

Answer. Because Oxford and Cambridge are within an hour or so of town.

Q. Have not the colleges on the Isis and the Cam been hitherto considered sufficient?

A. Certainly; and that is the reason why London is to have colleges of her own.

Q. Of whom will the governing body be composed?

A. Of all sorts and conditions of men. The London County Council are to fraternise with Convocation, and the Inns of Court are to pull together with the Physicians and the Surgeons.

Q. Can you say from what quarter the first row will emanate?

A. Probably from the Surgeons, who had a dreadful quarrel in Lincoln's Inn Fields only a year or so ago.

Q. Will the Inns of Court get on nicely?

A. Not if they squabble as much about the University Government as they have over their Bar examinations.

Q. Are not the British Museum and the Royal Agricultural Society also to be represented?

A. Certainly; and no doubt the spokesmen of these two "interests" (with the kind assistance of the Engineers and the Mercers) will make confusion worse confounded.

Q. What advantages are expected from the carrying out of the scheme?

A. That Upper Tooting College will compete with Trinity, Cambridge, and Lower Bayswater Hall challenge comparison with Christ Church, Oxford.

Q. And what effect will the Town Establishment have upon "the Blues"—dark and light?

A. None.

Q. Do you mean to say that Oxford and Cambridge will hold their own?

A. Certainly. Men who would have gone to the Universities on the Isis and the Cam will "continue the movement," while those who wouldn't will be satisfied with "the Varsity" on the Lower Thames.





A LARGE ORDER.

"A—LET ME INTRODUCE YOU TO MY WIFE. SHE DANCES!"

SETTING THE "TABLEAU."

A Scene Just Before Curtain Rising.

Mr. Stage Manager (*aside*). Dear, dear! They want a deal of arranging, and time's nearly up. (*Aloud.*) Now, ladies and gentlemen, fall into places, if you please. Curtain's just about to be rung up for the Grand Tableau.

"THE UNITED KINGDOM."

Most important, you know, we should show no disunion in doing it.

Miss Cambria (*pettishly*). Oh, that's all very well, but I'm awfully uncomfortable in this position. Can't I come just a shade more to the front.

Miss Hibernia (*aside*). Oh, of course! Forward, puss! Thinks to put me in the background, I suppose. We shall see. (*Aloud.*) You know you told me, Mr. MANAGER, that I should—

Mr. Stage Manager. Oh yes, yes, yes! That will be all right. But I must group you so as to get the best effect from the front. A little less stiff, if you please, Mr. BULL!

Mr. Bull. Humph! If I'd been stiff, as you call it, I should have stood out altogether, I think. I've been in the background long enough. Stiff, indeed!

Mr. Sandy. Well, you do look a little wooden, JOHN, I must say. [*Sniggers.*]

Mr. Bull (*hotly*). Wooden? I like that. Why you're the very image of the Highlander outside a tobacconist's. And if that's not wooden—

Mr. Stage Manager. Now gentlemen, please, no talking. This is a tableau, remember, not a patter-play.

Miss Hibernia. Quite so, Mr. MANAGER! Mr. BULL always puts us out with his loud talk. Thinks because he is big and strong he's to play "the predominant partner" all the time. [*Sniffs.*]

Miss Cambria. I hate such arrogant, bouncing ways! Better be "little," I think, provided you are also "gallant." [*Bridles.*]

Mr. Sandy. He! he! Fancies he can do the "United Kingdom" all by himself, and that the other figures do not count. Won't even learn that England doesn't mean Great Britain, often as I have to remind him of it. [*Chuckles.*]

Mr. Bull (*loftily*). Bah! you're a cantankerous, separatist, provincial, unpatriotic lot! [*Snorts.*]

Mr. Stage Manager. Pray, pray ladies and gentlemen, stop talking, and take your respective positions.

All. Yes, but what are our respective positions?

Mr. Stage Manager. I will show you. (*Arranges the four figures in an impressive group, pushing this one forward a little, very gently pushing another a shade back, straightening a back here, bending a limb there, turning a face, lifting a chin, shaping a drapey*). There! That's better. Except the expressions of your faces. They will never do! Smile, Mr. BULL, as in proud, placid confidence. No, no, that's the pride without the placidity. Look boldly out, but do not clench your jaws or knit your brows. And you, Mr. SANDY, a shade less sourness—if I may say so—would make you look more genial and—ahem!—Scotch! Not quite so much prickly thistley nemo me impune lacesset about it you know. Miss CAMBRIA, my dear, as the prominent figure—

The other Three (*together*). Oh, indeed!!!

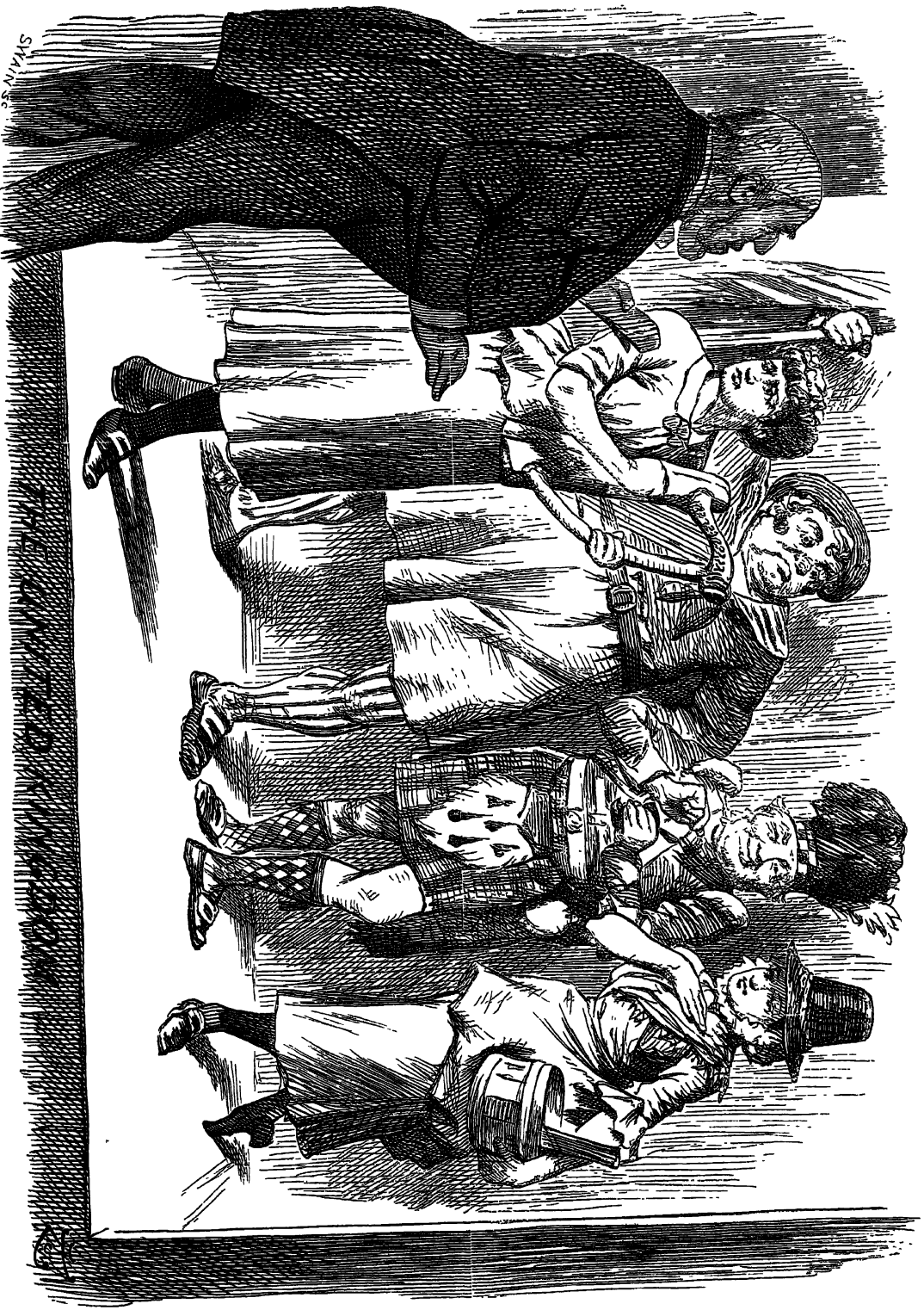
Mr. Stage Manager (*blandly and deprecatingly*).—in this particular tableau, for the moment, do not hide more of the other figures with your cloak and hat than you are obliged to. And now, if you please, all of you, fancy you are having your photos taken for your—ahem!—sweethearts, and look as pleasant as ever you can!

All. Oh, I daresay! When we are all as cramped and uncomfortable as possible!

Mr. Stage Manager (*gently*). Well, you know, tableaux are always just a little trying—to the muscles and nerves. But I do want our "Living Picture" to be a success, and I'm sure you will all share with me the desire that it should be so. Now, then, do not shift or change your relative positions, and, oh! Miss HIBERNIA (*seductively*) before I ring up the Curtain, just a teetle shade further back, if you please, my dear!

(*Curtain rises.*)

CURIOUS OPERATION.—In a recent Scotch trial held at the Court of Session, Edinburgh, Lord KYLLACHY, in answer to a question, replied, "I do not think I can compel the witness to be precognosed." Mrs. R. was much puzzled on reading this. Of Pug-nosed, Roman-nosed, Grecian-nosed, Snub-nosed persons she has heard, and knew some personally. But they were born so, and she should like to ask what possible law there could be, even in Scotland—which was, she believed, still a snuff-taking country—that could compel a change in anybody's nose.



SETTING THE "TABLEAU."

SIR WILLIAM (*Stage Manager, addressing Miss Erin*). "BEFORE WE RING UP—A LEEZLE FURTHER BACK, MY DEAR."



"ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR."

Spooney (to hated rival about to jump a harmless fence). "WARE WIRE, SIR!"

THE BALLAD OF THE OMNIBUS CONDUCTOR.

CHARING CROSS—penny all the way,
Hyde Park and Kensington,
Hammersmith—Holborn, did you say?
No, Miss, the yaller one.

Third time to-day St. Paul's we quit
In this red omnibus,
And many weary hours of it
Are still in front of us.

Nearly a quarter of an hour
Behind, as sure as fate!
And here comes on a thunder-shower,
Uncommon sharp and straight.

And them two sweethearts on the roof
Without a gamp! But note,
Because she's got no waterproof,
He's lent her his top-coat!

And she is not afraid she'll spile,
I gather from her eye;
So they're waiting with a peaceful smile
Until the clouds roll by.

But the old lady on the right,
In furs, I can't abide;
She's shrieking out, in tones of spite,
She wants to go inside!

"You should 'ave gone at first. Too late,
Mum!" Room outside for one—
For Piccadilly, Hyde Park Gate,
Hammersmith, Kensington.

There's some gets down at Charing Cross,
But I won't tell her this;
Her costume won't be any loss!
She'll just stay where she is.

Those two—I might give *them* the tip!
They've got no blooming furs,
And I see the rain begin to drip
From that nice 'at of 'ers!

"Room inside, presently, for *two*,
Lady," I murmur low.
Old woman looks as if she knew,
Although she couldn't know!

So down at Charing Cross they get,
That pair, and step inside,
And passing by the Haymarket,
Up Regent Street we glide.

But in Piccadilly there's a block,
Close to St. James's Park,
And we wait five minutes by the clock,
As stranded as the Ark!

From the bus in front turns round to jeer
A Kilburn chap perverse,
And we wrangle for a bit, to cheer
The drooping passengers!

Then on again. The raindrops cease,
And there's blue sky to see,
Along St. James's Park the trees
Are green as they can be.

And soon those two get out. I know.
The sun's begun to shine.
They'll stroll along in Rotten Row,
And by the Serpentine.

A pleasant thing, mid alleys green
To ramble up and down!
There is a girl I've sometimes seen
Away in Camden Town.

I wonder would she walk with me?
Only it don't seem right
To ask her, when one's never free
Until the dead of night!

TEACHING THE STRANGER HOW TO ARGUE.

(A Fragment from the Next "History of the Civilisation of the Nineteenth Century.")

THE Intelligent Foreigner accompanied his guide into the chosen birth-place of Education. For a few minutes they could hear nothing, as the noise was so great.

"It is simply disgraceful!" cried one of the disputants. "Infamous! infamous! infamous!" yelled another. "Hounds! scoundrels and knaves!" screamed a third. "Come on, I defy you all!" bawled a fourth. "Give it them! Down with them! Out with them!" howled the excited occupants of the public gallery.

"Let us come away," cried the Intelligent Foreigner through a speaking-trumpet.

"Perhaps it would be better," replied his guide, who had been able to make out his companion's suggestion with the aid of an ear-trumpet.

"Dear me," murmured the Intelligent Foreigner when he was once more safely promenading the Victoria Embankment. "What were they quarrelling about?"

"Oh, they were scarcely quarrelling," explained his guide; "the School Board were only calmly discussing a religious question."

Upon hearing this the Intelligent Foreigner returned to his own country in Central Africa, where debates were conducted in a more dignified manner.

NEW SPECULATIVE INVESTMENT. — "The Booby Mines Co., Unlimited." Also, "The Irregular Investment and General Loss Guarantee'd Co."



Nervous Youth (to Fair Débutante). "ER—I MUST CONGRATULATE YOU ON YOUR APPEARANCE, MISS GODOLPHIN!" *Fair Débutante (flattered).* "OH, THANKS, MR. YOUNG!" *Nervous Youth (hastily).* "OF COURSE—ER—I ONLY MEAN YOUR FIRST APPEARANCE, YOU KNOW!"

THE LATEST QUOTATIONS.

MR. GRANT ALLEN suggests that capitalists should put their money into *brains*, and endow thinkers. Why not have a Literary Stock Exchange at once, and turn each writer into a Company? Criticism would be beautifully simplified, while authors, publishers, and public would mutually know "where they are." Subjoined are some paragraphs extracted from the *Financial Punch* of the middle of next week.

There was a very brisk inquiry yesterday on 'Change for Rising Novelist Shares, but New Humorist Debentures drooped to a certain extent. Weymans were temporarily on the up grade, while Caffyns (Iota Stock) had a healthy

look, though whether this is well-founded is open to dispute. Bensons still showed signs of inflation, and Zangwills were moderately cheerful, owing to a continued demand for Ghetto Issues. Grands receded somewhat, owing to the drain on this stock last year. A further advance has been freely predicted in Egertons and Kernahans; these bonds have, however, for the moment eased off fractionally, operators for the rise fighting shy of the present glut in psychological securities.

The Established Authors Market closed quiet but firm, with a tolerably strong buying tendency in "futures." One-per-Cent. Merediths were a shade harder, while Indian and Pennsylvanian converted Kiplings showed a moderate advance

on shorts. Haggards (Mexican and African Consolidated), Hardys (Wessex Goldmine), and Besants (Deferred on the whole maintained an active sale. O'Rells ruled "bullish," and there was a speculative account for the fall in Ibsens and other foreign securities. In spite of an animated competition between two rival jobbers, Tolstoys declined after the previous rush, and Copyright Debentures of the last issue were to a certain extent off colour.

Insiders prophesy no immediate variation in Twains, Bret Hartes, and Blacks (Highland Obligations). There will probably, however, be some slight fluctuation in Stevensons, Q's, and Corellis. Grant Allen Ordinary were the turn above par, but the same Company's Preference Stock found no buyers. A steady advance was maintained in Bradons. Ouidas were hazardous, though Zolas were less risky than usual, as it is rumoured among those who know that the forthcoming Lourdes series of Coupons will be an exceptionally safe investment. Schreiners Unified were in favour with a limited public. Minor Poet investments have been much watered of late on limited clique sales, and continue languid. They are undoubtedly somewhat difficult to "bear."

The List of Applications will open on Monday, April 2 (All Fools' Day being Sunday), for shares in a new Journalist. We prefer not to give the list of Directors. According to the abridged prospectus, the Company has been formed for the purpose of acquiring the rights for London and twenty miles round in a new Collector of Town Refuse, who is the originator of a novel and rapid system of converting the same into pars of statutory length. Amongst his assets are an assortment of political convictions (slightly damaged, but reversible), a complete set of *canards* (newly hatched), fifteen pawn-tickets, and a pending libel case. An interim dividend of a farthing in the pound will be declared at an early opportunity. A solicitor to the Company has not yet been found.

AN UN-LECKY REMARK; OR, A CAT-ASTROPHE AVERTED.—MR. LECKY protested recently in the *Observer* that he "never believed, or heard, or said, that JACOB CATS inspired SHAKESPEARE"; but he did say, he admits, "that the popularity of CATS in Holland was almost like that of SHAKESPEARE in England." SHAKESPEARE was fond of Cats though not of a "fine puss-gentleman"—which sounds like TOM CAT, Esq.—and he has many a good word "to throw to a dog." On one celebrated occasion he was inspired by a pack of hounds, but never by a troop of Cats.

[SYMBOLICAL.—"Lord ROSEBURY," said *The World* last week, "will probably go down to Battle for a couple of days." He will certainly have to come up for "battle" for the next three months. After his first nasty one from WAMBALABBY the Jester, it is to be hoped the PREMIER will "come up smiling."

MRS. R. cannot think why people are speaking of "the sensible addition to the Income-tax" expected in the Budget. "Any addition," says Mrs. R., "is senseless."

LAYS OF THE CURRENCY.

IV.—"PRICE SIXPENCE."

I SING a song, it has been done before;
I could not (if I would) with truth deny it.
We have our minor poets by the score,
Who make somehow a decent living by it.
In point of fact I do myself—that's more
Or less, and so could you were you to try it.
It's pleasant thus to earn (when in a fix) pence,
So that is why I sing a Song of Sixpence.
Oh, not for me (I'm glad to say) to sing
Of that abnormal pocketful of rye;
I fondly hope and quite believe the King
Used language suitable to such a pie.
No doubt he stormed and swore like anything,
And blew the wicked cook up—to the sky.
My song is different. Somehow Nursery Rhymes
Seem quite unsuited to these modern times.
With Sixpence now you get a ladies' journal,
News-crammed up to the very brim, where no thing
Too sacred is to print. It seems eternal
Is woman's interest in her—inward clothing.
How pleasant it would be if one could spurn all
These things sartorial. I confess with loathing



ATHLETICS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

Master (to Brown Secundus, who is doing a little private practice). "How's THIS, BROWN! OUT OF SCHOOL? WHAT FOR?"
Brown Secundus (innocently). "SPRAINED WRIST, SIR!"

These robed and hatted columns
never fail
To fill—well, one who's only a
mere male.

Or Sixpence buys for you a picture paper.
You (if you're famous) find your portrait there
Displayed in such a way that every gaper
Can you see 'mid a bevy of the fair.
You're next a girl who knows well how to drape her
Delightful limbs—*une danseuse première*.
Your likeness isn't like you, but your fame
Consists in this—they always print your name.

Along with papers of the humbler penny,
The bookstalls now are all heaped up on high
With those that cost you six, all seeking any
Sensation like to catch your roving eye.
To tell the truth, they've got to be so many,
You hardly know which one is best to buy.
Though should you wish to keep your loose (or lax) pence,
Remember each you get means "Bang goes Saxpence!"

"WILL THE BRITISH MUSEUM REMAIN WHERE IT NOW IS?"—Certainly; it is so strongly attached to its present situation, that it will stay just where it is, in spite of "powers" being given to it to add to itself two new wings, and to take several flights (of stairs).

A HOLIDAY TASK FOR THE EASTER VACATION.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—As you always look after us fellows, will you say a good word for us at Easter? Everyone knows that we don't have too many holidays, but it seems a beastly shame to handicap the little vacation we are allowed by setting us holiday tasks. However, if we are to have them, let us answer them as we please, in a cheery, light-hearted spirit appropriate to the occasion. To teach you what I mean I will jot down a few questions to show you how I think they ought to be treated, and when I write myself I feel sure that I am speaking for a lot of chaps who share my opinion.

HOLIDAY QUESTIONS WITH MODEL ANSWERS.

HISTORY.

Question. Who was WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR?

Answer. A Johnny who came over to England to have a tussle with HAROLD, and got the best of it at Hastings.

Q. What was the result of the Battle of Hastings?

A. That everything was made ship-shape for no end of a time, and consequently caused it to be unnecessary to consider events until the reign of QUEEN VICTORIA.

Q. What do you know about the Normans?

A. Chaps in armour, who became the ancestors of anyone claiming respectability at the end of the Nineteenth Century.

Q. What were the provisions of Magna Charta?

A. Not generally known, but if there were a luncheon party at Runnymede, probably venison from the New Forest.

Q. Who was RICHARD THE FIRST?

A. A King of England who was fond of music. He killed a lion, was taken prisoner, and discovered by BLUNDEL, probably from MAPLES. Fond of fighting, and was a friend of Sir WALTER SCOTT, who put him in *Ivanhoe*.

Q. Give the principal events from the commencement of the reign of CHARLES THE FIRST up to the present time.

A. Execution of CHARLES THE FIRST. Death of Queen ANNE. Battle of Trafalgar. Battle of Waterloo. Accession of the QUEEN.

The Crimean War. The Indian Mutiny. Marriage of the PRINCE OF WALES. Marriage of the DUKE OF YORK. Commencement of the Easter Holidays.

GEOGRAPHY.

Q. Name some of the principal places of interest in London.

A. The theatres: Olympia; the Crystal Palace. The *table d'hôte* at the Grand Hotel. Madame TUSSAUD'S. LORD'S Cricket Ground. The Oval. The Army and Navy Stores; and the tops of all the omnibuses.

Q. Give the names of the most important towns in England.

A. Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Westminster, Rugby, Marlborough, Cheltenham, Felsted, Radley, Godalming, and West Kensington.

Q. Specify the principal exports and imports of Great Britain.

A. Don't know.

Q. What causes the creation of an island in latitudes where volcanoes are in constant eruption?

A. Don't care.

There, *Mr. Punch*, if we might floor our papers as above mentioned, a holiday task would become quite a little holiday pleasure. Do your best for us. We always take you in during term time, and, when we come home, get the governor to buy a couple of copies—one for himself, one for us. So you see you owe us something. One good turn deserves another.

Your affectionate little friend,

JONES MINOR.

THE AGRA BANK.—The rupee is down a penny since November. It is now worth one shilling and twopence instead of one and threepence. The prospects of the A. B. were declared at the last meeting, as reported in the *Times*, to be "encouraging," but the past history latterly appears to have been rather Agra-vating. "Well, after all," says ROBERT the Vaiter, "'tis only Agra-vating for better times."

GOOD NEWS, IF TRUE, AS TO THE ROSEBERRY CONSTITUTION.—It is said that the sore places have been Healy'd up.

TO A "V-SHAPED DEPRESSION."

In meteorological reports

Thou comest to us, mostly from the West,
And any individual who sports
A decent topper is, like thee, depressed.

O sad Depression, ruinous to camps,
The broad Atlantic would not feel so much
Thy moist and mournful influence that damps
The moist and mournful Briton with its touch

Then pause at times, and make the sad sea waves
Yet sadder and yet wetter than they are,
And send us not to inundated graves,
With cough and cold, consumption and catarrh.

Yet, if thou comest, change at least thy name,
V-shaped Depression—scientific sound!
Warm vernal showers once so softly came,
And coaxed the crocus from the moistened ground.

Poor Poetry is dead; ring out her knell.
Stern Science simply crushed her long ago.
That Science lives, "V-shaped Depressions" tell;
That Poetry is dead, these verses show.

"ADVICE GRATIS."

MY DEAR BRIEFLESS,—I have long been puzzled by the want of success accorded to you in our mutual profession. This is certainly not the result of lack of assiduity on your part. You are punctual and regular in your attendance in Court. On the occasions when you have addressed it, so far as my experience goes, you have shown yourself equal to the occasion. It is true that I personally only remember two such, but doubtless there have been many others. Those to which I allude are, first, when you rose in the Queen's Bench Division to complain of a draught, and Mr. Justice — at once granted your application, and made an order directing the usher to close a window. Second, when, being the senior barrister present, you rose to congratulate Mr. Baron — on his return to the Bench. (He had risen, you will remember, half an hour earlier than the usual time on the previous afternoon, owing to a somewhat premature increase to his domestic responsibilities.)

It is true that his Lordship, after you had spoken, observed that "it was a private matter, and ought not to form the subject of public allusion"; but I can never forget the dignity with which you replied, "My Lord, that which concerns you concerns the nation." You had, I remember, resumed your seat even before

His Lordship requested you to do so. So that the report, as it appeared in the papers, that you were "ordered to sit down," "and resumed your seat accordingly," is not correct.

How is it, then, that your efforts have not been crowned with success? My dear BRIEFLESS, you will not be offended with me if I suggest that your personal appearance is not sufficiently impressive. I illustrate what I mean. Your forensic costume is correct, your dress appropriate, your whiskers are according to a well-known and universally accepted pattern, "the mutton chop." But you lack, dare I say the word,

"Devil," or rather "go" ("go" is better, and I adopt it). Now my idea is that, with your undoubted ability, it is worth while making a series of experiments in your personal appearance, with the view of ascertaining whether the success you undoubtedly deserve can any longer be denied to you. *In primis*, you must sacrifice your whiskers. I know this may bring trouble at home; but if the importance of the situation is urged, I fancy the opposition will give way, or at any rate compromise, for moustaches to be grown at the sea-side during the Long Vacation.

I remember a friend of mine who sacrificed his moustaches on taking silk, overcoming a good deal of hostile domestic feeling by having them mounted on a Christmas card with some appropriate verses. I don't see why you should not do something in this line with your whiskers. Having got rid of the whiskers, I would suggest that you should put yourself into the hands of an expert, like Mr. CLARKSON, the theatrical perruquier, in

order that you may appear as the spry, incisive barrister. The wig must be uncurlled, and rendered less formal, but your collars and bands must be as stiff as starch can make them. CLARKSON will give you a heavy eyebrow, and you will wear a glass. Your manner will be short and sharp, your gestures quick and emphatic, you will not brook contradiction, and your power of self-assertion must be unlimited.



I have great faith in this type, but should it fail after a fair trial, I would recommend the following change. The wig should be straightened out. The heavy eyebrow removed, the glass laid aside. CLARKSON should produce you as the jocular genial counsellor. This should be achieved by raising the colour of, and bringing into prominence, your cheek; a slight redness on the nose indispensable in true comedy. You will assume a quaint and quiet mien; but your eye must twinkle (CLARKSON will see to this).

The last type that I would suggest to you in this letter as worthy of a trial is the erudite counsel, for this character you will require whiskers, but not the formal pattern you now wear. They must be irregular and straggley. The face a good deal lined, and heavy spectacles; collar and bands limp. Affect to be suffering from short sight, and let your excellent clerk see that you are regularly supplied in Court with legal works, black letter preferred, which you will diligently study about three inches from your nose.

My dear BRIEFLESS, I shall be anxious to learn what you think of my suggestions, and to give you others should these fail after fair trial.

Yours, WELL-WISHER.



PHILANTHROPY À LA MODE.

A SITTING for the Public Examination of the Directors and Officers of the Children's Benevolent Bank was held recently before the Presiding Authority. Although eighty witnesses were required to appear, only the Secretary attended. It transpired that the Institution was registered for the purposes of transacting the business of bankers and money lenders. The insolvency of the Bank was attributed to its funds having been advanced on inadequate or worthless securities.

The Secretary, having been called, was examined by the Presiding Authority. He said he was appointed *pro tem.*, but had nothing to do with the composition of the prospectus. Two hundred million prospectuses were issued in China, Japan and other charitable companies. The alleged object of the Bank was to assist infants of tender years at times of pecuniary difficulty.

The Presiding Authority. Was not the prospectus a combination of cant and cuteness?

The Witness admitted that such was the case. He was not responsible for the prospectus. That was the work of the promoter, who received two-thirds of the shares as a consideration for the trouble he had taken in establishing the Institution. The other shares, worth apparently £100 each, were issued at a very considerable discount.

The Presiding Authority. Is it not a fact that some of the £100 shares were sold at twopence a-piece?

The Witness was not prepared to answer that question in the affirmative. However, he had certainly heard (on reliable authority) that some of the shares were purchased at the sum per share of twopence halfpenny. He did not consider this a disproportionate sum for the value of the investment.

The Presiding Authority. Why did the Promoter receive two-thirds of the shares of the Institution?

The Secretary. For forming and floating the Company.

The Presiding Authority. And what became of the funds that were actually received by issuing the debentures at the large discount you have mentioned?

The Secretary. They were sent to the Promoter.

The Presiding Authority. And where is that official?

The Secretary. I believe that he is residing abroad.

[The inquiry was then adjourned sine die.



ADMISSION-MONEY TO A BACH CONCERT.—"Bach-shesh."

BETWEEN THE (SUNDAY) SHOWS.

SCENE—*The West End.* TIME—*Between Show Sunday and Studio Sunday.* PRESENT—*Two Art Enthusiasts.*

First Art Enthusiast. Yes; we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. We took a fly, and went first to Chelsea, and did it thoroughly, and then to the Regent's Park, and did it thoroughly too.



Second Art Enthusiast. Well, we only had a cab. You see as the studios are in groups, it is so easy to go from one place to another, and then walk. It was really most amusing.

First A. E. Yes; I always like the fun. You see the same people at each place. They come up regularly until you quite begin to know them.

Second A. E. Yes, just as if you were on board ship and saw them every day. And that's why I think you should dress very quietly.

First A. E. I quite agree with you.

There was an arrangement in green and yellow which palled upon us terribly before the day was done. We quite liked it the first time we saw it. But it grew so terribly monotonous. We saw it fourteen times.

Second A. E. Yes, and you must look at a startling costume. It attracts your attention in spite of all your efforts to look at something else.

First A. E. Quite so; for what else have you to look at if you don't examine the dresses? Of course, if you meet friends, you can talk to them.

Second A. E. Exactly. That's what we did. We met the SOLFERINO SMITHS, and chatted all the afternoon with them. We got into the stream, and were carried away with it. We drifted from place to place most charmingly.

First A. E. That must have been very nice; because, after all, it is rather dull spending a whole afternoon in doing nothing in particular.

Second A. E. Well, you can scarcely call it nothing in particular, because it is quite the thing to do. Besides, one must be somewhere on a Sunday, and why not in the studios? It is chilly out of the sun in the parks, and now the House is sitting it is difficult to get away into the country.

First A. E. Certainly. I suppose you did not see many of the pictures?

Second A. E. Well, to tell the truth, I never looked at them. You see, there is always such a crush, that it's quite a business to get near them. Besides, what is the good? You will be able to inspect them to your heart's content early in May. What were they like?

First A. E. Oh, I don't know. I make it a rule to attend to more important matters. The pictures can wait.

Second A. E. Quite so. And *à propos* of the subject, are you going to the show of the Academicians on Sunday?

First A. E. Of course I shall. Why, I wouldn't miss it for anything. Why half London will be in the Melbury Road and the Regent's Park. Of course, the paintings will be more interesting than those exhibited by the outsiders. But I don't think I shall trouble myself about them. As you say, they can keep until the Private Views at the New Gallery and the Royal Academy.

Second A. E. Exactly. But really art must be making great progress in England. Why, a few years ago no one thought of visiting the studios.

First A. E. Yes, we are distinctly an art-loving people. But you haven't told me—shall you come to the Show on Sunday?

Second A. E. That is a question I cannot answer until I have heard from my dressmaker. If I can get my *moiré* gown in time I shall certainly turn up. But if it doesn't come I shall mope in the drawing-room. Won't it be too sad?

First A. E. Too sad. And I am in the same position. My second Sunday gown is behind time. If it doesn't come, I shall be moping too. I do so love art.

Second A. E. So do I. Especially now one is not bothered to say anything complimentary to the artists. So much nicer to move in and out without having to criticise or to praise. But if we are not betrayed by our dressmakers, we will go together.

First A. E. Of course we will. And that will be delightful; I do so dote upon paintings—in a new bonnet.

Second A. E. And I do so love statues—in a new cloak. Ah! what would we do without the two Sundays?

First A. E. Ah, what indeed! So good for Art generally!

Second A. E. And English artists particularly!

[Scene closes in upon preparations for a great intellectual treat for the Pillars of Art in England.]

LIVELY TIMES IN DRURY LANE.

"DRURICOLANTUS" is doing well, very well, with his "Operas in English." The National Theatre has been crowded on the nights it has been opened for the reception of the Public and the Public's favourites. *Maritana*, *Faust*, *Carmen*, and *The Bohemian Girl*, have been played in turn and with equally satisfactory results. At the initial performance of BALFE's masterpiece it was (musically) noted that "You'll Remember Me" was not encored. Quite so, the dear old girl (she's fifty if she's a day) could be recollected without a reminder. Every melody is as familiar in our mouths (with pianoforte accompaniment) as household words. As the composer (who was more of an Irishman than a Frenchman) might have said of the libretto, "it is *très Bunn*." Sir AUGUSTUS seems to have discovered a Lane without a turning. Drama, Pantomime and Opera may be seen one after the other, but they keep to the same straight road—the road to success. So we can sing "Turn on Old Times" (adapted from *Maritana*) without any fear for the consequences.



JUSTICE TO SHRIMPS.

A MASS meeting of shrimps took place yesterday in Tide Park, a nice sandy reach at the mouth of the Thames mid-way between the Kent and Essex coasts. As it was a Bank Holiday for all crustaceans, the banks were deserted, and a large attendance was the result. The state of the water was as calm as could have been desired, and the only drawback was a mist supposed to be due to the Barking outfall.



The Chair-Shrimp said that the object of that imposing demonstration was known to all. They had crawled there in their thousands in order to support the Bill now before Parliament to check the sale of French and Belgian shrimps. (*Cheers.*) The meeting, of course, was aware that owing to this unfair foreign competition the value of true-born British shrimps had been reduced to half what it once was. (*Cries of "Shame!"*) He protested against this immigration of destitute alien shrimps, creatures—he meant—who were destitute of the praiseworthy and realistic flavour which, as all the world acknowledged, belonged to themselves. (*Applause.*)

The foreign shrimp was a fraud. He put it to the meeting—did his tail come off as easily as their own? ("No, No.") Had he the same fine colour? ("No!") What he desired was protection to native industries, and shrimps were industrious, whatever prawns might say to the contrary. (*Cheers.*) The whole effort of their existence was to taste nice, and keep up their character on the British teatable. (*General cheering.*)

The Next Speaker (*who declined to give his name for fear of losing his situation*) remarked that what was really wanted was the formation of a National Union of Amalgamated Crustaceans. Even prawns and crayfish should be included. ("No!" and uproar.) The foreign shrimp was a blackleg. (*Cheers.*) Let them drive him back to Belgium by picketing the eastern coasts, and at the same time establish a large strike fund! (*Applause.*) To set up such a fund it was only necessary for them all to shell out. (*Laughter.*)

Another Shrimp declared that he was a Free Trader. (*Hisses.*) Let the foreigners compete with them! Did they think the British public were such idiots as not to know the difference of taste between the two? ("Yes" and "No.") If they liked, let the foreigners have the words "Made in Belgium" inscribed on their backs prior to sale. (*Cheers, and a voice "No room."*) He agreed that there was no room for them in England. (*Laughter.*) But let them trust to the principles of free trade to drive them out! (*Cheers, hisses, and confusion.*)

At this point the Resolution was put and declared carried amid great enthusiasm, and the proceedings terminated with the usual vote of thanks to the Chair-Shrimp.

"WEARY! SO WEARY!"—On Friday last a gentleman wrote to the *Times*, signing himself "A Barrister of Twenty Years' Standing." Did he take a chair and sit down to write that letter? If so, has he ever got up again?

THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS'S VISION.

An Object-Lesson for School-Board Fanatics.

["To-day the scene of the village schoolmistress's labour is, as often as not, one from which brightness and beauty seem for ever banished, and one calculated to depress the spirits of the most dauntless. The room itself is far too often a mere whitewashed barn, its damp, unplastered walls innocent of ornament, save for a few ancient maps that saw the light of day while Africa was yet a howling wilderness. . . . and windows and doors that periodically give inclemency an opportunity of scoring an easy victory over primitive carpentry. . . . 'I live in lodgings



FANCY GOLF PICTURE.

"THE BOGEY COMPETITION."

(writes a mistress) which are very inferior. I cannot be supplied with two rooms, only a bedroom. (For this room she pays £10 a year.) I cook my own dinner in school, also tea, and pass the time away by reading, &c., until 9 p.m., then I go to my lodgings, and retire to rest." I ask you to picture for yourselves the condition of this woman in winter, sitting all the black, frozen evening through in her solitary schoolroom."—*Mr. T. J. Macnamara's Paper on "The Rural Schoolmistress, her Conditions of Servitude," read before the Meeting of the National Union of Teachers.*

"To every class we have a school assign'd,
Rules for all ranks, and food for every mind:

Yet one there is, that small regard to rule
Or study pays, and still is deem'd a school;
That, where a deaf, poor, patient widow sits,
And awes some thirty infants as she knits."

This is no picture of to-day; 'twas so,
Of school, well-nigh a century ago [best,
Sang "Nature's sternest painter, yet the
Uncompromising CRABBE. Now east and west
The autocratic School Board spreads its sway,
Whilst toiling myriads applaud—and pay!
And yet CRABBE's pencil here might find a
theme

Like MACNAMARA's pen!

It seems a dream
Of nightmare hideousness and sordid gloom
That whitened woman in that whitewashed
room;

Worn with the long day's ministrations;
In chilly loneliness, silence absolute,
Grilling her supper o'er the scanty stove.
No brisk companionship, no light, no love;

Nought womanly, save patience and the grace
That arduous culture lends the homeliest
face;

No comfort in that bleak, blank, barn-like
waste,
Nothing to warm the heart or charm the taste,
Only Boeotian bareness coarse and crude,
Discomfort drear, and soulless solitude!

Was it for this she drudged by day and
night,
As taught or teacher? Is this piteous plight
The goal of five years study strenuous,
brave?—

A lonely, tired, "certificated" slave!
CRABBE's "patient widow," COWPER's pious
dame, [fame,
And GOLDSMITH's "village master," dear to
The Yankee "School - marm," or the
"Hoosier" quaint,
The shrewd hedge - pedant Irish fancies
paint:—

All these antique and antiquated types
Of pedagogues with poverty at gripes,
More genial growths of homely nature show,
With more of hopeful ease and human glow,
Than this the latest and most "up-to-date"
Pale product of a pedagogic State.
The scholar-task, the pupil-teachership,
Instruction's spur, Examination's whip,
The training-college; all the learned fuss,
From FORSTER down to DREGLE, ending—
thus?

All the sage schemes—perfection absolute!—
ARNOLD could plan or ACLAND execute
Seen culminating in the cruel gloom
Of this wan woman in this wretched room?

"Brutal severity of work, to crush
Her womanhood clean out!" Health's roseate
flush

Frozen to pallor, as her long-stored stock
Of varied learning to her rustic flock
Of dull, precarious pupils is outpoured,
At the dictation of a blundering Board.
Tyrannical Committees overtask her;
High-stomached village autocrats will ask
her

Zeal in return for snubbing; bigots job,
And the mean, pettifogging school-board snob
Makes her dull life a burden and a fear—
She—passing poor on forty pounds a year!

Look on this picture pedants, and on that
Of the old school-dame who in snugness sat,
Head-kerchief'd, knitting blandly, holding
rule

O'er urchins in the old quaint village school,
With horn-book, slate and sampler, and conceive

If our poor, knowledge-stuffed, pale slip of Eve,
Weary of ceaseless work, and starless gloom,
Falling asleep in her bleak, whitewashed
room,

Dreams not with envy of that old dame's lot
In days when Standards and School Boards
were not;

And wonder if in order to command
Our new Ideal, an Educated Land,
'Tis really needful that that land should
have

In a schoolmistress an instructed slave;
Doom her to life with dull discomfort
fraught,
And sacrifice the Teacher o the Taught



HUSBANDING—HIS RESOURCES.

Felix. "HEAD BAD TO-NIGHT, DARLING?"
Felix (mentally reviewing his accomplishments).

Beatrice. "IT IS RATHER, DEAR."
"SHALL I—SMOKE A LITTLE TO YOU, DARLING?"

OUR UNDERPAID COUNTY COURT JUDGES.

DEAR SIR,—I notice that the *Times*, in a very recent article on County Court Judges, states that in many cases these learned gentlemen are underpaid. I infer from this, that unless their salaries are raised their Honours will resign, for I cannot believe that if they imagine that their salaries are insufficient they will continue to dispense justice at an inadequate remuneration. This is where, with deference and, I venture to hope, humility, ERNEST COUNSEL comes in. I am willing to accept a County Court Judgeship, (1) because I think £1500 a year an ample stipend for the services which I should render; and (2) because I want the post—I may add with truth, want it badly. Some time ago I warned the LORD CHANCELLOR that unless I were provided for I should take steps to make myself felt, unpleasantly felt. My hand was temporarily stayed by the fact that a solicitor induced me to believe that he would brief me in a case in which my fee would be 400 guineas, to say nothing of daily refreshers. Before my brief was delivered, the parties compromised—at least, the solicitor said they did, though I have my doubts as to whether the whole thing was not a put-up job.

Now, however, the LORD CHANCELLOR has another chance. As I have said, I am prepared to sacrifice my prospects at the Bar, and to suffer the brilliant Junior to be forgotten in the hard-working County Court Judge. When the present underpaid occupants of that dignified office resign, I know of no two names which would be more rapturously hailed by an appreciative public than A. BRIEFLESS, JUN., and L. ERNEST COUNSEL. There I leave the matter, and, for I hope the last time as a stuff-gownsmen, subscribe myself,

Yours faithfully, L. ERNEST COUNSEL.

102, Temple Gardens, E. C., March 30.

Mrs. R. heard some lovely Irish songs lately: they were called, "Oft in the Chilly Night," "The Harp that once through Sara's Halls," and "The Minster Boy."

THE NEW "CURSE OF LABOUR."

LABOUR is looked on as the "Primal Curse,"

And that perchance in some respects is true;
 Civilisation has devised a worse,

As shown when toilers find "no work to do,"
 Faith fails, and Charity chills, and Hope lies dead,
 When Labour cannot win its "daily bread."

Alas for honest industry, and willing,"

Which welcomes death because it *may* not work!
 Thy torments, idle-handed Toil, are thrilling.

Society this question may not shirk:

What *shall* we do with starved, industrious pride,
 That, reft of work, seeks rest in—suicide?

NOTE ON THE NEW PIECE AT THE HAYMARKET.—We wonder how many dramatic authors have thought of placing the old story of "The Emperor of China's Mantle" on the stage and have been baffled by the impossibility of representing the Emperor as a "study from the nude," walking alone, in a procession, until a little child called out "Why, he's got nothing on!" It was a "*new de-parture*" on which no English author, experienced or inexperienced, had liked to venture. And now it is produced at the Haymarket, after being "made in Germany!" We hope that Mr. ARMBRUSTER, who is responsible for the music to Mr. TREE's new piece, has carefully interwoven with his own melodies the theme of the once popular ditty, "He's got 'em on!"

"RAILWAY RATES BILL."—One clause of this is to insure strict punctuality, as for certain trains certain rates are to be kept up, and the time of arrival is to be reduced to a practical certainty. These trains are to be henceforth known and spoken of as "Certain trains running on a certain system."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Thursday, March 29.—Pity HANBURY didn't observe SOLICITOR-GENERAL entering House just now, whilst he was bringing indictment against Law Officers of Crown. Had he seen him, even HANBURY's heart would have melted. But so absorbed in admiration of his own eloquence, so embarrassed by his consort the CAP'EN constantly running up signals conveying instructions, that he missed opportunity. Been on his legs long time when RIGBY timidly entered. Business proposed was to get into Committee and vote Civil Service Estimates. HANBURY interposed with amendment charging Law Officers with meanly, not to say fraudulently, evading honourable understanding entered upon when they took office, specifically restricting their private practice. Been on the track for some months, putting questions plainly insinuating that, with guilty connivance of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, CHARLES RUSSELL and JOHN RIGBY were playing nice little game. To-night crystallised insinuations in form of definite charge.

RUSSELL in his place to reply. On his left SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, in high good humour.

"The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER has no business to laugh," said HANBURY, annoyed at such levity when he was speaking.

For Leader of House, witnessing waste of its precious time, truly no laughing matter. But the SQUIRE is, after all, human, and, knowing how completely the elderly young man opposite was giving himself away, could not help chuckling. Half-way through HANBURY's speech, when he had said same thing over only four times, RIGBY entered, with elaborate look of expecting nothing particular going on. House not very full, but broad smile illumined faces on both sides below Gangway when they caught sight of him, standing at Bar looking wiser than ever. Conscious of concentrated gaze, RIGBY, after carefully examining gaslit-roof, as if it was that he had come in for to see, suddenly made a dart for Treasury Bench, and (as far as personal proportions make it possible) got under lee of his learned colleague the ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

"Reminds me," said PLUNKET, fresh from the country, all his ideas pastoral, "of scene you will come across just now passing any green pasture. A lamb momentarily separated from its dam stands at gaze. Then, discovering its protector a few yards off, suddenly dashes away and makes for its mother's side, where it tranquilly reposes."

To HANBURY's irresponsible tattle RUSSELL replied with wonderful command of temper, and simple but damaging array of facts. As for SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, he was impersonation of benevolent good

humour. He smiled and smiled, and declined to regard anybody, even HANBURY, as a villain. JOKIM looked across the table inquiringly and suspiciously.

"I know what he's thinking of," he hoarsely whispered. "It's his Budget that is to dish us with the Democracy. In my mind's eye I can see them both; the Big BILLEE presenting the Little BILLEE to an admiring House."

Only once did the SQUIRE vary from his benevolent mood. 'Twas in his closing words, which called upon House to show what they thought of HANBURY's proceeding by negating his amendment without division. This was done, not even the faithful and fearless CAP'EN venturing to call out "Aye, aye, Sir!" when DEPUTY-SPEAKER put the question.

Business done.—Votes in Committee of Supply.

Friday.—Determined attempt to waylay SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, and rob him of secret of his Budget. It was the blushing, blameless BARTLEY who conceived the crime, and endeavoured to accomplish the outrage. Been of late a little in the background. HANBURY been making the running. The CAP'EN steaming in and out with bewildering rapidity, ruthless recklessness. Time the dulcet tones of BARTLEY's voice should float again through entranced atmosphere.

Why should the massive bosom of the SQUIRE remain sole depository of secret of Budget? BARTLEY would draw him. Nothing so easy. Treated by a diplomatic person from North Islington,

SQUIRE would be like clay in the potter's hands. So GEORGE CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY, author of *One Square Mile in the East of London*, *Provident Knowledge Papers*, and *The Parish Net*, cunningly constructed innocent-looking Amendment, laying down proposition that income-tax should be levied at lower scale upon incomes derived from industry than on revenues that roll in upon the capitalist. SQUIRE must reply, and could scarcely escape some chance reference that would disclose the drift of his Budget scheme.

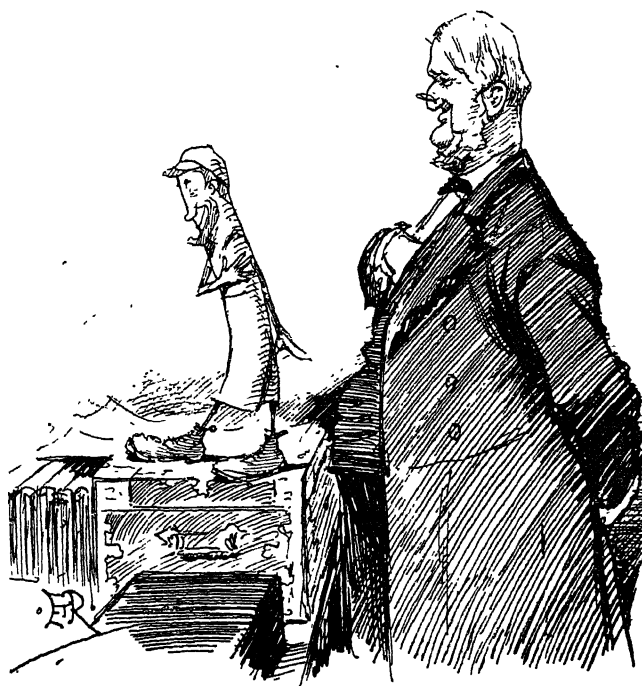
But he did. Even chaffed the Blameless One. Had heard his speech forty-five times, he said, with that provoking precision inborn in a Chancellor of Exchequer. "There is," he added, "a great deal in the Hon. Member's speech with which I agree, and a great deal from which I differ."

BARTLEY pricked up his ears. Now he would get something; and he did.

"He must, however," the SQUIRE continued, "excuse me if I postpone till another occasion telling him with what part of his speech I agree, and from which I differ."

"Drat him!" murmured the popular author. "No Knowledge Papers, provident or otherwise, to be got out of him. In vain I cast over him the Parish Net. Hereafter I shall keep clear of him, at a distance, say, of One Square Mile in the East of London."

Business done.—Some votes in Committee of Supply.



Big Billee and his Little Billee.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

The Raiders (FISHER UNWIN) is a stirring story of life in Scotland when GEORGE was King. And a pretty nice life they seem to have had. The scene is laid in Galloway, land untrodden by WALTER SCOTT or any of Mr. CROCKETT's predecessors in this field of fiction. Mr. STEVENSON writing about *The Stickit Minister*, an earlier work by the same author, says of two of the stories contained, "They are drowned in Scotland." If the weather in Scotland generally is anything like that which prevails through the adventures of *Patrick Heron*, hero of this story, the marvel is that anyone should escape drowning. Through nearly every chapter of *The Raiders* there is storm or rain, and whiles it snows. On one occasion, *Patrick* and his friend the Gipsy King being snugly ensconced in the cave, "from whose very door the precipice, scarred and sheer, fell away both above and below," it snowed and simultaneously blew a hurricane for sixteen days! But that was a long time ago, and Scotland, in these days beset by tourists, knows how to behave itself better. Perhaps Galloway may be an exception to this rule. But with opportunity of

seeing it in moderately fine weather, there is no need to go to Switzerland or the Alps. The natives lived and fought, slaughtered and were killed, in a country whose sublime picturesqueness glows through the pages of *The Raiders*. Mr. CROCKETT's style is charming. My Baronite never knew how musical and picturesque is Scottish-English till he read this book; at least, such is the candid opinion which he gives to the THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

JOHNSONIAN ADVICE TO "NON-POSSUMUS" ANTI-PROGRESSIVES.—Clear your minds of "Can't"!

"FLAGGING ENERGY."—Last Thursday the Union Jack was hauled up and set a-flying over the House of Lords. Bad omen when it is a case of "Haul up with the Union."

Mrs. R. went to the theatre recently with a handsome niece, "who was quite," she observed, "the 'sinecure of every eye,' as the poet says."



SOCIAL AGONIES.—THE STOP-GAP.

Hostess (to Brown, who has been suddenly invited at the last moment, to make a Fourteenth). "OH, IT'S SO GOOD OF YOU TO COME. WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE ASKED YOU, IF WE HADN'T BEEN OBLIGED!"

THE PARLIAMENTARY "GRAND NATIONAL."

Critical Looker-on, loquitur:—

AHA! their new Jock! He's astride the old crock.
It was always a three-legged old plater!
Long BILL, in his big skin, aspire to the pig-skin?
He looks much more fit for a waiter!
Although he smiles cocky, a triple-chinned jockey
Is not quite the mount for *my* money.
He'll never go straight, or keep down to the weight,
Won't BILL,—that's the Bank to a bunny!

The Old 'Un *could* ride, and, when fair in his stride,
Took mere slugs over water or timber.
Old age and hard work never caused him to shirk,
And he managed to keep light and limber.
He steered that old horse over many a course,
Fair *lifting* him irat the finish!
But JUMBO? His waist has been bulking, post-haste,
And I'm blowed if 'tis like to diminish!

Good old JUMBO! His style and his seat make one smile!
Still he ain't such bad form, *for* a welter!
To the van of the battle he comes with a rattle,
(As poor GORDON sings) helter-skelter.
But on this here course clever man and good horse
Are both likely to get into trouble.
They're over the water, but there will be slaughter,
You bet, when they come to the double!

Old Steeplechase WILL mixed his courage with skill;
His horse never felt the least doubt of him;
And when he'd a nag apt to falter or lag,
Knew how to get every ounce out of him.
You, JUMBO, old chap, may find need for your Whip,
When your crock shows a fancy for shunning.
You, JUMBO, old chap, may be glad of a gap,
"When the light-weight's away with the running."

Well, they'd no other choice; but the true public voice—
If you heard it—might act as a canker.

Great Scott, it's a burst! They are nearing the first,
And—bang goes BILL's whalebone a flanker.
Springs the whip with a crack! Sixteen stone on his back!
Your nag, BILL, is "doing his level,"
But when full extended, his last ounce expended,
You'll have to "ride," BILL,—like the devil!

Well, go it, BILL, go it! You may get a poet,
Like brave LINDSAY GORDON, to fire you.
The "Primrose and Blue," BILL, *may* win, under you,
But this course, I've a fancy, will tire you.
This Steeplechase, BILL, taxes courage and skill;
It may end in a win—or the sexton!
Hands down! Don't be hasty! This obstacle's "nasty,"
But—*nothing compared with the next 'un!*

SOCIAL SUBJECT QUESTIONS.

(The Answers were given by Our Own Schoolboy.)

Q. What is a "drum"?

A. It is an instrument which, if beaten at a distance, is just bearable.

Q. Why should children go home for the holidays to see their parents?

A. Because it is the duty of children to see their parents *at least once a year.*

Q. You may remember a speech which made a great stir at the moment and was strongly commented upon by the *Times*. Who was it said "I am a Catholic First and an Englishman afterwards"?

A. JULIUS CÆSAR.

COLONEL QUOTEM.—Colonel SAUNDERSON at Belfast, Tuesday last, among other good things, observed that Lord ROSEBURY "appeared inclined to wear the mantle of the fallen prophet." The simile is, of course, the Biblical one of the mantle of ELIJAH falling upon the shoulders of ELISHA, but ELIJAH had gone up and had decidedly not "fallen." Mr. GLADSTONE has not "gone up" to the House of Peers, but he has certainly "gone up" in the estimation of all parties by retiring. However, probably Colonel SAUNDERSON's knowledge of his audience is better than his acquaintance with Scripture.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—APRIL 7, 1894.



THE PARLIAMENTARY "GRAND NATIONAL."

RIGHT HONOURABLE ARTHUR B. "THIS IS A NASTY ONE—BUT IT'S NOTHING TO THE NEXT!"

CAPTAIN VERNEY LOVETT-CAMERON, R.N.

Died, from an accident in the hunting-field, on Easter Monday, 1894, aged 50.

ANOTHER vanished of our great globe-rangers!
Strange, he who tracked the Lualaba's course,
And dared in safety the Dark Continent's dangers,
Should find home-death in falling from his horse!
But he, the traveller long held lost, who found
Dead LIVINGSTONE, and his great work completed,
Had done enough for honour; and the sound
Of praise hails one more hero, undefeated
Save by that cold, capricious tyrant, ruthless Death,
Who stays no great soul's glory with his breath!

PROPOSED CHANGE OF NAME.

—Of course it has been suggested before, but several digs in the ribs are necessary in order to excite the attention of the authorities. There are two, perhaps more, streets named after King WILLIAM. Why not call the Charing Cross King William Street after the Johnnie who plays in it? Suppress the other Tooley Street, and let this be "Johnnie-Tooley Street." Why not?

**WHAT OUR POET HAS TO PUT UP WITH.**

"SO GLAD TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, MR. SWEETBELLS. I'VE SO OFTEN HEARD OF YOU FROM MY FATHER—THE COMMISSIONER IN LUNACY, YOU KNOW!"

CUCKOO!

(A Shakespearian Spring Song brought up to date.)

["One of the invariable concomitants of Spring... is the squabble about the Cuckoo."—JAMES PAYN.]

WHEN costers howl, with noses blue,

Their "All - er - blowin'!" left and right,

And evening prints of pinky hue

Record each rowdy football
The Cuckoo then, is sure to be
Squabbled about, cuckooishly.

Cuckoo!

Cuckoo, cuckoo:—O word of fear

Unpleasing to our harried ear!

When statesmen split their party straws,

And shops clear out their winter stocks;

Then, then the "correspondent" jaws

And gossip's clack, like cuckoo-clocks!

The Cuckoo then—if not on tree—

Pipes—in the papers—plenteously,

Cuckoo!

Cuckoo, Cuckoo:—O word of fear

Unpleasing to each harried ear!

GEOGRAPHICAL QUERY.

—Mrs. R. wants to know where the Antigropelo Islands are situated?

LAYS FROM THE LINKS.

To Gee Gee's air of "See me Dance the Polka," by a Green Beginner.

You should see me use the driver
When I play my morning round,
You should see its head go flying,
For I often hit the ground;
You should hear me talking golf "shop,"
You should see how it "clears the show."

For the shop that belongs to a foursome
Is the deadliest shop I know!

You should see me wield the niblick
When my ball gets into a rut,

You should see me land an iron-shot
As far as a moderate putt;

You should see the caddies laughing
Whenever they hear my name—

I'm in great demand for a foursome,
For I play such a useful game!

You should see me down at Cliqueville
Competing for the "SMITH-JONES Cup,"

But you never will see me dormy,
For I've never yet been one up:

I blush when I mention long-spoons,
With short-spoons just the same;

So I keep out of ladies' foursomes,
For I can't play a "brassy" game!

You should see me "top the gutta"
(It affords me no annoy),

You should see me "laid a stymie"
(It's the thing I most enjoy);

But I once did a hole in twenty
Or thirty strokes—or so—

And I now maintain that a foursome
Is the grandest game I know!

DISCOVERIES IN SKY.—Sir HENRY THOMPSON, the eminent surgeon, has offered the magnificent sum of £5000 to the nation for the purchase of a new telescope for Greenwich Observatory. Not satisfied with being an undeniable authority on gastronomy, Sir HENRY is now about to earn the thanks of several Heavenly Bodies for bringing them in closer communication with our earth. Perhaps, by some surgical operation, he could get one of the "Heavenly Twins" to visit us, and bring us a specimen of ethereal drink in a bottle of "milky whey," and, in another bottle, the spirit known as "Three Stars." Sir HENRY might start a Company of "Astral Bodies," Limited.

"A STORY OF HIDDEN TREASURE." (See *Times* of March 29.)—There will already have been a rush for this idea, and the first to grasp it and bring out a romance will win, unless it should turn out that Mr. ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON is the "correspondent" who sent the strange tale to the *Times*, in which case the novel will be announced in a few days by the author of *Treasure Island*, which is sure to be "treasure trove" for the readers thereof.

MOST SATISFACTORY.—The Lyceum "*Returns*" during the past week, i.e. our ELLEN TERRY and our HENRY IRVING, from America.

GLADSTONIAN REGIMEN.—Mr. G.'s diet is most conducive to his health, and it is all taken in the open air, as he walks out with his axe, and at luncheon-time he goes in for small cuts and big chops.

THE WHOLE ART OF FICTION.

["Plots for Novels for sale."]

NOVELISTS weary of commonplace platitude,
Seeking developments striking and new,
Listen, and learn with appropriate gratitude
What a resource is here opened for you!

Writers of stories, designers of serials,
Up to the present you've painfully made
Quite a superfluous search for materials,
Here is a system your labours to aid.

Whether you write in a style allegorical,
Whether the comic you cultivate most,
Tales of adventure, romances historical,
Plots for them all will be sent you by post!

And when the trade has attained to dimensions that

Few at the present would dare to conceive,
Surely the scheme will admit of extensions that

Further your arduous work will relieve.

For if the plot, in the manner suggested in
Offers like this you are willing to buy,
Characters too will be largely invested in,
Dialogue somebody else will supply.

Thus, by adapting the work of your neighbour, you

Quickly the taste of the public will please;
Thus, by this splendid division of labour, you
Surely will write with ridiculous ease;

Thus without any commanding ability
Soon you'll secure the renown which you seek,

And by this scheme of enormous utility
End by producing a novel a week!



LOGICAL.

Effie. "MUMMY, WHY DO THEY HUNT LIONS AN' TIGERS?"

Mamma. "BECAUSE THEY KILL THE POOR LITTLE SHEEP, EFFIE."

Effie (after a pause). "THEN WHY DON'T THEY HUNT THE BUTCHERS, MUMMY?"

LITERA SCRIPTA.

MY STREPHON, if I cannot give
Your warm attachment due requital,
'Tis not, believe me, that I live
In hopes of capturing a title;
Sufficient are your small estates,
I feel for you distinct affection,
Graphology alone dictates
Your unconditional rejection.

Although a trifle commonplace,
You have no qualities distressing,
You're no Adonis, yet your face
Is, in some measure, prepossessing.
No doubt to wed a millionaire
Would be the happiest lot of any,
Your income is, however, fair,
And millionaires are none too many.

But still our matrimonial plans,
I fear, will never be effected;
Graphology forbids the banns,
And shows your vices unsuspected:
That uncrossed *z*, that careless *i*,
Those letters formed in haste erratic,
Are moral *lapses calami*,
That form an obstacle emphatic.

Vain is remonstrance on your part,
This note disqualifies a suitor;
In all such matters of the heart,
Graphology must be my tutor;
Henceforward you will understand
Why I reject your admiration,
And he who fain would win my hand
Must send a written application!

TO ANGELINA, DAMOSEL ERRANT.

[*"Fle fro the pres."*—*Good Counseil of Chaucer.*]

My twinkling meteoric love,
I've often wondered where you are,
Since, like the dear diluvian dove,
You fitted on your *Wanderjahr*.

Compelled to take another fair
To be the butt of my effusions,
I trusted to the printer's care
My tropes and delicate allusions.

For you, I said, would know my hand
Under "Tip-topics of the Week";
Old memories would waken and
A sorry rheum bedew your cheek;

And jealousy would in you burn
And freely melt your snowy breast,
And ultimately you'd return
To seek forgiveness on my chest.

Meanwhile I raked the haunts of men,
The club, the common bar, the course;
I dogged the gambler to his den,
And questioned members of the Force;

I thought to trace your form disguised
As *Patte en l'air* or *Columbine*,
And frankly own I am surprised
To find you in the printing line!

I never guessed you loved the art,
Although, of course, I often hinted
That on the tablets of your heart
My faithful name should be imprinted.

But when my verses, more or less
Adapted to the concertina,
Got rudely mangled in the press,
I spotted you, my ANGELINA.

I recognised a woman's spite,
That rankles like a common splinter,
And knew it was my heart's delight
Had played the devil of a printer.

The proofs were there; they could be seen;
It drove me nigh to pessimism,
This fruit of lawless rites between
A *Malaprop* and Spoonerism!

The "load of all my bitter past"
Was grossly changed to "lard" and
"butter";

I "sought a shelter from the blast,"
The proof declared I "bought a shutter."

The "spoils of time" were turned to
"spills,"

"Union and peace" to "peas and onions,"
The "lover's ills" to "liver pills,"
And "Cupid's pinions" to his "bunions."

O ANGELINA, turn again
And print a kiss on lips of mine!
Come back, and wed your amorous swain!
(Please do not read it "humorous swine.")

Oh, listen to the Laureate's pipe!
With Nature let your feud abate;
And be more careful of the type,
More careless of the single state!

A CHANCE.—"A gentleman going abroad" advertised in the *Times* the other day that he wanted "to realise 167 dozen of wine at once." When "wine is in," as we all know, "wit is out"; but as the wine evidently is not "in," surely the gentleman must be strangely lacking in the imaginative faculty not to be able to sit down and "realise" to himself the notion of "167 dozen of wine." Sit in your chair, think of it, shut your eyes, see the 167 dozen in your mind's eye, HORATIO, and the thing is done. But we can't realise enough to buy the 167 dozen; which is quite another story.



"NO EXPECTATIONS"—EVIDENTLY.

Uncle. "CAN'T GET OVER THAT RUBBER LAST NIGHT. LOSING ALL THAT MONEY TO YOU! IT STILL STICKS IN MY THROAT!"
Nephew. "DOES IT? I WISH IT HAD STUCK IN MY POCKET!"

VAGABOND VERSES.

TO ALTHEA.

I WROTE you a sonnet last night,
 It seemed such a brilliant idea,
 And when I had finished it quite
 I wrote at the top "TO ALTHEA."
 Then I read it three times to find out
 What manner of sonnet it was,
 And the third reading banished my doubt,
 For I tore it across and across.
 For somehow I hoped to compress
 The torture and tumult and bliss,
 And the general conflict and stress,
 And the rapture we only just miss
 Into fourteen rhymed lines, that should float
 All down the broad river of Time—
 A sonnet the Last Man might quote,
 A cameo, small but sublime!
 Of vintage I counted thy thought
 The rarest, and bound to endure,
 And rhymes were the cork that I sought
 For keeping the bottle secure!
 But though I had corked the thing fast
 With infinite labour and pride,
 A critical glance when I cast,
 I found that the wine was outside!
 These rhymings, what worth is in them,
 That never will haunt you an hour—
 But since I can't give you a gem,
 Why shouldn't I give you a flower?
 Since aught that can echo and live
 Your poet can never indite,
 These vagabond verses forgive,
 In lieu of the sonnet last night.

"THE WORM WILL TURN."—Especially
 when connected with a cogwheel in motion.

TO BE OR NOT TO BE—EASTER.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—You are so good to us fellows that I am quite sure you won't mind putting in a suggestion on our behalf. I see that some people calling themselves "Paterfamilias," "A Parent," "The Father of a Public Schoolboy," and the like, have been writing to the papers suggesting that the Easter Holidays are very "inconvenient." They complain that the uncertainty about the dates of the vacation causes no end of trouble. One of these persons last week said that he had a master son who came home in the middle of March, a scholar son who turned up in the second week of April, and a boarding-school daughter who did not have her vacation until the month of May. He declared that in consequence of this arrangement his eldest son and that eldest son's sister never met. Of course, this was a cause of great regret to the parent, who, however, seemed more cut up at the fact that the mixture of dates seriously interfered with his own convenience. Now, with a view to pleasing everyone, I have a suggestion to make. If the times are all different, why not get them uniform by fixing the Easter Holidays to begin in the middle of March and to end in the middle of May? By this arrangement brothers and sisters will be able to be at home all together. This will please the masters and the boys equally, and if Paterfamilias objects, why let him refer the matter to Materfamilias who is more of a brick than he is. Thanking you in advance for inserting this letter and possibly for sending me next term a hamper, I remain,

Your affectionate little friend,
 JONES MINOR.

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

Leith Boroughs.—Despite the fact that Tory Party fought with one of the Blue Bells of Scotland, a handsome victory for the promising young Whip, MUNRO-FERGUSON.

Hawick.—Liberal motto here—"SHAW to win." True, no doubt, that "every dog has his day," but election-day here evidently not FULLARTON'S.

Montgomeryshire.—Result here a paradox. OWEN, the M.P., a Liberal; but the Tories, having dropped their MYTTON, secure a WYNN.

Berwickshire.—This delightful country seat let to a highly eligible young TENNANT. C. B. BALFOUR, however, says, not a life-Tennant.

Wisbech.—Liberals satisfied their candidates of the right BRAND. STOPFORD SACKVILLE finds it difficult to compete with songs of the singing Mrs. BRAND.

Romford.—Liberals irreverently called the "little BETHELL" party. Tory proverb here—MONEY (WIGRAM) makes the Mayor (of West Ham) go.

PARLIAMENTARY EARLY SUMMER DISH.—This is represented by Sir W. V. HARCOURT, the leader in the House, and the hon. gentleman who, immediately after him, addressed a recent meeting of the Liberal Party:—Dux and Pease.

A SPECIAL MESSAGE.—"I don't mind being invalidated a bit," says Major VAN TRUMP; "as, whether I can get down to my whist at the club or not, I am compelled to have 'a rubber' in my room every morning."

"LORD JACK AND MY LADY JILL."

(The Latest Romance of the Peerage.)

FORTUNE had been very good to JACK BROWN-JONES. He had succeeded beyond his wildest dreams of ambition. He had successfully contested an election, and had been returned to the House of Commons by a small but sufficient majority of half-a-dozen votes. At Westminster he had done wonders. Joining the extreme Radicals, he had asked so many awkward questions that he had been put down for a special place in the list of the coming Government. He had but one regret, and it was not a very deep one. Although bitterly opposed to the House of Peers, he was distantly—very distantly—related to a member of that august but useless Assembly. He was ninth cousin, twice removed, to a Baron of the Realm. Well, what of that? When the time came, in spite of the blood relationship existing between himself and one of the hereditary legislators, he would vote the abolition of the Upper Chamber, not only without compunction, but with absolute pleasure. Seeing so bright a prospect before him, JACK had engaged himself to a young lady of advanced views. JILL was as beautiful as she was free, and as good as she was unconventional. She was careful not to interfere with the career of her *fiancé*. In fact, she had not the time, for she had a career of her own. She believed in latch-keys, and unattended visits to music-halls. She sympathised with the nursing movement, and wished to join the Amazon detachment of the Ambulance Corps. She knew her platoon exercise as well as her bandage drill, and was quite as successful in making a bull's-eye as binding up a man's leg. So although she never disturbed JACK unnecessarily, she did not consider it contrary to maidenly modesty to look him up when she pleased.

"Have a brandy and soda, JILL?" said JACK, as he continued writing at his desk—he was engaged upon a magazine article intended to shake the House of Lords to its very foundation. "Help yourself, like a good girl, as I have a lot of letters to write before post time."

"All right, old man," answered the lovely female. "I will rob you of some spirits and fizzing-water. You don't mind smoking, do you?" and without pausing for a reply, JILL lighted a cigarette. JACK stolidly continued his labours, and after a silence of a quarter of an hour turned round in his chair, and faced his visitor.

"And now, my dear old girl, what do you want? If it's money, say so at once, for I have plenty of it; and I need scarcely tell you that my cheque-book (*plus* signatures) is entirely at your disposal."

"You are really a trump, old man," returned the fair girl with glittering eyes; "but I am hanged if I want anything of the kind."

JILL did not say "hanged," but that is a word that will do as well as (and perhaps better than) any other.

"Then what's it all about?"

"You asked me some years ago to become your wife. Well, at that moment I was more accustomed to the nursery than behind the scenes at the Frivolity, and did not know my mind. I wanted to see life. Since then I have seen it, and consider life a dashed bad business."

The lovely lady did not say "dashed," but "dashed" is a word that will do as well as (and perhaps better than) any other.

"And so you want to withdraw your refusal?" queried JACK.

"But, my dear lass, business is business, and I can't give you a reply in a hurry. The happiness of my life—besides yours—depends upon my decision. We may find after we have agreed to share the



FULL-UP.

AN OMNIBUS SKETCH.

same name on the same address cards that we are a drag upon one another."

"I don't think we shall," returned JILL, earnestly; "and if we do, we can get a deed of separation. You see, my dear boy, I am nothing if not practical."

"And so am I, my good old lass," put in JACK; "and it would be awful rot were we to take a step that would cause mutual inconvenience."

"Rot!" echoed JILL; "it would be blessed rot."

JILL did not say "blessed," but "blessed" is a word that will do as well as (and perhaps better than) any other.

"But," continued the fair female with animation, "I don't see how it can hurt either of us. You are in the House of Commons. You have the ball at your feet. All you have to do is to stretch forth your leg and kick it. But here, I am hanged if I did not forget to give you this letter."

And, again, JILL did not use the word "hanged," but "hanged" is once more an expression that will do as well as (and perhaps better than) any other. The young man opened the letter carelessly, and, having read it, turned as white as a turnip, and possibly whiter.

"What's up, old chap?" asked JILL, putting down her cigarette for a moment, and fixing her *fiancé* with her *pince-nez*.

"I am a ruined man," gasped out JACK. "My noble

relative and all his immediate descendants are dead, and I have succeeded to the peerage!"

"A gone coon," was the reply, followed by a lengthy and melancholy whistle. "Then you are no longer BROWN-JONES?"

"No, alas! I am now the Baron ROBINSON."

"We must defer further discussion until a more fitting opportunity," commented JILL, and once more puffing at her cigarette, she nodded to her *ex-fiancé* and left him.

"Confound my coronet!" muttered the young man, when alone. And the same idea was conveyed in stronger language (but "confound" will do as well as, and perhaps better than, any other epithet) by the girl who had left him behind her.

Word to the (more or less) Wise.

WHO writes o'er much about the rowdy rough
In bellowing 'gainst a bore becomes a muff.
Better much blethering bunkum calmly suffer
Than make a public danger of a duffer!

"A DEAD OPEN-AND-SHUT."—Mr. GRANT ALLEN, in his *Post-prandial Philosophy*, says: "The rarest thing in the world is the open mind." No, there is a rarer—the *shut mouth*. Mr. GRANT ALLEN's profuse, and sometimes needlessly irritating, illustrations of the first rarity occasionally make us yearn for—the second.

"I tell you what, Sir," said Dr. JOHNSON, looking up from his ancestor's *Dictionary*, which he had been attentively perusing while walking down Fleet Street, "the bye-elections have ended in a sell!"

DOING GOOD BY STEALTH.—A too ardent lover of literature, who had brought himself to book, arrested for having stolen a copy of *Dodo*. Mr. BENSON's book will in future be the standard "volume of crime."

A LARGE UNDERTAKING.—A *Comedy of Sighs*.

THE NEXT REWARD CASE.

(A Phantom Page from an Impossible Diary.)

Monday.—After having been advertised for in all parts of the world, and a reward offered for my arrest, I find myself again in England. Want to give myself up. Apply at Scotland Yard. Am referred to local police-station.

Tuesday.—Have called at local police-station, but can find no one to arrest me; they say I had better go back to "the Yard." Explain that I have already been, and have been referred to the suburban branch. Inspector unreasonable. He says, if I create a disturbance he will "run me in." I say, "That's exactly what I want." Then he tells me to "be off." So "off" I go.

Wednesday.—Still at large. Most annoying. Here have been hunted for weeks without being found, and now I want to give myself up, can't do it! Call upon a newspaper. Newspaper pleased to see me, and keeps me waiting while it gets out a "contents bill." I am asked to call to-morrow.

Thursday.—Newspaper most polite. Has sent a representative to Scotland Yard, but authorities there decline to interfere. Newspaper would have liked to arrange arrest in its own office. Could not be managed. Another day gone and still at large! Wonder how much longer this sort of thing will continue!

Friday.—Pay a third visit to newspaper. Distinguished representative of the Press not



SCENE—Side Entrance of Burlington House.

Receiving-Day of the Royal Academy, April 2, 1894.

"R. A." Porter (to Stodge, who takes in his Picture himself). "'STONISHIN' LOT O' RUBBISH SENT HIN THIS YEAR, SIR! MOS' DAMAGIN' TO TH' HEYE, SIR."

quite so civil. Told politely that "I would be of more use to them if I were arrested." But how am I to become arrested? That is not their (newspaper's) business, but mine. Have another shot at the Yard. I try six fresh locals. No use. They won't have me on any terms.

Saturday.—Eureka! Managed it at last! Contrived to get taken on as an extra constable. Appeared in my uniform, and was given the keys. Locked myself up in one of the cells, and threw the key out of the window. They can't find it! So, as I can't get out, must stay here till Monday. First-rate! Have just sent a messenger to the Editor of the most enterprising of the Sunday papers. Will send him "a column," and yet have enough "stuff" over to form interesting articles for the morning journals of Monday.

LONDON SYMPHONY CONCERTS.—An Irish gentleman said he intended to patronise these concerts in future, as he heard that the performance of the overture to "Corry O' Lan," as given last Thursday, was such a success. He wants to know the name of the composer? [Mr. HENSCHEL thinks he must mean BEETHOVEN's overture to "Coriolan."]

AN ANTI-BRITISH FRENCHMAN.—"Aha! mon ami," cried a very stout and jocund Frenchman to an English friend, "I trample on all your flags!" Quite true: they were walking down Regent Street.

THE OFFICIAL GAME OF HUNT THE SLIPPER.

From the Pr-m-r to the Ch-nc-ll-r of the Exch-q-r.

Downing Street.

I ENCLOSE letter herewith. Read it, and if you think there is anything in it send it to the W. O., and ask them to act upon it. (Enclosure.)

HONORED SIR.—Me and another chap stole the crown of the King of the Cannibal Islands. I am uneasy in my mind, and let you know it. Me and BOBBY BROWN (the other chap) hid the loot in the courtyard of the Palace. (Signed) THOMAS ATKINS x his mark.

From the Ch-nc-ll-r of the Exch-q-r to the S-cr-t-ry for W-r.

Treasury.

Above is self-explanatory. If you can help at all, do your best. Of course, it would be useful to get something (all contributions thankfully received) so near to the date of the announcement of the Budget. Send it on when noted to most appropriate authority.

From the S-cr-t-ry for W-r to the F-rst L-rd of the Adm-r-lty.

Pall Mall.

Above is self-explanatory. Think we can spare a Militia Regiment. Sure to volunteer for service abroad on receiving a small percentage. But, of course, you would have to supply the transport. We can't do more. Send paper on to anyone you please.

From the F-rst L-rd of the Adm-r-lty to the L-rd Ch-nc-ll-r.

Whitehall.

Above is self-explanatory. We can easily spare a ship to send over the Militia Regiment. But is not the scheme illegal? Seems rather like compounding a felony. Please send on the paper to most appropriate recipient.

From the L-rd Ch-nc-ll-r to the Att-rn-y-G-n-r-l.

Law Courts, Strand.

Above is self-explanatory. Have not the leisure to look up the point. Fancy, too, that it is rather in your province. You have practised in the inferior courts later than I have. Do what you please with it.

From the Att-rn-y-G-n-r-l to Ch-f C-mm-ss-n-r of P-l-ce.

Law Courts, Strand.

Above is self-explanatory. Don't think there is much in the point of law. Wonder why the Chancellor sent it to me. Of course it isn't compounding a felony. But you know that as well as I do. Think it is more in your department than in mine. Perhaps you had better return it to the Premier.

From the Ch-f C-mm-ss-n-r of P-l-ce to the Pr-m-r.

Scotland Yard.

Have the honour to return this paper, as directed. Do not consider that either Militia Regiment, Troop-ship, or Legal opinion, is necessary. Probably the treasure by this time has been discovered and appropriated. Under these circumstances can only express a respectful wish that the Government may quickly recover it.

"A FEARFUL TRADE."

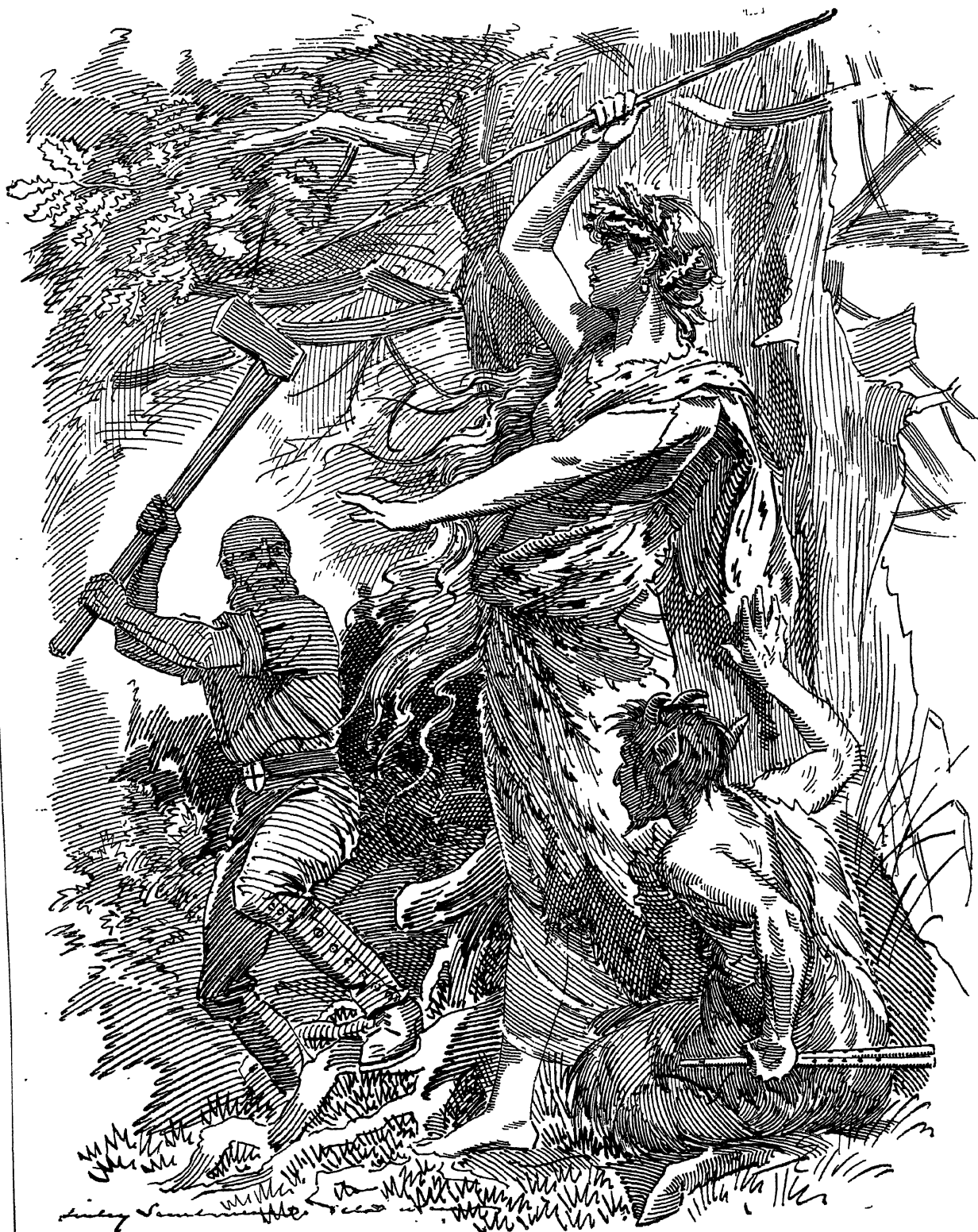
SIR.—I came across this in a newspaper:—

"On account of whom it may concern. On Friday next, the 6th inst., at the Law Association Rooms, Cook Street, Liverpool, at 1 P.M.—About 215 bales GREY DOMESTICS, Ex "Germanic" (s), lying West Side Langton Dock, Liverpool. For further particulars, &c."

But I see I am too late in asking you to use your influence to stop this sale. What a dreadful finish for these aged servitors! Please do your best to prevent this sad traffic and receive the thanks of

Yours truly,

A SHOCKED DOMESTIC.



THE VERDERER'S VISION;
OR, THE EPPING HAMADRYAD'S APPEAL.

THE VERDERER'S VISION; OR, THE EPPING HAMADRYAD'S APPEAL.

"Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car,
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood?"
E. A. Poe.

*The Vigilant Verderer heareth in Vision a Voice
from an Epping "Talking Oak."*

SPARE, Woodman, spare my tree! Good
Civic Verderer,
Let Nature and her Nymphs move thee to
pity!

Pan's rule swift narrows; wouldst thou play
the murderer
To the poor Muses' train? Thou hast the
City,

The formal urban park, the prim town-garden,
To play the pedant with, with square and
angle;

Leave London its last patch of genuine Arden,
The winding wood-walk and the untrimmed
tangle.

Lovers of lavish leafery and branch-mazes,
Of bosky brushwood and tumultuous
bracken,

Echo my plea, and wait to pour forth praises
On him who bids the axe and saw to slacken
In their too sweeping work. Sweet Nature's
fashion

Of opulent overgrowth and rich disorder.
May need *some* check, but the Boeotian
passion

For rectilinear road and rigid border,
The butcher-love of felling, topping, lopping,
Trunk pollarding, and blundering branch-
maiming;

The clumsy gardener-rage for random chop-
ping,

The cockney taste for trimming and for
training,—

These, Verderer, need the Nature-lover's
checking.

The winning charm of wildness is a rapture
Art cannot give. The jocund wild birds,
pecking

And jargoning at large are spoilt by
capture;

The clipped hedge chills, the straight drawn
alley sickens;

The sapling lopped, the tall tree mutilated,
Enrage and sadden every heart that quickens

At Pan's spontaneous pipings. Am I fated,
I and my true, tree-loving, Ariel-footed,

Free company of Wood-nymphs, to be
banished

Each from the tree wherewith since first it
rooted

Our being blent? Nay Verderer! Pan
hath vanished

And neither charms nor frights the holiday
comers,

Who dance not as the fauns did; but the
sweetness,

The glad home-feeling, born of countless
summers

And long, wild, windy winters; the com-
pleteness

Of the green earth's inimitable glory,
Soul-restful raptness, and rich, low-voiced
quiet;

The pregnant peace of forest king-crowds
hoary,

Which even satyr mirth and cockney riot
Cannot destroy,—these woodlands still are
haunted

By those glad graces! Let these glades
unbroken

Still keep some semblance of the woods en-
chanted

Of Arden and Broceliande!

Be it spoken,
The word that checks the axe-fall. Wood-
man spare us!

My oak perchance is old, grey-boll'd, age-
eaten,



AFTER THE THEATRICALS.

"WHAT ON EARTH MADE YOU TELL THAT APPALLING LITTLE CAD THAT HE OUGHT TO HAVE TROD THE BOARDS OF ANCIENT GREECE? YOU SURELY DIDN'T REALLY ADMIRE HIS ACTING?" "OH NO! BUT, YOU KNOW, THE GREEK ACTORS USED TO WEAR MASKS!"

But it yet spreads brave greenery. Do not
tear us

Untimely from dear earth. Sun-warmed,
gale-beaten

Long centuries through, he yet can breast
the thunder,

And drink the shower this many and many
a season;

Shelter sport-heated holiday groups there-
under.

And harbour warbling bird-choirs! 'Twere
sheer treason

To noble woodcraft, as to woodland lovers,
To fell or maim this monarch prematurely.

Nay; while the dove o'er its spread branches
hovers,

Let the tree stand; let Faunus pipe securely
At quiet morn in its cool shade, sly hidden

In uncleared undergrowth of tangled
greenery;

Let axe and saw and billhook be forbidden
To turn these bosky breadths of forest
scenery

To a trim-planted, straight-walk'd park.
Oh, listen [sad burden!

To the fond Wood-nymph's plaint and its
And gladness in a thousand eyes shall glisten,

The Nature-lover's gratitude be your
guerdon.

IN ROTTEN ROW.

(To *Althea*, from "*Wandering Willie*.")

WHEN the Row is in its pride,

When the riders come and go,

Though I can't afford to ride,

Is it not a pretty show?

With a glint of golden hair

Goes a rider fleet and fair.

We have never spoken yet,

Often as you've ridden by,

Only once your eyes I met,

And you bowed and so did I.

Still—I wonder if you know

Why I walk in Rotten Row!

AT A CATTLE MARKET.

AN AUTUMN REMINISCENCE.

SCENE—A large open space near a cathedral town. Fat old farmers in white hats, and smart young farmers in Newmarket coats and neat riding boots; elderly shepherds in blue, grey, and white smocks. From time to time there is a stampede of bewildered bullocks, whose hind legs are continually getting hitched over each other's horns. Connoisseurs lean over pen-rails and examine pigs reverently, as if they were Old Masters. Others prod them perfunctorily. The pigs bear these inconveniences meekly, as part of the penalty of greatness. Sheep look over one another's shoulders and chew nervously on one side of their mouths.

BY THE PIG-PENS.

First Enthusiast. Did y' iver see sech a sow as that theer? I niver did, and (aggressively) naw moor yo' didn't neither, 'ENERY, did ye now?

'Energ (unimpressed). I doan't see naw 'd'vantage in heving pigs so big as that theer.

First Enth. Big! She's like a elephant! Theer's a lop ear now—weighs thutty-four stoan if she weighs a hounce, she do!

[The Sow grunts complacently.]

'Energ. Ah, I 'ad one loike 'er, I 'ad. Eat three bucketsful a day, she did, and (with a sense of unforgettable injury) mis'able little pegs she 'ad with it all!

Second Enth. I go in fur Berkshire myself. But Sussex are very good; they scale so much better 'n they look; full o' flesh they are—weigh a good stun moor nor ye'd take 'em fur, and then they cut up so well! (With a dreamy tenderness.) Yes, I'm fond o' they Sussexes, I am—very fond o' 'em!

A Dealer (trying to dispose of a litter of small black pigs). Seven good ole stiddy little pigs! I don't care 'oo buys 'em (as if he usually required the strictest testimonials to character). I must sell 'em. Pig-buyin' to-day, Sir? You'd better 'ave that little lot, Sir.

[Persuasively, to a Passer-by, who however appears to think he had much better not.]

BY THE SHEEP-PENS.

Intending Purchaser (to Seller). What d'ye carl them yoes now? Southdowns?

[He fixes his eyes on the Cathedral spire, and awaits the next move.]

Seller (after watching a rook out of sight, stirs up the sheep meditatively, and decides on candour). Well—'bout aaff an' aaff.

Int. Purch. Old yoes—well, ye know, 'taint like young yoes, be it now?

Seller (when he has finished shredding tobacco in the palm of his hand). That's true enough.

Int. Purch. I dunno as I can do wi' any moor shep just now, if 'twas iver so.

Seller (listlessly). Cann't ye, now? Theer's bin a gen'lman from Leicestershire 'ere, wawntin' me to run 'im off a dozen or so—fur his perrk, d' ye see?

Int. Purch. (with unaffected incredulity). Ah.

[A protracted silence, employed by each in careful inspection of his boots.]

Seller (addressing space). They're a tidy lot o' yoes.

Int. Purch. (as if this was a new view of them, which would require consideration). Come off o' your own farm?

Seller. Druv 'em in myself this very marnin'.



"Fat old farmers in white hats."

Int. Purch. Ah. (A pause apparently spent in mental calculation.) What might ye be askin' for 'un now?

Seller. For them yoes?

Int. Purch. Ah.

Seller (falls into a brown study, from which he at length emerges to tap the nearest ewe on the forehead and expectorate). I wawnt five-an'-twenty shellin' a yead for them yoes.

Int. Purch. Five-an'-twenty?

Seller. Ah, that's what I wawnt. [A longer silence than ever.]

Int. Purch. I s'pose ye aint seen ole JIM 'ARROWS 'bout 'ere this marnin', hev ye?

[After some further preliminaries of this kind the moment at length arrives at which a bargain can be struck without any suggestion of unbecoming haste on either side.]

First Rustic (just out of the County Hospital). An' they putt me under that theer chlorryfum—an' I simmed to go right oop into 'Evin—yes, I wur oop in 'Evin fur a toime, sure 'nough.

Second Rustic (with interest). An' did ye 'ear a planner?

Elderly Farmer (who is being applied to for the character of his late shepherd). No, I never 'ad no fault to find wi' the fellow—(conscientiously) not as I knows on. He unnerstan's shep—I will say that fur 'en—he's a rare 'un at doctorin' o' 'em, too. An' a stiddy chap an' that, keeps a civil tongue in 'is yead, and don't go away on the booze. No, I aint got nawthen' to say 'gainst th' man.

The Inquirer. Would ye hev any objection to sayin' why ye're partin' wi' 'en?

Eld. F. Well, I dunno as theer was any particler reason for 't. (He endeavours to think of one in a puzzle-headed way.) I s'pose I must ha' thowt I'd make a bit of a shift like—and theer ye hev it.

First Stock-breeder (to Second). Well, an' how's Muster Spuddock to-day?

Muster Spuddock. Oh, 'mong th' middlins—'mong th' middlins. Pretty well fur an old 'un!

First Stockbr. An' how's trade with you, eh?

Muster Sp. (beaming). Oh, nawthen' doin'—nawthen' doin' 'tall!

First Stockbr. (with equal cheerfulness). Same 'ere, Sir—same 'ere. On'y thing that's got money has been th' dead meat.

Muster Sp. (without appearing to envy the dead meat on this account). Ah, that's it. Ye cann't reckon on moor nor thruppence, —an' your own expenses, i' coorse.

First Stockbr. An' thet's borderin' nigh on fowerpence; an' when it comes to two pound a bullock—!

[They shake their heads with an unsuccessful attempt to look lugubrious at these cryptic considerations.]

Muster Sp. Well, well; sheep-food's goin' to be plentiful, too, right up to Christmas.

First Stockbr. That's the way to look on it.

[They go off to dine at the ordinary, with a sense that matters might be worse.]

ELECTION MEM. FOR MONTGOMERYSHIRE.

OWEN proved payin', though no doubt run hard!
The WYNN-ticket was not the true winning card!

BAD TIMES.—"Ah," says Mr. SHORT, on 'Change, "no going abroad this year for me and my family. No Swiss tour. 'Poin d'argent, point de Suisse.'"

SO NICE OF HER!—"He is not mad," said Mrs. R., charitably explaining the strange conduct of a friend; "he is suffering from a trumpety abrasion of the intellect."

TO PHYLLIS.

In Fashionable Attire.

I LIKE your bow—or is it called a tie?

That's just the kind of thing I never know.

Perhaps it is because I never try—

I like your bow.

Somehow I fancy that it seems to go

Extremely well with what you're wearing. I

Delight in harmonies of colour—though

These reasons up to now are all my eye.

The only true one I've still space to show.

You wear it, Sweetheart. That's the reason why

I like your bow.

AT THE GOUPIL GALLERY.

BEING a bit of an impressionable myself, and understanding that Goupil Gallery contains best one-horse show of its kind, went to take a stereoscopic view of same. Find that I am misled about one-horse business; actually quite a herd of steers. Always regarded impressionist as one who gives you his impression of a thing, and leaves you to form yours of his. Here, however, is artist giving his impressions of a lot of other impressionists' impressions of things, and leaving you to form yours of his or theirs. Sort of iridescent palimpsest.

Natural, perhaps, in one who has plainly travelled a good deal—to the Isle of Wight, for instance, and even Boulogne-sur-Mer. Notice no fewer than six out of a total of forty-four pictures admittedly inspired by this classic watering-place. You will begin with No. 1. It is the Casino at Boulogne, and the catalogue says it is the property of T. HUMPHREY WARD, Esq. In that case let me tell this gentleman that I very strongly disapprove of the system of *Petits Chevaux* as practised on his property. Have calculated the chances, and find that bank makes 9'1 per cent. on all moneys laid on table. Should have complained to Mr. WARD before, but was under impression that Casino was worked by local Municipality; otherwise



could not account for public gambling-table being allowed in country where it is illegal. No. 23 shows the Hotel Imperiale at the same resort. Observe that all the windows have been plastered up since I was there. Pathetic touch in foreground—black man bathing. No ocean, nor all the House of Peers will ever rectify this Ethiopian's skin! Do not easily weep, but was honestly affected at this thought. "Boulogne—evening" (No. 25) has also human appeal in it. So have I seen this harbour, biliously patchy, impossibly crooked, after an expurgative passage from Folkestone. "Boulogne Sands" (No. 32), are, I see, the property of Professor BROWN. But professor of what? For professors are many, but performers few; chiefly on the tight-rope are they found together. And for that any sand is bad, but this sort of sand very bad. Again I ask myself if Mr. BROWN's property includes the figures. If so, his responsibility is indeed great, and I offer him my respectful sympathy. If he will accept my advice as well, he will hang the picture the other way up. Sand, sea, and sky are all pretty indifferently ribbed, and I think the figures would be perceptibly improved by the change. The gentleman that owns the pier (No. 43) might perhaps have the structure raised a little. At present it dips into the sea at one corner. Have thought this may represent the levelling process of which the Radicals speak. Also there are figures on the pier that would improve the picture if they were removed. Am not a draughtsman myself, but should certainly draw the line somewhere short of the length of these young people's femora. No. 38 is the pier—no, *peer*—of the other. Girls running (the catalogue says they are "girls," and "running") are shown in strong sunlight. A vivid thing, and true to Nature in at least one particular. Could never bear to look at strong sunlight; could not bear to look at this picture.

Still on foreign tour, we approach Isle of Wight in No. 2. Here we have Steer at sea (*vitulus marinus*). Naturally enough, off Cowes, with bulls'-eyes distributed along shore. No. 15 gives an Iceberg race run in strong pea-soup, and watched by NANSEN, FRANKLIN, and others, as seen in foreground insecurely balanced on—is it a whale, or only backed like a weasel? Observe that it is the property of Miss JANE HARRISON. Have great respect for this lady as authority on Greek Art. This Art also Greek to me.

Walk up to charming girl seated on sofa; curious to know more

about her. Look in catalogue and find that she is "*Croquet*." Am prepared for a good deal, but have doubts this time of the purity of my vision. Closer investigation shows part of ticket to be concealed behind frame. Actual title of picture (No. 34, *not* 4) proves to be "*The Sofa*," lurid light thrown on subject by this revelation practically clearing up lady's past history. Turn to the real No. 4 ("*Croquet*"). Find more children, as happy and careless as the artist, sporting ankle-deep beside sea. Have heard of Olympian races run in deep sand, but never remember croquet played under these conditions. "*Bathing-machines*" (No. 13) recalls Mr. Punch's prehistoric peep—"No Bathing to-day." This time it is the shore that is covered with horrid creeping things. "*In a Wood*" (No. 40) gives similar effects. Lady, properly terrified, kneels deprecatingly to vast army of green beetles, begging them not to

Much attracted to delightful young person in No. 3. Reminds me of subject of my unpublished Irish ballad:—

My MOLLY she'd the natest waist,
And chokes like cherries at a faist,
So soft to touch, so swate to taste, &c.

Pleased to find title of same beginning "*Molle meum*." So far so good; but continues darkly as follows:—

levibus cor est violabile telis,
Et semper causa est cur ego semper amem.

Inspect picture carefully to detect bullet-marks. Find some half-dozen on background; really excellent shots but a little wide to the right. Interested to recognise same lady in No. 44. Besieging party in this case much more successful. Figure completely covered with pellets. Caught napping, which may account for it. Note also, that she has changed hands and become the property of another gentleman. Seems consistent with description of her eclectic temperament.

Am finally petrified before No. 42. Commonly amuse myself at impressionist collections by guessing subject of picture before referring to catalogue. Remember one at Grafton Gallery last year which I took to be the green-room of the Folies Bergères, and found that artist thought it was Sunday morning in Sweden. Proceed to speculate on abysmally despondent girl in No. 42. Has she also just crossed from Folkestone? Is it the liver (absinthe, perhaps) or "is there a nearer one yet and a dearer," that has played her false? Cannot endure further suspense, and so look in catalogue. Answer—"Girl in a large hat." Wonder that I had not thought of that before. See that she is the property of GEORGE MOORE, Esq., who has taken us into his confidence in the *Speaker*, and says that she has been his for now several months, and that he grows fonder of her every day. Thank Heaven, I have a soul above envy, and I sign myself,

ONE MORE (OR LESS) IMPRESSIONABLE.

PEERS, IDLE PEERS!

Or, The Wail of the Eldest Sons.

[Mr. GEORGE CURZON, Mr. ST. JOHN BRODRICK, and Lord WOLMER (in the *Nineteenth Century*), lament the doom of eldest sons of Peers, prospective banishment from the Commons and burial in the Lords.]

PEERS, idle Peers! I well know what *that* means.

Peers! Oh, it fills me with divine despair,
Hearing the "Noes," and listening to the "Ayes,"
And looking on those happy Commons seats,
And thinking I may soon sit there no more.



Fresh is the first cheer, rising like "All hail!"
When one is brought into the Lower House.
Sad is the last which murmurs over one,
Who sinks, with all the chance of fun, *upstairs*!
So sad 'twill be when we sit here no more!

Ah, sad and strange, amidst the robes and lawns,
The peevish pipe of half-awakened Peers
On age-dulled ears, and dim and drowsy eyes,
'Midst owlish moans and glimmering despair!
How dull our doom when we sit here no more!

Dear as remembered "sprints" when scant o' breath
Will be those cheers, by hopeless fancy feigned
From lips that shout for others. Kicked upstairs?
Ah, there, above, we'll mourn with wild regret,
Midst Death in Life, the days that are no more!

THE UNION JACK OVER THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE Flag that flies in any	But flags, like men of stouti
fray	kind,
Will last to fly another day;	Must fail to fly for lack of wing



IT'S AN EAST WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

"HERE COMES THE CARRIAGE, MAUD! FANCY HAVING TO GO AND PAY CALLS IN SUCH WEATHER! IT'S ENOUGH TO GIVE ONE ONE'S DEATH OF COLD!"
 "WORSE THAN THAT, MOTHER! EVERYBODY'S SURE TO BE IN!"

LEMON-SQUASH.

Know ye the land where the tax-papers
 hurtle,
 And rates will run up, e'en though incomes
 run down?
 Where the people of culture, the lovers of
 turtle,
 Don't pay their full whack, whilst the poor
 are done brown.
 Know ye the land of distraint, fee and fine?
 Where the taxes still swell, and the rates
 ne'er decline;
 Where the little shop slave in his little back
 room,
 Waxes faint as his lilac trees burst into bloom;
 Since in spring Schedule D is in angry
 pursuit,

And the voice of the Tax-grabber never is
 mute;
 Where the tint of the summons resembles the
 sky,
 Though the heavenly suggestion is just all
 my eye;
 And it "gives you the blues" of the dis-
 mallest dye;
 Where 'tis Seven pence now (and next year
 may be Nine);
 Yet men haven't the spirit to kick up a shine!
 'Tis the clime of much fog, and occasional
 sun,—
 Can he shine on the deeds that Exchequers
 have done?
 Ah! wild are men's looks, as they answer
 the bell,
 And a tender heart aches at the tales that

What word whispers low on spring's easterly
 breeze?
 The old word of command from the Treasury
 —"Squeeze!"
 'Tisn't music to millionaires dwelling at ease,
 But to the hard-uppish 'tis horror; hearts
 freeze
 At that voice of the Treasury Vampire—
 Squeeze! Squeeze!
 Oh! the rack is not nice, but a rose-bed 'tis
 found
 To the torture of lord knows how much in
 the pound
 Which out of poor strugglers is annually
 ground
 On the harsh Inland Revenue Ghouls' yearly
 round.
 And they shorten your grace, and it comes in
 one lump,
 And they tighten the screw, harder pull at
 the pump,
 Till it makes your brain whirl, and it makes
 your heart thump,
 And gives you what cads call "the bloomin'
 old hump!"
 Every year makes it worse; they are stuck-
 up and starch;
 What in August you paid, you must now pay
 in March,
 For the gold-stream must flow as it suits them
 to pump it,
 And if you don't like it, of course you can
 "lump it."
 Ah! pity the worries—though nobody will!—
 Of the poor little victim of Tax, Rate, and Bill!
 If quidnuncs indulge in a big naval scare,
 Or a summer too hot bids rum-vendors despair;
 The income-tax payer, though high "stony-
 broke,"
 Must expect a fresh "squeeze" as the crown
 of the joke!
 Squeeze! SQUEEZE!! SQUEEZE!!!
 You may shrink as you please,
 You poor little, often-drained, much-wilted
 lemon;
 Your sighs will not soften the Treasury Demon.
 For squeezing and squashing, you see, is his
 trade,
 And he cannot conduct it without *Lemon-aid*!
 And be sure he won't slacken the lever or screw,
 While he thinks he can drain a drop more out
 of you!

ÆSOP UP TO DATE.

A CERTAIN man and a lion, who considered
 himself just domestic enough but not too
 domestic, were journeying together and dis-
 puting, as is the wont of fellow-travellers.

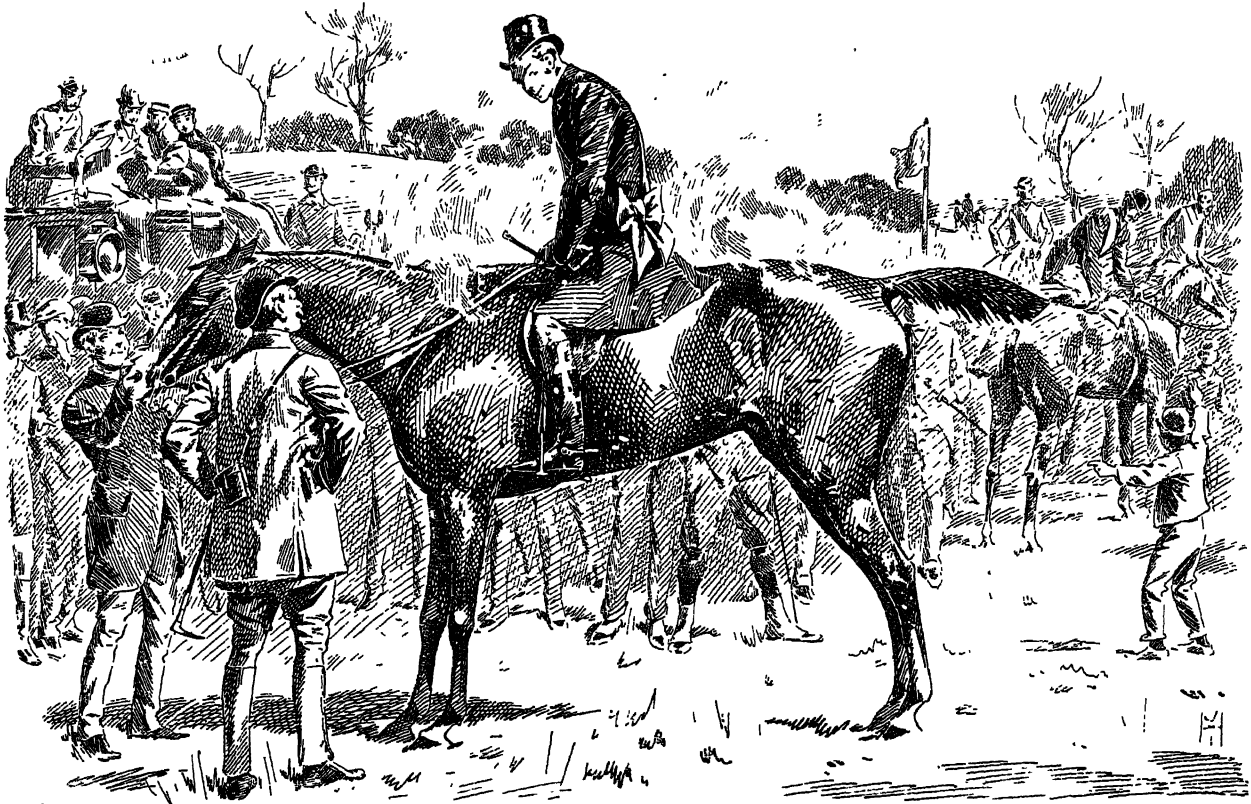
"At any rate, we agree thus far," said the
 man, "that fitness for ladies' society must
 accompany every claim to domesticity."

The lion was graciously pleased to assent.

"Then just you listen to this," continued
 the man, producing a pocket-volume of SHAKS-
 PEARE and reading in a triumphant tone:—"A
 lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing!"

The chivalrous beast was taken aback some-
 what.

"And this," he sighed, "despite your
 former belief and admission that we have ever
 been in the habit of treating young ladies, who
 deserve it, with peculiar respect! However,
 this is only your statement of your case after
 all. Pray let me have your patient attention
 for one moment now. You have, of course,
 read or heard about a certain affair at West-
 minster, where, in addition to a heavy whip,
 an iron-spiked pole, 'not to put too fine a
 point on it,' is at least *en évidence*. Well, so
 have we. You have only to wait until we lions
 turn authors, and you will discover that we
 hold just the contrary opinion to yours. I
 doubt not that our greatest poet, when he
 arrives, will put it that 'a lady among lions
 is a most dreadful thing.'"



A POINT TO THE GOOD.

SCENE—Immediately after a Point-to-Point Race.

Friend (to Rider of Winner). "BY JOVE, OLD CHAP, THAT WAS A CLOSE RACE! THOUGHT YOU WERE BEATEN JUST ON THE POST."
Rider (Irish). "FAITH, ME BOY, THAT DIMONSTRATES THE ADVANTAGE OF A BIG HORSE; FOR, IF YE SAW THE TAIL OF HIM A THRFLE BEHIND, SHURE THE OTHER END OF HIM WAS A WEE BIT IN FRONT!"

SPRING'S HARBINGERS.

(By a Valetudinarian Villa-Resident.)

OH yes, I know the Cuckoo is cuckooing
 (At least they tell me so in all the papers),
 And that the sun the bursting buds is wooing
 (The butcher's son's performing similar
 capers
 With my new maid down by the snug side-
 entry).
 I know the violets are coyly peeping
 (Not that I ever in chill woods stand sentry
 To catch them from the clammy mosses
 creeping),
 I know that primroses are "popping up"
 (Like old ex-premiers), that suburban codgers
 Are tittivating-up each dull old shop again
 With "Latest Style Spring Goods!" (the
 artful dodgers!)
 I know that facias are being fresh painted
 (For at the horrid stink of oil and
 turpentine
 From our next neighbour's front I nearly
 fainted),
 I know young fools are bathing in the
 Serpentine
 (The very notion makes a man feel shivery);
 And poet's heart for Spring's green livery
 throbbing
 (It doesn't move my heart, but makes me
 "livery").
 I know lawn-mowers poor, and gardeners
 Peripatetic pests, announce the season
 By keeping my door-bell in constant
 tingle,
 And robbing me of my last ray of reason.
 I know that crocuses and crock-shards
 mingle

Upon my "lawn" (when the street-boys will
 let 'em),
 I know that "All-a-blowing!" roughs are
 howling
 For my old "duds"—(I wish that they may
 get 'em!) [prowling
 I know predacious hearthstone-boys are
 Once more at early morn about my premises.
 But there's one "harbinger" beyond all
 others
 That visits me, a very Vernal Nemesis,
 And "Spring's delights" in mortal misery
 smothering. [ing!]
 Howl on ye hawkers of "fine plarnts a-grow-
 I'll not be drawn by your stentorian
 shindies.
 The one true "plant" I know that's all
 a-blowing
 That vernal (and infernal) dashed East
 Wind is!

MORE WIGS THAN LAW.

SCENE—A Law Court in the Strand. Over-
 worked Judge on the Bench. Well filled
 with Solicitors, and Desks "reserved
 for Counsel" crowded with Barristers.
 Mr. BRIEFLESS conspicuous by his absence,
 and even Junior Bar sparingly repre-
 sented.

His Lordship. Now, gentlemen, I must
 beg you to act with expedition, as I have an
 immense list to get through.

First Counsel. May it please your Lord-
 ship, but there is an important case that
 should have been tried in another Court, but
 owing to the absence of his Lordship on busi-
 ness elsewhere, it cannot be reached. Would

your Lordship have any objection to its being
 added to your own list?

His Lordship. Very sorry, but utterly im-
 possible. I have already told you that I have
 more to do than I can manage. I would be
 only too pleased to assist any of my Brothers,
 but unfortunately it is out of my power.

Second Counsel. I was about to make a
 similar application to your Lordship.

Third Counsel. And so was I, my Lord.

Fourth Counsel. And I, too, if your Lord-
 ship pleases.

His Lordship. Extremely sorry, but it is
 utterly impossible.

Leader of the Bar. If I might venture to
 intervene, my Lord, I would suggest that Mr.
 Justice — is sitting to-day at the Guild-
 hall, and from what I am told, is likely, I
 believe, to get through his list rather rapidly.

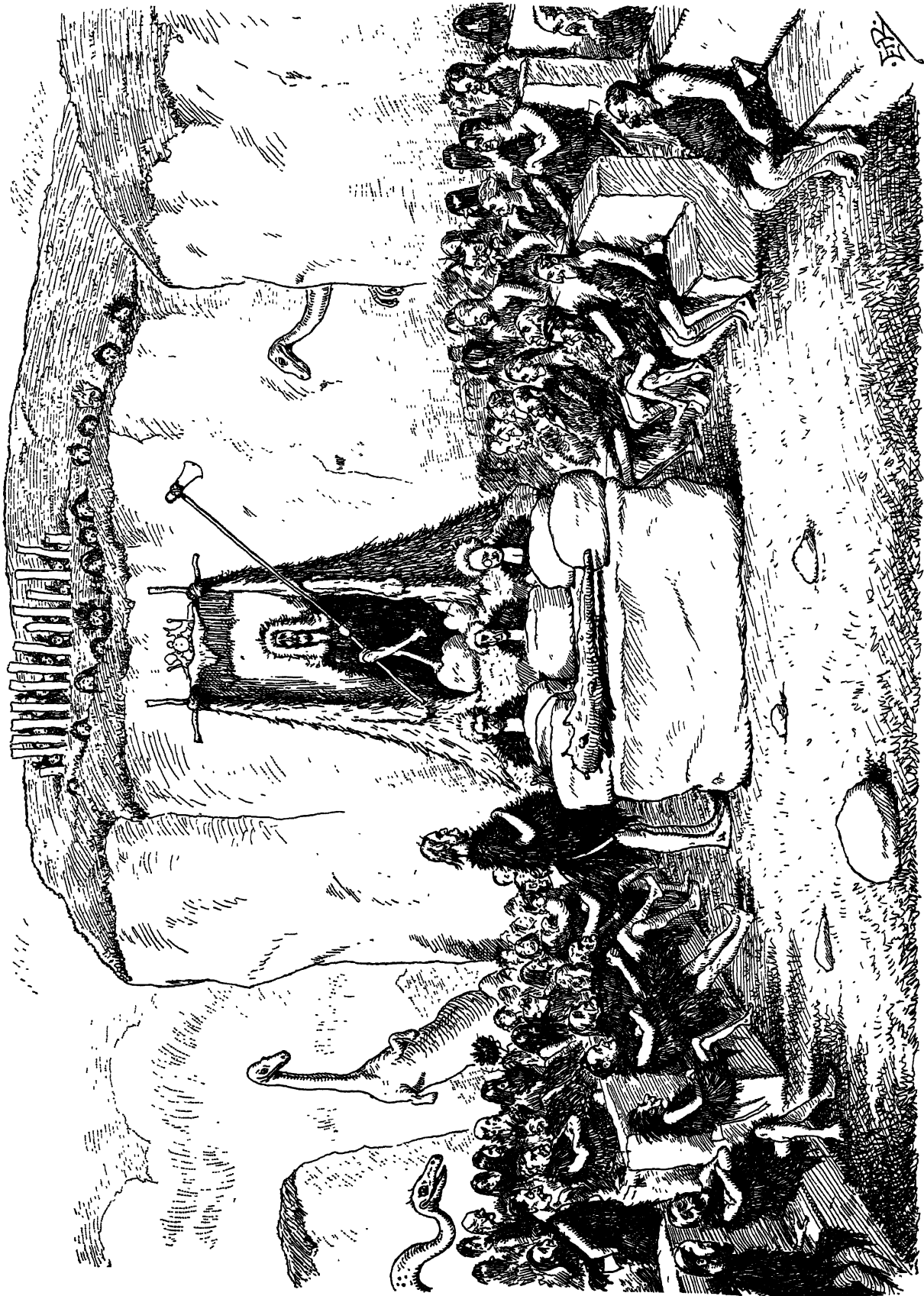
His Lordship. I am much obliged to you.
 I will consult with my Brother at the Guild-
 hall. (Speaks through the telephone.) I have
 an awful lot to do, can't you help me?

His Lordship's Brother at the Guildhall
 (through telephone). Very sorry, but can't
 get away from here. Very dull work, but it
 keeps me tied to the bench.

His Lordship (through telephone.) What is
 your work?

*His Lordship's Brother (through tele-
 phone).* I am engaged in trying to kill flies
 with a paper-knife. There are not many flies
 at this season of the year, but they are more
 numerous than the cases in my cause list.

His Lordship (addressing his Court). I am
 afraid my Brother can do nothing to help me,
 so I must go on single-handed as well as I
 can. [Scene closes in upon a view of legal
 congestion.]



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

A COMPARATIVELY QUIET BUDGET NIGHT IN THE PRIMEVAL PARLIAMENT.

UGHT JUDGES TO SLEEP IN COURT.

DEAR SIR,—You will remember that some short time since I promised at an early opportunity to recur (of course with your kind permission) to the question with which I have headed this letter. I wish at once to say that the effect of my previous reference to the subject has been extraordinary, to put it at the lowest. One learned Judge, not unknown for his fondness for tempering justice (to others) with forty winks (for himself), took occasion, in a case in which at a moment's notice I held a brief for a friend, to say that I had conducted it with "the ability and knowledge which we always expect and get from Mr. COUNSEL." It was the first time I had ever practised before him in my life. Another Judge, whose reputation for slumber never sleeps, asked my wife and myself to dinner on the ground that he fancied my father and he were College contemporaries. My father, as a fact, never went to College, but that did not prevent me going to the dinner. A third Judge even went so far as to give me a judgment in a case in which I was clearly out of Court. As I had pledged my reputation to this effect to my client, who had steadily taken an opposite view, the Judge's attention to me was a cruel kindness.

Such have been the attempts which have been made to stave off the evil day, but I am nothing if not incorruptible. The compliment, the dinner, and the judgment were all equally extremely pleasant, and I am loth to repay kindness by the exposure of what after all is a very natural—shall I say failing? But, after all, one has a duty to the public, and the proposition of law which I want to make good is, that no judge ought to sleep on the bench for longer than, say, half an hour at a time. I assume that there *must* be sleep, because my observation leads me to see that to look for any other condition of affairs is hopeless.

There are wideawake Judges, of course; just as there are white blackbirds. The general position is, however, clear. The right of a Judge to sleep on the Bench is regarded as an inalienable privilege, to take advantage of which is not only natural but meritorious. If you go into Court—especially in the afternoon—it's pretty well an even chance that you will find his Lordship—well, not awake.

I notice that a discussion has lately taken place as to the best method of waking Judges under these circumstances. The best method would appear to be a violent forensic fight between counsel—a "put up job," designed to arouse the Court. I know another equally good—to stop the case absolutely. I well remember the effect of this on one occasion. The Judge had slept heavily. Slowly he woke, to find that the witness had been accommodated with a seat, and that the learned "silks" and "stuffs" were busily engaged conferring with their clients in other cases. The Judge saw what had happened, and, with imperturbable gravity, said, "I think we'll take the adjournment now." But it was noticed that the incident robbed his Lordship of his sleep for weeks afterwards.

There I leave the matter. I only wish to add that, when I am elevated to the Bench, I fully intend to carry out the best traditions associated with the ermine—by sleeping.—Yours faithfully,
102, Temple Gardens, E.C. L. ERNEST COUNSEL.

REGICIDE AND BICYCLING.—On Thursday in last week the King of the BELGIANS, while riding on a bicycle, was shot off into a rhododendron bush.

TEN(N)ANT-RIGHT.—The new M.P. for Berwickshire (not to mention the coming Mrs. ASQUITH).



FROM THE SISTER ISLE.

"ARE YOU A PROTESTANT? I NEVER HIRE A CAR UNLESS IT'S DRIVEN BY A PROTESTANT."

"WELL, MA'AM, I'M NOT A PROTESTANT MESELF—BUT SURE ME HORSE IS!" "YOU'RE A VERY IMPERTINENT PERSON!"

"WELL, MA'AM, I'M SURE OF IT; FOR I'VE BEEN DERIVIN' HIM TWO YEARS, AND HE'S NEVER BEEN DOWN ON HIS KNEES YET!"

LAST SUMMER'S STRAW HAT.

"Où sont les neiges d'antan?"
They don't concern me.
Where is that old straw
hat of ninety-three,
Cool to my fevered brow
tho' sunshine burn me,
Hot as can be?

April has come, not April
changeable, chilling;
Showers, cold winds, slight
snow we do not fear;
Summer-like sun brings me-
mories of grilling
Days of last year.

Where is my old straw hat?
This springtime summer
Tempts one from toppers.
Buds are on the limes,
Hedgerows grow green, the
cuckoo, early comes,
Sings—see *The Times*,

Ah, here it is! Ye Gods, it
is a colour!
Just what the *artiste* of the
"halls" prefers,
Choosing her hair—perhaps a
trifle duller,
Darker than hers.

Hers is that lemon shade,
astounding, glaring,
This is a browner gold.
That hat would shock
Ole clo'men's nerves; I am
reduced to wearing
My billycock.

FRENCH ORIGINALS AND
ENGLISH ADAPTATION.—In no
instance is this more apparent
than in a certain 'Arry-like

vulgarism, which is, says our own etymological professor, simply a perversion of "*Elle et lui*." "*Lui*" is individualised as "Tommy," and an aspirate has been prefixed to "*elle*." The other evening this expression, with the verb "played" before it, was used in a new comedy at the Theatre,—well, never mind the name, but it must have been a Very "Independent Theatre."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 2.—Some uneasiness in official quarters as to what course THE MACGREGOR might take. On eve of adjournment for Easter Holidays he formally and publicly intimated to Leader of House that, certain of his injunctions and recommendations having been slighted, he "would not be responsible for peace in the Highlands." The fact that the SQUIRE sits for Derby makes him peculiarly susceptible. "HISTORICUS," of all men, not likely to forget how, in similar crisis, the Highlanders swept through the dales and beleaguered Derby. Reports from secret police, who, in various guises, have followed THE MACGREGOR since he sounded his pibroch, state that he spent Sunday with his foot on his native Heath (Hampstead). Asked his name he curtly responded "MACGREGOR."

This undoubtedly looks bad; but there is ever disposition to exaggerate in times of commotion. Whether THE MACGREGOR, taking note of the activity of the police, has postponed warlike demonstration, or whether the whole scare is due to guilty conscience acting upon imaginative disposition is question differently viewed. What is certain is, that THE MACGREGOR to-day presented himself in the ordinary modest dress with which he used to lend an air of respectability to Penrith, what time he was Medical Officer and Public Vaccinator for the district. This again may be a ruse designed to throw the SQUIRE off his guard, and circumvent the police. Whilst appearances are satisfactory it would not be wise to forget that THE MACGREGOR's words remain on record unrecalled. The House of Commons and a reckless Ministry have been told that in continuance of certain circumstances he (THE MACGREGOR) will not be responsible for peace in the Highlands.

A sense of something darkly impending from the back bench where THE MACREGOR sits, looking wiser than mortal man ever was, cast a gloom over what should have been genial debate. TREVELYAN moved resolution remitting Scotch business to Grand Committee of Scotch Members, with fifteen hapless foreigners thrown in with prospect of a session's serious enjoyment. With all the skill of a master of literary art TREVELYAN drew picture of halcyon times in Grand Committee room. Orators Scotch; audience Scotch; seventy-two Scotchmen all told, with fifteen feeble Southrons ill with haggis. No passage in the most delightful of modern biographies more finished or more effective.

"Mon!" said DONALD MACFARLANE, furtively wiping away a tear with dexterous fling of the last half yard of his beard, "it's delectious. It promises the fullest possible realisation of Paradise Regained."

The effect, though swift and marked, was but momentary. PRINCE ARTHUR, stirred to the depths, flashed forth a brilliant reply. Then Scotch Members took the floor, and the rest went forth on the Terrace or in the Tea-room to think over what they might possibly be going to say.

Business done.—TREVELYAN sketches a Parliamentary Elysium.

Tuesday.—ALBERT ROLLIT is the gentleman whom a Conservative, angered at some evidence of independence, hit off in a phrase that hugely delighted the party. "The proposal," he said, alluding to a motion before the House, "receives the support of gentlemen sitting on this side of the House; it is approved by gentlemen who sit on the other side; and it is accepted by the Member for South Islington, who endeavours to sit on both sides of the House."

That, meant as a sneer, was really tribute to judicial mind, and freedom from party servility. ROLLIT delivered admirable speech to-night in support of Motion for Select Committee to inquire whether anything can be done to improve procedure of House. DILKE, another model of the judicial mind, supported him. GRANDOLPH, strangely angered at suggestion, replied with great vigour to speeches which ROLLIT and DILKE from time to time insisted they had not made. GRANDOLPH knew better, and pounded away. Whilst objecting to taking this particular step towards altering Parliamentary procedure, he introduced an innovation of his own. Instead of referring to mover of Motion as "the Hon. Member for South Islington," he lightly alluded to him as "ROLLIT."

House almost convulsed with horror. You may, within certain bounds, say almost anything about a man in the Commons, but you must not mention his name.

Some time before House got over the shock. The consequent paralysis, though temporary, had probably something to do with what followed. The SQUIRE intended to take part in debate and state views and intentions of Government. When SPEAKER went out for his chop, SQUIRE followed, in search of modest refectio to support him in forthcoming effort. In his absence Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES, overcoming habitual modesty, and reluctantly coming to front, undertook to keep the thing going. He decided against the motion. Rules of the House which had served for his forefathers—going back if not to spacious times of ELIZABETH, at least to the Commonwealth—would do for him. Having nobly sacrificed himself in the dinner-hour, the CAP'EN's audience, though fit, was few. Not to put too fine a point upon it, there were, including the SPEAKER, eleven. So remarkable was the effect of the CAP'EN's eloquence, that when he sat down it was felt there was nothing more to be said. The SPEAKER put the question; bells clanged through all the corridors; Members trooped in amazed to find debate that had promised to go on till midnight, concluded. With them, torn away abruptly from his hasty meal, came the SQUIRE, "his mouth full of cabbage and contradiction," as the CAP'EN profanely whispered in the ear of the abashed BARTLEY. Nothing to be done but to vote. Members, angry at being disturbed at their dinner, voted in a mass against the proposal. *Business done.*—Committee on Procedure refused by 136 votes against 41.

Thursday.—House set itself to-night to illustrate practice of How Not to Do It—it being business. Attempt a brilliant and encouraging success. Accident helped, but should not be permitted to detract from credit of managers of performance. Nearly three hours occupied in discussion of Private Bill. This possibility one of the

choicest surprises of Parliamentary procedure. A Member having in charge a piece of legislation more or less closely affecting welfare and prosperity of Empire, must take his chance at the ballot. May or may not find opening early or late in Session. But if his Bill deals with strictly private and commercial matters, the affairs of a water company, a railway company or the like, then he may name any day he pleases, and as soon as House has fortified itself with prayer the private Member takes possession of the place and holds it till his affairs and those of his company are settled.

To-night's sitting solemnly set apart for resumed debate on Scotch Grand Committee. Urgent Whips out clamouring for attendance. Over five hundred Members in their places, having set aside all other engagements in response to Whip. Twelve o'clock Rule suspended as final precaution against opportunity slipping by. On ordinary days questions over by four o'clock; debate on Scotch Committee would have been thereupon resumed, and after eight hours further talk no one could have objected to division. But a private Water Company, desirous of extending its commercial undertaking, selects to-day for bringing on Second Reading of its Bill. There is no appeal. Imperial business takes a back seat; the Ministerial programme is peremptorily set aside; and through three hours of freshest portion of the sitting the tap of the East London Water Company serenely flows, submerging all prospect of making progress with public business.

"And yet," said Lord Justice O'BRIEN, surveying scene from Distinguished Strangers' Gallery (PETER was packed in amongst layers of Parliamentary agents), "they say the English are a nation of shopkeepers! Why there isn't a dealer in small wares who could keep his establishment going for a year on these principles."

Business done.—None. Alarums, excursions into the Division Lobby; hot words across the table between Leaders. GEORGE HAMILTON, temporarily abandoning the habit diligently pursued of tearing up bits of paper, suddenly rose, moved Adjournment, and tore to tatters last hope of doing any business. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, most immovable of men, hotly retorted. JOHN MORLEY, almost inarticulate with wrath, denounced proceedings as "greatest outrage ever witnessed on usages and proprieties of debate."

"Sir," said ARTHUR BALFOUR, smiling with deadly sweetness; "the right hon. gentleman's indignation is entirely thrown away on this side of the table."

"I'm a goin', ma'am, ain't I?" said Mrs. PRIG, stopping as she said it. "You had better ma'am," said Mrs. GAMP. "Do you know who you're talking to, ma'am?" inquired her visitor. "Aperiently to BETSY PRIG," said Mrs. GAMP. "Go along with you, I blush for you." "You had better blush a little for yourself while you are about it," said Mrs. PRIG.

Friday night.—Having done no business yesterday, House made up for it to-night by getting itself counted out at a quarter-past eight. *Business done.*—None.

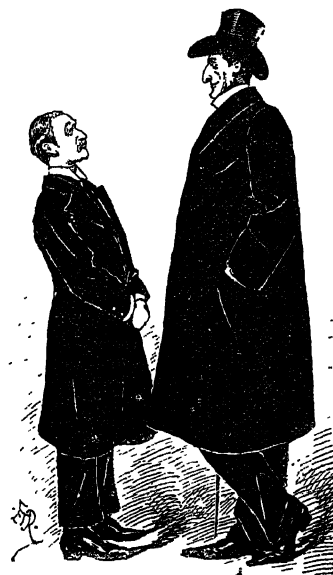
In Memoriam Loben.

POOR LOBENGULA's dead! No fear
Of captive fate now tracks him;
'Tis vain to point a moral here,
When others point a Maxim!

• "THE BAR ASSOCIATION."—By a large majority, at a very full meeting, on Saturday last, it was decided that, in view of the expected exceptionally hot summer, the Chancery Bar, the Parliamentary Bar, the Common Law Bar, and the Criminal Bar, should all be assimilated in practice to the American Bar, where iced drinks are always ready. Sir CHARLES RUSSELL, as President, undertook to ascertain the best receipt for an Icy-Opener. The proceedings, which were of a somewhat dry character, were brought to a pleasant finish by the entrance of Conveyancers with draughts. Several eminent Queen's Counsel had brought their own "refreshers."



"Bobbie" smiles.



A few practical Tips in "Whipping" from the Master of the Buckhounds.
(Sketch in Lobby.)

CAN'T BE BETTER THAN BEST.

MR. J. L. TOOLE is, as he always is, very droll, *cela va sans dire*, and seeing that a certain Mr. Price Puttlow, Chairman of the Great Southern Railway, appears as Mr. TOOLE in Mr. RALPH LUMLEY's comic play of *The Best Man*, it is only good logic to say that Mr. Price Puttlow aforesaid is as droll as Mr. J. L. TOOLE. The plot is not ill-contrived, though the author has scarcely used his own materials to the best possible advantage. As to the dialogue, it is decidedly not brilliant. One or two little bits, which are calculated to make the judicious grieve, ought to be operated upon by the excise officer at once. If I remember rightly they occur in the part of Mr. *Minch*, which is capitally played by Mr. GEORGE SHELTON. Granted Mr. TOOLE as the Best Man then is Miss BEATRICE LAMB the Best Woman in a part which certainly suggests Mrs. JOHN WOOD's peculiarities at every turn of it; but Miss LAMB is quite equal to the occasion. Miss ELIZA JOHNSTONE squeezes the regulation "chambermaid" and gets out of it all that was put into it. Miss ALICE KINGSLEY and Miss FORDYCE do all that can be done with two girls not strongly individualised, and Miss CORA POOLE makes a decided hit as a young lady who, through a considerable portion of the play, has lost her voice. Her pantomime might have been stronger, and the scenes in which this new edition of the "Dumb Belle" appears might have been comically developed with benefit to the piece. Mr. BILLINGTON in Brown Boots,—Brown-booted BILLINGTON,—is a fine specimen of the theatrical middle-aged, jovial, fiery, country-loving Baronet, a variation of the genus "peppery Colonel" character of old farce and venerable comedy. Mr. LOWNE is a gentlemanly and unobtrusive portrait-painter, "taking things very easel-ly" (as Mr. TOOLE, for a wonder, does *not* say), and Mr. COVENTRY gives capitally a bit of novel character as an untidy youth much in love. It is not a piece with great opportunities, but it will serve till Mr. J. L. TOOLE gets something better. THE B IN THE BOX.



Toole in several Pieces.

MORE PLEASANT THAN WELCOME.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know the British Farmer has a reputation for always grumbling. But for all that at last he has a real grievance. Nothing can be more intolerable than the present weather. The sun is shining brightly, the birds are singing their loudest, and the trees are covered with foliage. Nothing could be more unsatisfactory. How are we to live if this sort of thing goes on? It was bad enough last year, but it is worse this.

And yet when we are all asking for water there are certain misguided persons who go about exulting in what they call "this delightful weather." Delightful indeed! When we shall have no grass, no corn, no fruit, "no nothing." And here allow me to apologise for relapsing into the old-fashioned expressions of my half-educated father; but these dreadful times are enough to make one forget everything—even the style one acquired at a public school, with a university to follow. And this very training has proved a curse rather than a blessing. In the olden days my father never troubled himself about the why or the wherefore. If things were "uncommon bad," he expressed the sentiment in homely common-place. He did not trouble to polish his diction, and round off his sentences. He knew nothing about chemistry, and merely uttered a bucolic exclamation when anyone referred to scientific cultivation. He was better off than I am. Unfortunately I can appreciate cause and effect, and consequently regard the present disgusting sunshine with loathing, and the monotonous song of birds with a scowl that would not be unbecoming on the burnt-corked face of a transpontine theatrical villain.

But why am I writing to you? Why, indeed? It is in the feeble hope that the thoughtless and the frivolous who read these lines may remember that a smile in the presence of a farmer swearing at the sunshine is a cruelty, and a word of praise about the "delicious weather" a deadly insult. Yours truly,

GYLES DE GROGGYNS.

SUGGESTION FOR NEW REGISTRATION BILL.—"All Polls on one Day." Mark it in the Calendar as "All Polls' Day."

P.S.—My solitary satisfaction lies in the thought that the weather in this wonderful country is so changeable, that by the time these lines appear in print it may be snowing.

SPRING THOUGHTS.

(At the Sign of the "Trite 'Un.")

THERE is the pond that was frozen;
It is not frozen now!
And a nesting bird has chosen
To build on the bare, black bough,
The wintry bough that was black and bare
Before the leafage of Spring was there.

THERE is the roadway miry
Where rainy puddles lay
What time the cab-horse fiery
Splashed all my best array;
But the pools are dry, and the mire is dust,
And the horse is with the saints I trust.

AND there is an army of sweepers
Sweeping the ground so dry,
And the ways are filled with weepers
As the pillars of dust go by.
And each man speereth as best he can
For the mystical hydrostatic van.

ABOVE are the dark clouds mooring,
Laden with goodly rain,
And it seems that their freight down-pouring
Never can cease again.
And what is that rumble, heavy and slow?
Is it the foot of the thunder? No!
For the rain is tiring, in April's way, [play.
And the sparrows flock down to splash and
Forth of its prison, like frog long dried,
By water at length revived,
Shamed by the shower to play its part
Comes the long-lingering water-cart!

LOSING HIS TRAIN.



A DANGEROUS PRECEDENT.—Mr. GEORGE BROWN (Speaker's Train-bearer) quit the train while it is still in motion!

THE British Constitution? Yes,
A better's hard to find;

But is there really such a thing
When I have just resigned?

THE House, its Speaker gone, would sink
In ruin irretrievable;
And, docked of train, a Speaker seems
A being inconceivable.

So I'm the pivot of the State,
Its Atlas, if you will;
And all is Anarchy till they
My vacant office fill.

For thirty years I've duly dogged
A Speaker to his chair;
Though all that time I've borne the train,
The strain I cannot bear.

THE woes of Members, when compared
With mine, are faint and frail;
They only catch the Speaker's eye,
I had to catch his tail!

My first was Speaker DENISON,
My second Speaker BRAND;
And Mister PEEL's the last—not least—
Of my presiding band.

From morn to midnight were my hours—
(The dockyard hands get eight);
Oft in my clothes I've had to sleep—
(A fact I blush to state).

Yet still, in dreamland, I shall hear
The legislative drone,
And spectral robes for ever bear
Toward a phantom throne.



"FINDING SALVATION."

[Sir W. V. HARCOBERT and Sir EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C., wrote to The Only Other General (BOORN) congratulating him on his Jubilee.]

Henry, London 1894.

"FINDING SALVATION."

[In view of the approaching celebration of his "Jubilee," General BOOTH of the Salvation Army has received letters of warm congratulation and approval from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Sir EDWARD CLARKE, Q.C. The former said the General's work was "noble and successful," the latter declared it "altogether admirable."]

OH! Salvation WILHEMINA has donned the bonnet blue,
And Hallelujah EDDARD has joined the scarlet crew,
And there is loud rejoicing within the halls of BOOTH,
About the tambourining lass and drum-bedrugging youth,
For these have "found salvation" upon a larger plan,
Than gratified the worldly wit of CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

A Camp-Belle (on a biggish scale) is WILHEMINA now,
And EDDARD as a Banner-man, will take the cake I trow;
For WILHEMINA ever had a fine *flamboyant* style,
And EDDARD hath a prim-set mouth and true post-office smile.

Oh, hand her out the tambourine, the big drum strap upon
The shoulders wide of EDDARD. Both have "found sal-va-ti-on!"

There's a charm for WILHEMINA in a declamation windy,
And EDDARD is susceptible to the song of (holy) shindy.
That Puritanic bonnet fits the lass's lofty "forred,"
And Hallelujah EDDARD won't denounce red shirts as horrid!
Hurroo! The nattiest of bhoys, the bouncingest of girls,
Bethumps the biggest of big drums, the tambourine betwirls.

The Jubilee! The Jubilee! 'Tis coming! Sceptic malice
May mock that hanniversary all at the Crystal Pallis;
But Wirtuous WILHEMINA is no wicked worldly wag,
And 'Oly EDDARD loves to raise *this* species of red flag!
Oh, how the marshalled myriads will be sublimely stirred
When these two lead the Army Band upon July the Third!

One pictures WILHEMINA as she lifts her voice and states
How pious contributions swell *these* Army Estimates!
One dreams of 'Oly EDDARD, as with neat nutcracker jaw,
He tottles up the Profits, and likewise lays down the Law!
Sublime! And the Ridiculous can never (*can it?*) verge
Thereon—in scarlet sweaters, and in garments of blue serge!

Oh, Salvation WILHEMINA! Hallelujah EDDARD, oh!
Great is the histrionic BOOTH, mighty are Sound and Show!
Vociferous vulgarity, and nubibustic noise,
To Hallelujah Lasses and to Go-to-Glory Boys
Are not confined. No, secular seekers after fame and fun
In following the multitude have oft "found sal-va-ti-on!"

THE ART OF EXPLANATION.

(Extracts from the "Leader-writer's Manual.")

BYE-ELECTIONS (FOR CONSERVATIVE USE).

WHEN the Liberal wins by a decreased majority, this is a Radical Reduction which shows that the country is sick of a set of political poltroons, who only are enabled to keep office through the votes of a brigade of Irish Factionists.

Should the election result in the gain of a seat for the Conservative party, multiply the above by ten, interlard with peremptory demands for an immediate dissolution, and serve in leaded type and authoritative paragraphs.

If the Radical improves his position, the election was clearly not fought on Home Rule, but the Newcastle Programme was dangled before the eyes of a deluded Electorate, who nibbled the bait, and in swallowing the Newcastle jam, also swallowed the Irish pill. This is a mixture of metaphors, but it looks vigorous.

BYE-ELECTIONS (FOR LIBERAL USE).

Any Electoral mishap should be attributed to the influence of the Church and the Public House, about which some choice flowers of speech should be kept in stock—alliterative for choice. For instance, say that the Liberal Flowing Tide has been checked by the Tory Flowing Tied House.

Should the poll be favourable, insist strongly that the present Government is the most admirable and most enlightened which has ever controlled the destinies of the country. Lay special stress on the fact that a new era has commenced. Don't be deterred from saying this by the fact that you don't know what the old era was.

It's a useful thing at times to accuse the other side of intimidation. When you are challenged to give instances, say that the intimidattee (i.e., the person who was intimidated) would be ruined if you gave his name. It's not magnificent this, even if it is war, but it's quite safe.



WHAT DOES LITTLE BIRDIE SAY?

Uncle Charles. "IF WE COULD UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE OF BIRDS, TOMMY, WE SHOULD UNDERSTAND WHAT DICKY'S SAYING NOW."

Tommy (who's going back to School). "I THINK HE'S ASKING FOR A TIP, UNCLE CHARLES!"

Special note.—If it comes to the worst, blame the out voter. "The legitimate voice of the residents has been drowned by the imported votes of those whose only right to vote consists in this, that their names are on the voting list." A carping critic might call this bathos. But, notwithstanding, it's often capital journalism.

THE COLOUR OF COLLERY'S SUCCESSOR.

["The resignation of Mr. COLLERY, M.P., has not been acted upon, because neither the Dillon nor the Healy division of the Anti-Parnellite party can agree as to the complexion of the candidate who is to be selected to fill the vacant seat."—Standard.]

A STRANGE disagreement to stop an election!

They can't come to terms on a point of complexion.
If, his cheeks being fallow, he looks like an ill 'un,
Is he likely to please or displease Mr. DILLON?
Shall his colour be rich, shall his colour be mealy,
If he wants to find favour with TIMOTHY HEALY?
Of one thing I'm certain, whatever his hue,
Being kept in the cold he is bound to look blue;
And, when Irish meets Irish, and whack follows whack,
To the blue will be added a touch of the black.
Yet the true Irish colour, wherever I've been
(They swear by and wear it), was always the green.
Soon, soon may there come of the strife an annuller
To settle this Collieric quarrel on colour.

"ORANGE-PEEL."—Sir, I agree with the writer in the *St. James's Gazette* last Saturday, and I beg to second the proposal for a bill to do away with chucking orange-peel on the pavement. I'd be for excepting Ireland from the Act, and let there be as much orange-peel chucked about there as will upset the Ribbon-Nationalists.
Whoop! Yours, SAM PRFS.

AN "UP-TO-DATE" BALLET.

(As it impressed an Unsophisticated Spectator.)

WHEN a friend of mine, who is intimately connected with this periodical, heard that I was coming up to town, he urged me to send him an account of anything I might see at places of popular entertainment which appeared to me worthy of record. Why, I cannot think—for I am a quiet country person, and have led hitherto but a studious and secluded life. But when I raised this objection, he replied that there would be a value in the impressions of anyone who came to a performance with what he described as "a fresh eye." I think I may claim that both my eyes are tolerably fresh, and so I promised to let him have the benefit of my observations whenever an opportunity presented itself. It presented itself the other evening. I had been dining with a very dear old friend of mine. . . . (Description of friend and dinner omitted for want of space.—Ed.) and later in the evening, he proposed that we should drop into a place of amusement known as the "Empire," and see the "Up-to-Date Ballet" there. I was greatly struck on entering by the interior. . . . (Description omitted as superfluous.—Ed.) We found ourselves just in time to witness a species of optical illusion called "Living Pictures," which were indeed marvellously deceptive, some of the figures being so exquisitely painted that it was difficult to believe that they were not veritable flesh and blood. I could almost have sworn I saw one or two of them move. My companion—thinking, I fear, to take advantage of my inexperience—endeavoured to persuade me that they were actually alive but, Provincial as I am, I was rather too old a bird to be caught like that. Then there was some juggling by a gentleman called CINQUEVALLI. I took a great fancy to him—he was so modest and unpretending. He seemed surprised and almost apologetic when his feats succeeded, which they almost invariably did, as if he couldn't account for it, and had really had very little to do with it personally. But I did not like his attendant. He was a saturnine young man with a baleful eye, and it was easy to perceive that he had no belief in his employer, and expected each trick to fail, being malignantly disappointed when it didn't. I think he had discovered that they were accomplished by using specially constructed implements, and that Mr. CINQUEVALLI was obliged to bear with him for fear he should suddenly turn round and expose him. If I were a juggler myself, I should insist upon my attendant preserving at least an outward respect for me in public. I fear Mr. CINQUEVALLI is not quite firm enough with him.

But the crown of the entertainment was of course the Ballet, which was called—I don't know why—"The Girl I Left Behind Me." It began at Epsom on the Race-course, and young Harry Overdale, a nice curly-headed, smooth-faced boy, in a grey frock-coat and hat, who looked much too young and innocent to frequent such places, came in and explained by signs to the crowd of sportsmen, bookmakers, gipsies, and acrobats, that he had been betting, and lost all his money, which seemed to interest but not astonish them. They were still more interested when the villain, Gentleman Jack, came in, and taunted him with his ruin. The villain was plump: he had a high complexion, and a good deal of back hair; he wore a straw billycock hat, a cocoa-coloured suit, and chocolate riding-boots, and he carried a hunting-crop, which he showed Harry triumphantly, together with a slip of blue paper. Then Mary Mayrose, "in love with Harry," entered with her father, Colonel Mayrose, a stern, elderly military man, who forbade him—publicly, so that there should be no mistake about it—to have any further communication with his daughter, and took her reluctantly from her lover's arms. I have never been to the Derby myself, but I can readily believe that domestic scenes of this sort are not unusual between the races. After that, Harry and Gentleman Jack both had their fortunes told by the gipsies, and Harry went home, resolved on suicide. We next saw him in his chambers, which seemed to be mostly mantelpiece, preparing to blow his brains out with a pistol, but, on reflection, deciding to sleep over it. So he went to sleep on the floor, and had a singular dream. He dreamed he was in a lurid kind of cavern, with demons and fiends perched

about the walls, and a roof composed entirely of playing-cards. The *Spirit of Gambling* introduced him to a lady on a couch, and then poor Harry became so hopelessly involved in a ballet of Clubs, Hearts, Spades, and Diamonds, and was beginning to feel so awkward and in the way, that the *Demon of Vices* was compelled to come in and extricate him. Next he was tempted by a lady who pranced all round him in very short crimson skirts, conduct which, at first, only shocked and distressed him—and very properly too—but, gradually, he found himself observing her feet with interest, and admiring her agility more and more—until he was actually on the point of embracing her! Fortunately the *Genius of Honour and Courage* appeared just when all seemed lost, and directed his attention to Mary Mayrose, standing on a rock at the back. So he woke, with the fixed determination to go and enlist for a soldier, and his stout and faithful servant, on being informed of his intention, shook him by the hand, and insisted on enlisting too.

So they were both enlisted by a recruiting sergeant in front of the Horse Guards, and there was a painful interview between Harry and his mother, a melancholy lady in grey—the family colour—who intimated by a sort of stately springiness in her action, that he had broken her heart. After this, the proceedings were enlivened by the entrance of Miss Mayrose's maid, Nellie, a very comely young woman in a muslin cap, a pink frock, and black silk stockings—which last I cannot help mentioning because they were somewhat forced upon our notice in the course of an eccentric dance which she executed in the presence of a crowd, and with a disregard of appearances which I confess surprised me. I cannot think that a young lady with Miss Mayrose's evident sense of propriety would have approved of her maid's dancing wild breakdowns in broad daylight in so public a thoroughfare as Whitehall. I would rather believe that such an incident is exceptional, but I intend to go and have a look at the Horse Guards myself some morning and see what really goes on there.

Next we were shown a quay, with a troopship ready to start for Burmah. Gentleman Jack appeared in blue serge and a white yachting cap, swelling with successful villainy, though I failed to discover exactly what he had been about. But—like all real villains—he had a soft spot in his heart, and he could not restrain himself from pulling out a large brass locket containing a likeness of Miss Mayrose, and gazing at and kissing it passionately. Then Harry came on in his new uniform with his mother and sweetheart. He had joined a Highland regiment, which, by an odd coincidence, was going out to Burmah under the command of Colonel Mayrose. The villain tried to prevent him by showing the Colonel another slip of blue paper, which had just been brought in by a messenger boy—but his cunning plot failed, as the Colonel seemed unable to seize the drift of the paper, which he pooh-poohed altogether. Presently Harry's regiment marched in with flying colours, and turned out to be a set of as nice-looking young ladies as I ever remember to have beheld. I should have expected that poor Mrs. Overdale and Miss Mayrose would both have been pleased to know that their boy was drafted into such a nice regiment, but it did not seem to console them in the least. Perhaps they thought that—considering the vicissitudes of Indian warfare—he would be safer in action with more masculine comrades—but the young women (who, I daresay, were "Daughters in Revolt") drilled to absolute perfection, and did not seem particularly terrified by their own fire-arms.

We were then taken to an encampment by moonlight; Nellie, the lady's maid, had found her way to Burmah in the guise of a Hospital Sister, and danced—though with greater restraint, as became her new calling—in front of the Officers' tent. There was a night attack by three black men in turbans, and young Harry saved the regimental colours and his Colonel's life, for which his Commanding Officer, much to his surprise and confusion, insisted on shaking hands with him. But Gentleman Jack turned up in white linen, in pursuit of Mary Mayrose, who, it appeared, had not been left behind after all—(there wasn't any girl that I could find who had been—except the soldiers)—and was acting as an ambulance nurse. He forgot himself so far as to seize her, lay his hand on her mouth, and attempt to abduct her by force, just outside the very tent to which the old Colonel had retired with his arm in a sling—



"A Gentleman called Cinquevalli."

which was rash to the verge of indiscretion, for of course the gallant officer came out directly and caught him in the act! After that Colonel Mayrose could no longer maintain his objection to Harry as a son-in-law, and he and Mary were united, and Gentleman Jack, stroking his wrists and pointing to the ground, to express repentance, retired in discomfiture. Then the vanquished Burmese got up a magnificent *fête* in celebration of Harry's gallantry, and danced nimbly and gracefully, and waved gilded palm branches, while the Colonel pinned a medal on the young hero's breast. The Burmese seem a pleasant race, entirely free from malice or ill-feeling. They have wonderfully fair complexions, too, and are remarkably attractive in appearance. They wear costumes adapted to the climate. Altogether I liked the Burmese.

I have endeavoured to give a faithful account of the spectacle as I saw it, and I wish to state my conviction that these "Up-to-Date" Ballets serve an excellent purpose in presenting a true and realistic picture of contemporary life and manners. Except in respect to that dance in front of the Horse Guards. I cannot believe a real lady's maid—however up to date she might be—would have done that—at least with quite so much abandon. But of course I am not familiar with the ways of this great metropolis, and I may be quite wrong.

SIMON PUREFOX.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"I MAY be right or I may be wrong," quoth the Baron; "but, being in a sporting mood, I am prepared to back my opinion of the high merits of MARION CRAWFORD'S *Katherine Lauderdale* from the MACMILLAN stables, and I feel pretty confident that she will take a deal of beating by any other novel of her own size and weight." Excellent as are most of MARION CRAWFORD'S works by reason of their well-



sustained interest, their dramatic situations and their carefully-drawn characters, yet hitherto nearly all of them have been localised in Italy, and the *dramatis personæ* consist of types unfamiliar to the majority of English readers. But here, in the story of *Katherine Lauderdale* we are at home among our English-speaking American cousins, whose more or less English habits and manners our untravelling countrymen can understand. The story of *Katherine Lauderdale*, so far as MARION CRAWFORD has narrated it in these three volumes, is admirable in its simple pathos, its unforced humour, and, above all, in its truth to human nature. As ZOLA, in his terribly fascinating style, has given us the history of that fiendish

Rougon-Macquart family, so, as appears from the final chapter of this novel, MARION CRAWFORD intends telling us the story of those members of the *Lauderdale* family whose acquaintance we make while reading about *Katherine Lauderdale*. The novel is not yet ended, these three volumes are only an appetising instalment. The Baron has two faults to find, and one question to put. The first fault is, that most of the characters, especially the light-hearted and intentionally epigrammatic personages, talk at too great a length. The talk is good, but in real life these persons would be bores of the first magnitude. The second fault is the employment of so old a device as the detention of a letter. True that this familiar *modus operandi* is well done, and granted that the action may be consistent with the character of the man who is guilty of such meanness, though that this is so is not made absolutely clear. But, where all the other incidents of the complication are so naturally arranged, and where so much originality is shown in the combination, surely just another turn of the thinking machine would have provided the author with a newer device than this. Now comes the Baron's one question. When *Katherine Lauderdale* was secretly married to Jack Ralston, she came out of the Church with the wedding ring on her finger. The story does not say so, but we may take the fact for granted. Now, the last thing any true woman, on becoming a bride, would do, is to take off that ring. It is not mentioned that *Katherine* removed it. How does the author account for the ring having escaped everybody's notice, especially that of her mother and her married sister? Of course, if *Katherine* took it off soon after it was put on, there is the answer; but "'tis not in the bond," I cannot find it in the book, and, if it be there, would that action be consistent with *Katherine's* character? Mayhap, the author of her being, MARION CRAWFORD himself, will tell us "in his next." But long dialogue or short dialogue, incident probable or improbable, there is not a tedious page or paragraph in the three volumes, even when the author pauses to analyse the motives of the beings to whom he has given local habitation and name. At least, such is the opinion of the

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.



READY, AYE READY!

The New Parlour-Maid. "MISTRESS TOLD ME TO TELL YOU SHE WAS NOT AT HOME, SIR."

He. "OH—ER—REALLY! THEN TELL HER I DIDN'T CALL!"

MISTER BAILEY'S BOAST.

(A Song of the Conciliation Board.)

"Mr. BAILEY has repeated his complaints against Lord SHAND, but he still fails to grasp the difference between the duties of the Conciliation Board and the duties of the Chairman. . . . We trust Mr. BAILEY will soon calm down and get to business."—*Westminster Gazette.*

AIR—"Miss Bailey's Ghost."

A COVE at Hucknall Torkard turned the touchiest of Tartars; On a "Conciliation Board" he railed. Oh, stars and garters! He said his conscience smited him, and made him grumble daily; But 'twas his narsty temper what so worked on Mister BAILEY.

Oh, Mister BAILEY! Unfortunate Mister BAILEY!

Consarnin' of the Minimum Wage he got into a fever, Says he, "That SHAND's a clever man, but he's a sly deceiver!" He pounded on in platformese until his face blanched palely; He was a-fighting of a ghost, poor bitter Mister BAILEY.

Oh, Mister BAILEY! Unfortunate Mister BAILEY!

"Avaunt Conciliation SHAND!" he shrieked in accents squeally, But people thought the Chairman he had used most ungentlely, As a Conciliator Mister BAILEY acted frailly, And even Colliers couldn't all back up poor Mister BAILEY.

Oh, Mister BAILEY! Ill-tempered Mister BAILEY!

Oh boasting BAILEY your account with anger once for all close! Keep on your hair, and be your shirt tucked well within your small-clothes!

Conciliation needs good temper; then 'twill go on gaily. [BAILEY. And Labour as true friends will then remember SHAND—and Oh Mister BAILEY! Well-meaning Mister BAILEY!

AT THE LYCEUM.—On Saturday night *Faust-Terris* was revived by *Mephistopheles-Irving*. Miss ELLEN TERRY, as *Gretchen*, was more charmingly in-terry-esting than ever. *Faust* rejuvenated is evidently able to go in for a good run.



LOVE'S LABOUR LOST; OR, LAYING IT ON TOO THICK!

The Colonel. "THIS—A—VERY PASSIONATE LOVE-STORY IS EVIDENTLY WRITTEN BY A WOMAN I SHOULD SAY—AND A DOOSID UGLY ONE INTO THE BARGAIN!" *The Major.* "WHY? IS IT SO IMPROPER?"
The Colonel. "YES—BEASTLY! BUT NOT ONLY THAT, IT'S SO FULL OF ABJECT AND GROVELLING WORSHIP OF THE MALE SEX! IT POSITIVELY MAKES ME SICK! NO GOOD-LOOKING WOMAN EVER THINKS ABOUT US LIKE THAT!"

THE BLACK BABY.

MR. BULL loquitur:—

WELL, of all the doors for continual knocks,
 And of all the streets for unceasing riot,
 Mine are the worst! 'Tis a series of shocks,
 With no interval of quiet!

Why every post brings its budget of bills,
 And every knock means a bore, or a
 bundle;
 A crate or a case every corner fills,
 And the casks are ever a-trundle!

Flotsam and jetsam, waifs and strays,
 Foundlings and derelicts, tag-rag-and-
 bob-lot!

How they accumulate! One of these days
 I'll be selling them off as a job-lot!

Legitimate business is all very fine!
 But have I arrived at the "moony old
 Mug" age

That everyone fancies this warehouse of
 mine
 A home for the world's Lost Luggage?

Ran-ta-ra-rumble-rackety-BANG!
 Another knock, and by jingo a rouser!
 They expect me to answer—oh let 'em go
 hang!—

In the twitch of a tarry-brecks' trouser.

Hillo! What's this? Well, of all the cheek!
 Another brat, and this time a black 'un!
 I am getting now about one every week.
 It seems time the shower should slacken.

Uganda? Oh yes. I know that stock,
 Poor little helpless, neglected mortal!
 Well, I cannot forget the suggestive knock
 Poor PORTAL gave at my portal.

What will I do with you young un, hay?
 Can't leave you to perish, poor piecaninny!
 You'll cost me a pile ere I make you pay,
 That I'll bet my bank to a guinea.

"Goo-roo! goo-roo!" Oh there, that will
 do!
 Where are those chaps whom I gave a
 To deal with—well, black little devils like
 you?

No! 'tis BULL is pilgarlic and martyr.
 They're off by the special; the game didn't
 pay.

Presently they'll be demanding indemnity.
 You black little brat, do not stare in that way,
 With that air of appealing solemnity!

Prestige *oblige!* Well, of all I possess
 Prestige, I fear, comes the most expensive.
 But I *must* add this Black Baby, I guess,
 To a circle already extensive.

If I leave you here there'll be mischief afoot.
 My neighbours are watching with glances
 quite cursory;
 And so I suppose, you little black brute,
 I must—send you up to the nursery.

More Free than Welcome.

["Mr. T. FREMANTLE, the runner, of Eton College, called at our office yesterday, and informed us that there were only two 'e's' in his name, and not three as printed on the card of the L. A. C. sports."—*Sporting Paper.*]

MR. FREMANTLE, Sir, for the future your fame
 Shall save you from finding three "e's" in
 your name.
 Such statements of course a young runner
 displease,
 For the last thing he wants is superfluous ease.

THE POOR (PSEUDO-) OSTREO-PHAGIST TO HIS DOCTOR.

(Medical men have lately been disparaging oysters as articles of diet.)

A BAN on my bivalves? Oh doctor, what
 bosh!

Your veto is surely ironic.
 The Native not wholesome? Nay, that will
 not wash!

'Tis tender, and toothsome, and tonic.
 I speak from long knowledge; and not the
 whole College

Of sapient Physicians shall alter
 My views. But—bohoo!—there's a worser
 taboo,

And *that*—not *your* ban—makes me falter!
 I'd risk indigestion; but that's not the
 question.

I love, as I've always adored 'em.
 But (oh! it's a cozen!) at six bob a dozen,
 Confound it!—I cannot afford 'em!

PHYLLIS'S REPLY.

(To her Bow-Admirer.)

My charming bow—its other name is tie—
 You like you say. I'm very glad to know
 You think I acted sensibly to try
 My charming bow.

Before I pleased myself I had to go
 To quite ten shops. The price was very
 high.

It's worth the toil since you approve, although
 I own I *meant* that it should catch your
 eye.

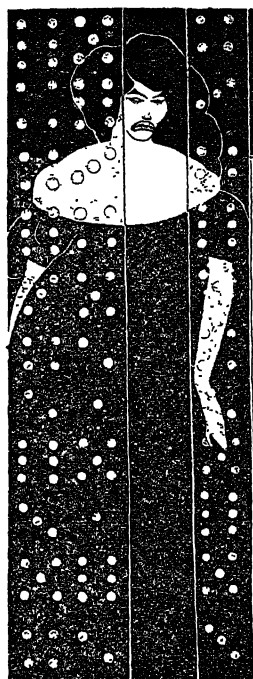
You call me "Sweetheart." In return I
 show
 My gratitude by greeting you as my—
 My charming beau!



THE BLACK BABY.

MR. BULL. "WHAT, ANOTHER!!—WELL, I SUPPOSE I MUST TAKE IT IN!!!"

ARS POSTERA.



"Venus Domina."

LET'S
A VENUE
POSTER!

MR. AUBREY BEER DE BEERS,
You're getting quite
a high renown;
Your Comedy of Leers,
you know,
Is posted all about the
town;
This sort of stuff I can-
not puff,
As Boston says, it
makes me "tired";
Your Japanee-Rossetti
girl
Is not a thing to be
desired.

MR. AUBREY BEER DE BEERS,
New English Art (ex-
cuse the chaff)
Is like the Newest Hu-
mour style,
It's not a thing at
which to laugh;

But all the same, you need not maim
A beauty reared on Nature's rules;
A simple maid *au naturel*
Is worth a dozen spotted ghouls.

MR. AUBREY BEER DE BEERS,
You put strange phantoms on our walls
If not so daring as *To-day's*,
Nor quite so Hardy as *St. Paul's*;
Her sidelong eyes, her giddy guise,—
Grande Dame Sans Merci she may be;
But there is that about her throat
Which I myself don't care to see.

MR. AUBREY BEER DE BEERS,
The Philistines across the way,
They say her lips—well, never mind
Precisely what it is they say;
But I have heard a drastic word
That scarce is fit for dainty ears;
But then their taste is not the kind
Of taste to flatter BEER DE BEERS.

Bless me, AUBREY BEER DE BEERS,
On fair Elysian lawns apart
BURD HELEN of the Trojan time
Smiles at the latest mode of Art;
Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
It's not important to be New;
New Art would better Nature's best,
But Nature knows a thing or two.

AUBREY, AUBREY BEER DE BEERS,
Are there no models at your gate,
Live, shapely, possible and clean?
Or won't they do to "decorate"?
Then by all means bestrew your scenes
With half the lotuses that blow,
Pothooks and fishing-lines and things,
But let the human woman go!

BEFORE SUPPER.

SLOW, dignified dancing, a decorous
sight,
Prevails before supper, when people are
cool;
The accurate Lancers, infallibly right,
The waltz, grave and stately—no play-
ing the fool,
As does TOOLE.

Then elderly charmers, still trusting to
chance
To bring them all partners, compla-
cently wait
For elegant gentlemen eager to dance—
Not TOOLES, rather IRVINGS, grand,
graceful, grave, great,
And sedate.

AFTER SUPPER.

WHEN supper is over frigidity goes,
Frivolity comes—now for playing the
fool!
In Lancers linked lines dart regardless of
toes,
In vigorous barn dance they caper, for
who'll

Now be cool?

The sad, weary wallflowers watch with
dazed eyes
Such dancing as they have, no doubt,
never done.
What matter if they should evince some
surprise?
When supper is over the best of the
fun
Has begun.

"O SWALLOW, SWALLOW!"

THE Boa at the Zoo, as *Punch* sang long ago,
"A Speckled Enthusiast," bolted a blanket,
And died of dyspepsia. Now you must know
An Adelaide Boa has just made a banquet
(That's INGOLDSBY'S rhyme!) of a huge railway rug,
And yet has survived. Here's your health, brave Constrictor!
Society though, would be cheery and snug,
And mirth over boredom and dullness be victor,
The Dinner were gay, and the Drawing Room glad,
Stupidity cease for a season to "crank" it,
The dullard play Kilkenny Cat to the "fad,"
If each (social) bore would but bolt a (wet) blanket!

THE LITIGANT IN PERSON.

DEAR SIR,—I have often in the communications which you are good enough to insert in your pages, and which there are read throughout your kingdom—the wide, wide world—I have often referred to the fact that legal business is bad. The depression in trade is responsible, no doubt, for a good deal. Litigation is an expensive luxury, and a reduced income leads its owner to use bad words, and indulge in fewer actions. Lawsuits are among the first articles of which a man divests himself. Still, bad trade is not responsible for everything. The law's delay is another cause, and I know of many others. Of one I should like to express myself in terms which I am sure you wouldn't print. So as to save you the pain which I am confident you would feel at using the blue pencil, I will restrain myself, and merely sum up what I mean by saying that when a litigant becomes personal he (or she) becomes offensive.

The litigant in person is, in my opinion, one of the reasons why we men at the Bar are having hard times. It is obvious at once that every one of this class of wretched creatures means that we have been defrauded of at least one brief, probably very many more. Appearing in person seems attractive very often to ladies. I even recollect one case within my own knowledge where a lady conducted her own case against a formidable array of counsel, which included two leading silks. She did it, I am bound to say, extremely well, and it was decidedly inspiring to hear the lady—who had considerable personal attractions—referring to an eminent Q.C. as "my learned friend." She was, however, an exception. Speaking generally, personal litigants take guineas out of our pockets, conduct their own case in the worst possible way, spoil the tempers of our sweetest-mannered Judges (thereby making miserable the countless

counsel, who feel the effect of the spoilt temper), and by disarranging and delaying the business of the Court bring the law into contempt.

As to what can be done, I confess I have no remedy. I should like to think that this exposure would have some effect, for in that case a grateful profession and a benefited public would not fail to give the credit, at least in part, to

102, Temple Gardens, E.C.

L. ERNED COUNSEL.

TO SIR TOBY.

(As played by Mr. James Lewis, in the 100th performance of "Twelfth Night" at Daly's, April 19.)

"Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"—Sir Toby.

HERE'S to you, Sir Toby, uproarious old toper!
In *punch*, like true Britons, your health we'll propose,
Since *Toby* and *Punch* to each milkop and moper
And upstart-Malholio for long have been foes!

You're three hundred years old, but yet jolly and frisky;
Still silyly you joke with a reprobate tongue!
Though born ere the age of split sodas and whiskey,
You noisy old boy, you're eternally young.

Most potent, irreverend senior and songster,
What think you of England and us of to-day,
Of "movements" and "questions" that our petty throng stir,
Of Anarchy, Woman, and bards of Decay?

Nay, I hear you dismiss such "kickshaws" with a hiccup—
You date from the rollicking times of Queen BESS!
Your motto profound's "Tillivally, and snick up!"
(The meaning I'll leave the kind reader to guess.)

Still may you delight us with "rousing the night-owl,"
Extracting with catches "a weaver's three souls!"
Long may you "do that," though Blue-Ribbonites might howl
At such Bacchanalian, roystering rôles!

SPORTING NOTE.—It is reported that a forthcoming volume of the Badminton Library will be *Dancing*. Decidedly interesting to have this invigorating amusement recognised as a sport. One chapter, no doubt, will be "Sitting-Out," whilst we hope a kind word will be inserted for Chaperones.



SCENE—A Study.

Clergyman (who has been arranging for the Wedding of a Labourer in his parish). "AND NOW, MIND YOU ARE CLEAN AND TIDY ON THE EVENTFUL DAY. I SHOULD NOT LIKE YOU TO MEET YOUR BRIDE IN THE CONDITION YOU NOW ARE."

Son of Toil (smiling grimly). "AW WISH YER SAW HUR!"

A CALL FROM ARMS.

(Extracted from the Note-Book of our Prophet Reporter.)

THE first meeting of the nations summoned by the Arbitration League was numerously attended, and as equality was to be the first consideration, it was unanimously agreed that the proceedings should be carried on without the assistance of a chairman.

JOHN BULL, as the originator of the movement, was the first speaker. He said there was no doubt that a very large sum was expended upon armaments. If the money that was paid away upon guns and ammunition

could be used for other purposes there was no doubt that the expenditure would be of far greater practical utility to the people it was his pride and honour to represent.

MADAME LA REPUBLIQUE cordially endorsed the sentiments of her Western neighbour. She was fond of thrift herself, and believed that war was an unmixed evil. It would be so much better to save the millions of pounds expended upon soldiers and sailors. What would they want with armed men if everyone consented to live in peace and give up quarrelling? By all means abolish standing armies, and avoid the cost. It would be so much wiser to save than to squander.

The German EMPEROR (who insisted upon appearing in person) was of the same opinion. He was very fond of soldiering, but no fonder of that employment than of any other. He believed he would be just as happy stage-managing, or preaching, or teaching his entire people everything. He had reasons for believing that the military service in the Fatherland was a drain upon the country. This was not only injurious to the Teutonic race in general, but (what was of far greater importance) to the Hohenzollern family in particular. By all means let the nations disarm. It was a most admirable idea. However, he did not think that a universal and simultaneous disarmament would be possible. He for one would decline to lay down his arms before Madame LA REPUBLIQUE had set him the example.

The meeting was then addressed by representatives of Russia, Austria, Italy, Turkey, and even Spain. After a very long discussion, JOHN BULL said that he was nothing if not practical. The first thing to be done was to disarm, as suggested by his young friend the German EMPEROR. But who should begin? He begged to move that a decision be arrived at as early as possible.

The subject was still under consideration when our report left, and an immediate settlement seemed highly improbable.

BALLADE OF THE EIGHTS.

(For those about to Train or in Training for "the College Eight.")

THE burden of hard training—eat away
Each morning at thy porridge and thy steak,
Cram down thy buttered-eggs and whiting—yea,
Of marmalade unsparingly partake;
Of port—a little, for thy stomach's sake
At night to wake thy strength and manly fire;
Put from thee pipes and WILLS his Golden Flake.
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of long journeys—when the coach
Runs on the bank with loud and wrathful cries,
And heaps thy head with heavy, hard reproach,
Praying that Fate may overtake thine eyes
To their complete destruction, in this wise:
"Bow! when you finish, bring those hands up higher,
And as you're swinging" (language) "let them rise."
This is the end of every man's desire.

The burden of much bumping—when the swing
Grows shorter than the swing of heretofore,
A burden without joy in quickening
Thy stroke from thirty-seven to two-score,
When those thou scornedst paddle on before,
And those thou mockedst at come nigh and nigher,
And courses reach thee from the farther shore.
This is the end of every man's desire.

But when thy toil is over, take thy rest;
And if thou hast a sweet and juicy briar,
Light it, and cease from sadness, being blessed.

This is the end of every man's desire.

NEW CLUB.—It is reported that "The Souls" have ceased to exist. They will be replaced by "The No Bodies." The number of members will be unlimited.

THE BOOK MANIAC'S
VADE MECUM.

Question. I suppose you believe yourself to be a supporter of literature?

Answer. Distinctly. I spend enormous sums for books at one tithe of their existing value.

Q. Are volumes without their covers of any use?

A. It depends entirely upon the date of their publication. Some works are more valuable than others when they appear in their early paper leaves.

Q. And yet a common cloth shield may make an enormous difference in the price of a book published in the earlier decades of the century?

A. Assuredly.

Q. As a collector, would you desire the pages to be in perfect condition?

A. Certainly; and I should esteem it a great advantage if they were uncut.

Q. If there were a mistake in the setting up of the type, would you count that as a flaw?

A. No. On the contrary, if the error were subsequently corrected, I should deem the misprint a great find, and one to be highly valued.

Q. You say that you would like the pages to be uncut; would not that cause the reading of a book to be difficult, if not impossible?

A. Certainly; but that would be no disadvantage.

Q. Then you do not peruse the works you purchase?

A. Why, of course not; I only desire to possess them.

"DARBY AND JOAN;" OR, THE HAPPY "PAIR."

["MR. GLADSTONE was paired for the evening with Mr. VILLIERS, 'The Father of the House,'—"Times," April 10.]



Grand Old Joan chirpeth cheerily:—

DARBY, dear, we are old and grey,
Sixty years since *our* opening day.

Ins and outs are for every one,
As the years roll on!

DARBY, dear, we had fallen awry;
(We differed on Home Rule, did you and I)

Ah! lad, though it pained us then,
Here we are, happy, and paired again!

Always true game, DARBY my own,
Always true game lad, and so's your JOAN!

DARBY, dear, we're a Grand Old Pair!
Are there the likes of us anywhere?

Now we've retired (as perhaps is best),
And we seek for rest!

DARBY, dear, all our elder band
Have shew'd the way to the better land.

Ah, lad! though we feel no fear,
Life gets dimmer and Heaven more near.

To the last though you're game,
DARBY, my own,

Game to the last, lad, and so's your JOAN!

AWFUL CONFESSION OF REGICIDE.—Mrs. R.'s nephew read aloud from the *Westminster Gazette* of last Thursday "S. F. COLTBY" writes, "I have killed sixty queens between March 29 and April 3." But Mrs. R. would not hear any more. She threw up her hands in horror. "But," she interrupted vehemently, "where were the police?" It was quite a quarter of an hour before the good lady could be made to understand that the queens in question were "Queen Wasps." Then she was pleased!!

MAN AND BEAST.—From a recent case it would appear that lions and other "wild fowl" are unprotected by the law against cruelty because they are not "domesticated" animals. If so, the Law in this case is indeed "a huss," a veritable "Bully Bottom." If the lion is not to be "protected" against man, it seems only fair that man should not be protected against the lion. Let lion and man be left to settle it, with Nature's weapons, out in the open, and probably the "domesticated beast" would be the first to howl for "protection."

BY AN ANGLO-PARISIAN INQUIRER.—Where would the Emperor of RUSSIA naturally take up his residence on visiting Paris? Why, of course, "à l'École des Beaux Czaars!!"

"SHALL Laymen be admitted to the Pulpit?" Ahem—well, how many at a time?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 9.—SQUIRE of MALWOOD in excellent form to-night. All the morning papers aflame with apprehension. Ministerial crisis imminent. Government proposed to take the time private Members had laboriously won at the ballot. Private Members naturally resented the flat burglary. Now's the opportunity for Opposition to strike in and bowl over Ministry. The Parnellites have broken away; the Nationalists no longer come up to time; the Liberal private Members in state of revolt; days of the Ministry surely numbered.

House crowded to fullest capacity, in anticipation of critical division. Must be anxious moments on Treasury Bench. Within next eight hours Government's fate settled. There may be other evictions to consider beyond those that concern the Irish tenant. A great occasion; much depended upon whether the SQUIRE would rise to it. He did better still. He (apparently) fell far below it. Temptation for ordinary man in such circumstances to raise the war-whoop; take up with grand air the challenge thrown down; make a speech that should animate friends, irritate foes, fill the thronged House with exhilarating thunder of cheers and counter cheers. SQUIRE not an ordinary man. Proved himself a great artist. Successfully affected to be wholly unconscious of any condition approaching crisis. Nothing more common-place than the situation. It was the 9th of April. At least no one could deny that. According to present arrangements Ministers had eight nights a month in which to carry on business of the nation. Supposing House sat till 10th of August, that would be thirty-two days.

There was a movement in the quarter behind the Front Opposition Bench which Mr. MELLOR cannot see. Hon. gentlemen sitting

there would like to have denied the SQUIRE's assumption that four eights are thirty-two. But it couldn't be done. Even if it were possible, who so stony-hearted as to be disposed to utter note of contradiction addressed to big meek figure standing at table, hoping it did not intrude, but, being there, cooing little nothings, none much in itself, but the procession irresistibly leading up to the conclusion that the House would gracefully yield to necessity and give up to the Government what was meant for private Members.

PRINCE ARTHUR visibly affected. Had come down prepared to fight; was disarmed as he entered the lists. To strike at the figure now modestly seated on Treasury Bench, withdrawing itself as far as possible from public gaze under the compression of folded arms, would be like hitting a woman. PRINCE ARTHUR couldn't do it. JOSEPH less susceptible; when his time came girded at the SQUIRE and the Ministry. But he was evidently out of tune with the general feeling. His asperities found no echo save in the jeering cries of the Members opposite mad with delight when once, losing his way under unwonted circumstances of his reception, the SPEAKER called him to order. One by one the private Members whose ewe lamb had been taken, kissed the hand stretched forth to rob them. Only two Parnellites, including the Leader, showed up, and when division bell rang they shrank from voting against the Government. So the black thundercloud melted away and the sun shone on the SQUIRE's pathway.

Business done.—Ministers demand and receive Vote of Confidence. Moreover than which they get Tuesdays, and Friday mornings for rest of Session.

Tuesday.—FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY had a clear offing in Peers' Gallery to-night. He might, indeed, have cruised about without fear of collision in Distinguished Strangers' Gallery, in the upper reaches of the Strangers' Gallery, and even in the bay below, last night densely crowded with craft. The place almost empty;

ARNOLD-FORSTER's voice sounded through it with curious echo. "I—I—I" as he spoke reverberated under the Gallery, behind the SPEAKER's empty chair, along the gangways, over the Gallery, and, happily, out by the ventilator with other vitiated particles of atmosphere.

Agnes ago GRANDOLPH fell upon SOLATER-BOOTH with savagely-spoken declaration that he had ever observed that mediocrities were apt to furnish themselves with double-barrelled names. A pretty remark, as was felt at the time, to fall from the lips of a SPENCER-CHURCHILL. In case of Member for Belfast the accident of double-barrelled name is appropriate and explicable for quite other reasons than those alleged in case of a gentleman who, as speedily as possible, lost his obnoxious appellation in the title of a Peerage.

"Listening to him on any subject," says the Member for Sark, "more especially the Navy, one instinctively feels that anything short of a double-barrelled name would be ludicrously out of proportion with ARNOLD-FORSTER's personality. He could not support all he knows on monosyllabic, or even bisyllabic name, such as GLADSTONE or HARCOURT or BALFOUR."

It is the Navy to-night; Shipbuilding Vote under discussion; millions of money involved; safety of Empire at stake; audience varies between a dozen and thirty; at no time during sitting a quorum present. If Secretary of Admiralty had come under suspicion of purloining piece of old rope, or been unable to account for disappearance of a canvas bag—contingencies, it need hardly be said, utterly remote from possibility of association with KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH's blameless life and almost clerical purity of facial expression—House would have been crowded to the doors. As it was only the British Navy at stake, Members paired in the mass; went off, leaving the captains and admirals, secretaries and ex-secretaries, to read papers to each other, the First Lord, sitting up aloft in the Gallery to watch over poor Jack, blushing like a cherub when ARNOLD-FORSTER graciously expressed modified satisfaction with the shipbuilding programme of the Admiralty. Which it seems was, in the main, not SPENCER's, but ARNOLD-FORSTER's.

Business done.—Several papers round Navy Estimates read to empty benches.

Thursday.—Since WHITEHEAD left the Mansion House has never been so astonished in his life as he was just now. MUNDELLA had moved for leave to introduce Railway Rates Bill. That a subject WHITEHEAD has marked for his own. Was leading member of Select Committee which sat last year. Acted as the honoured representative of agricultural and other trading interests. Labours of Select Committee having resulted in Bill, House and country would naturally look for a few words from WHITEHEAD. Should

not be disappointed. Prepared one of those felicitous little addresses which to this day remain tradition of his brilliant year of office at Mansion House.

WHITEHEAD nothing if not good-natured. MUNDELLA, sitting below him, probably anxious at interruption, which might threaten or delay his measure, should be at once reassured.

"Mr. SPEAKER, Sir," said the ex-Lord Mayor of London; "I offer no opposition to this Bill. On the contrary—"

SPEAKER interposed. With blandest air explained that if Sir JAMES did not rise to offer opposition he was out of Court. "I am bound," said the SPEAKER, "at this stage to hear speeches against the Bill, not to listen to any in favour of it."

For a moment old instincts of Lord Mayor prevailed. WHITEHEAD, with lips parted by unfinished sentence, remained on his feet confronting SPEAKER. Would he call on his sword-bearer, his mace-bearer, and eke his chaplain to come forward, carry forth the right hon. gentleman, and bring him up at the Mansion House? Possibly had he been still in office he might, in the circumstances, have felt justified in adopting that extreme but constitutional course. But long ago he stepped down from the Civic throne. He had no longer at beck and call sword-bearer or mace-bearer, and had to share the common ministrations of a chaplain. In circumstances, especially as angry cries of "Order!" were rising round him, he sat down, ruefully pocketing the notes of his speech.

"Ah!" said CAPTAIN TOMMY BOWLES, always ready to point a moral; "that comes of agreeing with people. Now, if I'd got up to speak on MUNDELLA's Bill it would have been to oppose it, and the House would have been obliged to stand by till I'd paid out all the coil." *Business done.*—Votes on Navy Estimates.

Friday.—Morning sitting in order that Registration Bill might be brought in. SQUIRE proposes and Major RASCH disposes. Gentlemen behind the Front Opposition Bench got up a pleasant surprise for Leader of House. At moment MORLEY should have come on RASCH stepped in; moved adjournment in order to discuss as urgent public question Ministers' neglect of interests of agriculture. Over three score Members gave necessary support, and RASCH reeled off his speech, followed by WALTER LONG and CHAPLIN. JESSE COLLINGS, in JOSEPH's seat opposite, busy making notes. Half-a-dozen of the real friends of HODGE in other parts of House similarly engaged; evidently going to make afternoon of it.

Then SQUIRE had his little surprise. Moved the Closure. SPEAKER not only accepted it, but uttered solemn words of warning upon the practice of obstructing public business just honoured by RASCH. "An hour and a half lost, but something gained," said the SQUIRE cheerfully. "I think we may strike a balance."

Business done.—Registration Bill introduced.

THE BUDGET WASTE-PAPER BASKET.

(Imaginary Samples of Possible Contents.)

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—Now that you are busily employed in preparing your Budget, I think 't the duty of everyone—inclusive, of course, of members of my sex—to send you suggestions. Although I could have married over and over again, had I pleased, I have preferred to remain single. Still, I know that many of my dear female friends have never received a single proposal. No, my dear Sir WILLIAM, not one. It is in their aid that I make the following suggestions:—

1. Let every Club with a subscription of two guineas and upwards be taxed at the rate of eighteen shillings in the pound.
2. Let every man attaining the age of five-and-twenty be asked if he proposes to marry, and then, if he does not, let four-fifths of his income be annexed for the use of the State.
3. Let a ten shilling duty be imposed upon Manilla cheroots, and a *pro rata* duty upon cigars of a yet more expensive quality.

There, my dear Sir WILLIAM, if you take these hints, I am sure you will not only get a satisfactory revenue, but please the ladies. And what more can you want?

Yours gushingly,
A MAIDEN WELL OUT OF HER TEENS.

RIGHT HON. SIR,—For the last five years I have been staying in retreat at Hanwell, attempting to solve the great problem of how to make both ends meet with a rising expenditure and a falling

revenue. You follow me, Right Hon. Sir? With a rising expenditure and a falling revenue! Now it seems to me, Right Hon. Sir, if you take the Death Duties, multiply them by ten, and then think of a number, you must get within reasonable distance of a surplus—say that of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY. But failing this, why not trust to the Income Tax. Why not remit as much of this impost as will serve for a lever, and then put the remainder on to the winter favourite for the Derby? I merely throw this out as a suggestion, with a right of pre-emption vested in the Beadle of the Burlington Arcade. And now to breakfast with what appetite ye may!—Yours to the last drop,

THE EMPEROR OF CHINA, DISGUISED AS
BALBUS, WHO BUILT A WALL.

DEAR SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT,—I don't know you, and you don't know me. But my father often talks of you and says how well you are. I daresay he's right. From what he says it seems you are framing a Budget. Well, frame away, I don't mind. But if you want a real tip you take my advice. Tax all the schools. They are not a bit of good, and a serious nuisance to men of talent until they reach the age of fifteen and upwards.

Your affectionate little friend, JONES MINOR.

MY DEAR SIR,—You will have come to me in the long run. You may have a free breakfast table, a free luncheon bar, a free everything, but they won't help you. Take my advice and stick to the income tax, and for final advice rely on

Yours truly, A SHILLING IN THE POUND.



"He (Mr. BALFOUR) was not endowed by Nature with the qualities that made him enjoy a sea voyage."
—Speech in House of Commons, Monday, April 9th.

ON FAUST.

SIR,—Putting aside the admirable acting of HENRY IRVING as *Mephistopheles*, of ELLEN TERRY as *Margaret*, and of Mr. TERRISS as *Faust*, and dismissing from our minds any particular representation of the play, what a “queer story” (apologising to the proprietor of *Truth* for using this title) is this same tale of *Faust and Margaret*? Is *Mephistopheles* the “very devil incarnate,” or is he a subordinate fiend? If he is the devil himself, why all this trouble to catch one soul, to the apparent neglect of business all over the world? Is *Faust* so big a fish as to warrant his monopolising the entire attention of *Mephistopheles*?

Mephistopheles is a Cretan of Cretans. When can you believe him? When he pledges his word to the bond that *Faust* signs, or when, as in GOETHE'S dramatic poem, he says, “*Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I'll cloud the senses of the warder,—do thou possess thyself of the keys, and lead her forth with human hand. I will keep watch! The magic steeds are waiting, I bear thee off. Thus much is in my power!*” But surely so much was almost in the power of any artful human being, provided always that the gaolers would yield to the temptation of drink (with a soporific admixture in it), or could be otherwise “got at” with a bribe.

The compact entered into between Dr. Henry Faustus on the one part, and *Mephistopheles* on the other, is in these terms, dictated by the Doctor himself:—

If ever to the passing hour I say,
“So beautiful thou art, I thy flight delay!”

Then round my soul thy fetters throw;
Then to perdition let me go!

But what happens? At the supreme moment when *Margaret* yields herself to *Faust*, *Mephistopheles* is off duty! Then has the

moment specified in the contract arrived, then and not afterwards, both delinquents willingly sinning. and *Faust* appreciating the present moment to the very uttermost. Then, according to the bond, should *Mephistopheles* have stepped in. He could have captured both fish at one haul.



Betting *Mephistopheles*; or, The Magic Ring-Man.

Mephistopheles with several “Monkeys” on in the Kitchenswitchen Scene.

painful, especially without GOUNOD'S music, which in the Opera covers a multitude of sins.

And there's this peculiarity about *Mephistopheles*, namely, that, as a personality, he is always and everywhere undoubtedly popular with the entire audience. Yet if he were on the Adelphi stage, a human villain, actually seen committing murder, caught as it were on the stage red-handed, and aiding and abetting a variety of other crimes, including the utter ruin of a young and lovely heroine, and all the time cynically jesting about his victims, would he not, while admired for his art, be called before the curtain only to be howled at and execrated for his enormities? Certainly. But why is this not the fate of *Mephistopheles*? That it is not so is evident. The Fiend is popular. There is “no denying of it, BETSY.” The Fiend is absolutely laughed at as an absurd creation of a satirical dramatist. I suppose if he were not laughed at the drama of *Faust* would be too

A STUDENT OF GOETHENBURG.

ABOUT A DAUGHTER OF OPS.

[“Mrs. BERNARD BEERE resting. All business communications, &c.”
Daily Telegraph, April 17.]

DOth extra tax on spirits make them dear?
Do many wine at extra tax on beer?
“Let beer alone,” say they; and this *affiche*
Suggests the consummation of their wish.
For “BEERE is resting!” All are glad to hear
That “resting” has the best effect on beer.
Great hops for BEERE, although her strength's relaxed.
Gin, stout, rum, porter may
Afford the tax to pay,—
Let this BEERE rest, who has been overtaxed.

MRS. R. SHOCKED.—Her nephew was reading aloud from the *Daily Telegraph* the correspondent's account of the “goings-on” before the Royal Wedding. “Before the dew began to dry,” he read, “Princess VICTORIA, with her brother and sisters,”—(“How nice!” interrupted Mrs. R. “Go on, dear!”)—“had started for a ride.”—(“Charming!” ejaculated our loyal friend.)—“attended by the Master of the Horse, Baron VON STARCK.”—“Good gracious!” almost shrieked Mrs. R. “Don't pronounce the other word! I'd rather not hear it! I am not up in the fashion of foreign countries, but surely the correspondent might have described him as ‘Baron Vox in his undress uniform.’ But ‘stark’—oh no, no!” When it was gradually explained to her she calmed down, but stuck to it that “nobody ought to be allowed to have such a name; and surely his godfathers and godmothers might have got it changed for him. Don't folks often change their name for property?” At this moment a thought suddenly seemed to flash across her mind, and, after a pause, she observed, “But then I am not a Baroness, which makes all the difference.”

MRS. MORE-OR-LESSINGHAM.

THE acting in the play called *Mrs. Lessingham*, at the Garrick Theatre, is, on the whole, about as good as acting can be. Of course it happens unfortunately for this particular drama that *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* came first, and so rather belittled *Mrs. Lessingham*, and made her *Mrs. Less-and-Lessingham*. As for the scenery, the picture of The High Moor near Castle Glen is certainly one of the finest and most striking examples of scenic art, that is of genuine artistic scene painting, at present to be seen on any London stage. For a long time it will be indeed very hard to beat, and Mr. W. HARTFORD is to be heartily congratulated on a real triumph. The dramatic scenes as they stand apart are good though not great; but, unfortunately, the foundation of the piece crumbles away at the first touch of critical analysis. It is said that *Money* is to be immediately revived with a very strong cast, which is to include the BANCROFTS. If there is little interest in *Mrs. Lessingham*, there ought to be a high rate of interest for *Money*. It is in rehearsal; so 'tis not as yet “ready *Money*.” Good omen. Success in view, and “Here we Hare again!” say Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT.

Abolition of the Upper House.

Conservative.

You'd see without the Lords so gay
St. Stephen's dull and cheerless.

Radical.

Oh, no! for when arrives that day
Parliament will be peerless.

SPORTING TERM, BUT RATHER CONTRADICTION.—“A Jumping Fixture.”



DONNA QUIXOTE.

["A world of disorderly notions picked out of books, crowded into his (her) imagination."—*Don Quixote*.]

DONNA QUIXOTE.

THE dreamy Don who to the goatherds told
Long-winded legends of the Age of Gold,
Finds a fair rival in our later days;
The newest Chivalry brings the newest Craze.
Dear Donna QUIXOTE—and the sex is dear,
Even when querulous, or quaint, or queer—
Dear Donna, like La Mancha's moonstruck
knight,
Whose fancy shaped the foes he burned to
fight,
Mere book-bred phantoms you for facts mis-
take;
Your *Wanderjahr* will vanish when you—
wake!

Yes, there you sit surrounded by wild hosts
Of warring wonders which indeed are
"Ghosts";
"Doll's-House" delirium sets your nerves
a-thrill,
"Dodo" hysteria misdirects your will;
You yearn—indefinitely—to Advance!
You shake your lifted latch-key like a lance!
And shout, "In spite of babies, bonnets, tea,
Creation's heir, I must, I will be—Free!"

Morbid conceptions born of books ferment
In brains a-burn with febrile discontent!
So the dear Don, with dream-disordered head,
His fancy fired with all that he had read—
Enchantments, contests, challenges, and
scars—
Found rustic Arragon a world of wars,
Windmills fierce foes, and e'en domestic sheep
Destructive demons.

Donna, could you keep
That trim-coiled "hair on"—pray forgive
the slang!—

You do in *Dodo*!—let the fads go hang,
And "realise yourself" in natural sort,
For churls and cynics you should make less
sport.

These shapes are things of mirage and the
mist,

Gendered by genius with a mental twist;
By male hysteria, Amazonian sham,
And the smart world's great *Fin de Siècle*
flam!

See Mrs. Cerberus in your cloudy vision,
Keeping the portals of that Home Elysian
Which cranks now call a Hades! Home,
sweet home?

Nay, 'tis a gaol to those who long to roam,
Unchaperoned, emancipate, and free,
With the large Liberty of the Latch-key!
Materfamilias and the chaperon grim,
Of watchful eye, firm mouth, and triple chin,
Are Mrs. GRUNDY's brace of stout supporters,
Three-headed guard of our Revolting
Daughters!

You, Donna QUIXOTE, to this ward—or
these—

Would but too gladly play the Hercules,
Urged by the CAIRDS, and CRACKANTHORPES,
and GRANDS!

These demon-weavers of domestic bands,
Who've snared the Daughter of the Day, and
bound her,
As the bard sings, with dark Styx nine times
round her,

Do not exist, dear Donna, save in dreams,
Like QUIXOTE's Caraculambo! Gleams
Of common sense and glorious hope illumine
(As dawn's first rosy streaks break night's
black gloom)

The sex's future. The dull despot, man,
Backed by the bondage of the social plan,
Shall not for ever unrestricted sway.
But Donna dear, not by the masher's way,
Or MILL's or the sham Amazons, or CAIRD's
Or HEDDA GABLER's; not through cranks ill-
paired,
Or franchise, or the female volunteers,
EGERTON's phantasies or DODO's jeers,



ACCOMMODATING.

Jones, "HUL-LO, HANDLEY, OLD BOY! HAVEN'T SEEN YOU FOR AN AGE. COME ALONG
AND HAVE A DRINK!"

Total Stranger (turning round). "UNFORTUNATELY I'M NOT HANDLEY, BUT—ER—" (wist-
fully)—"MIGHT I HAVE HIS DRINK?"

Shall come the true emancipation. No!
The Heavenly Twins, or *A Grey Eye* or
So,
The Yellow Aster—or the *Yellow Book*,
Latch-keys or key-notes; all the "thrills"
that shook

The Master-builder's minx, or moved a soul
Midway between a maniac and a troll;
Music-hall freedom, laxity in love,
Affinities that range all rites above;
Soul-swell that outgrows marriage, as a
plant

Its pot-bound limitations—all the cant
Of culture's cranks, and extra-ethic dolts,
Whose fetish is the Gospel of Revolts,—
Not these shall shed one single lustrous ray
Of light divine upon the bitter way,

Or help with human melody their songs
Who'd "ride abroad redressing woman's
wrongs."

Therefore, dear Donna QUIXOTE, be not
stupid, [Cupid,
Fight not, with Hymen, and war not with
Run not amuck 'gainst Mother Nature's plan,
Nor make a monster of your mate, poor Man,
Or like La Mancha's cracked, though noble,
knight,
You'll find blank failure in mistaken fight.

THE most popular "Clubs and Cliques" of
the present day undoubtedly are the "Golf
Clubs and Cleeks."

AN EVENING WITH A THOUGHT-READER.

The Scene is an Upper Hall in the Suburban Assembly Rooms in which Mr. COLIN MAILLARD is about to give an exhibition of his Thought-reading powers. On the platform is Mr. MAILLARD, with a simple apparatus, consisting of a black board and a decanter of water. At the back, on a row of chairs, are the Committee, who have just—after prolonged and complicated consultations such as attend the formation of a French ministry—elected a Chairman. Their general attitude is expressive of acute personal discomfort, combined with a stern sense of duty and dark suspicion of Thought-reading as an imposition which it will be their painful mission to expose.

Mr. Colin Maillard (coming forward). I shall begin with a little experiment which I performed with remarkable success before His Majesty the King of DENMARK and several members of his family. (Several ladies in the front rows smile with pleasant anticipation.)

I am going to ask some gentleman on the Committee to fix his thoughts intently upon some object on this platform. (To a Committee-man.) Will you oblige me, Sir? Thank you. (The Committee-man, having consented, begins the experiment by looking particularly foolish.) When you have settled what it is to be, perhaps you will tell the Chairman—not aloud—and it must be something on the platform, not above it; and you must think of nothing else. I can't make a man think if he won't—or if he can't. (Here, for some inscrutable reason, the Committee-man takes offence, suspects that it is "a catch of some sort," and abruptly declines to have anything further to do with it; whereupon Mr. COLIN MAILLARD expresses his feelings by a disgusted shrug. A second Committee-man nobly volunteers to assist the lecturer, selects an object for private meditation, informs the Chairman in strict confidence, and Mr. C. M., after blindfolding himself, pressing the Thinker's hand to his own forehead, and seizing him by the wrist, proceeds to rush about the platform with a view to discovering the article, while his companion follows him passively, evidently wondering whether he looks as helpless an idiot as he feels. Mr. COLIN M., after much meandering, has made a point at the decanter, which he pats pensively for some time, until he is informed that he is on a false track.)

Very well—you're sure you're thinking of nothing else all the time? I'll try again then. (He does, and almost upsets the black board.) Mind, if you don't want me to find it, I can't. (The Thinker assures him that he does want him to find it very much.) I never had so much difficulty in all my life! (He has now worked round to the Com-

mittee, and, after some patting and groping, extracts a card from a member's breast-pocket; the Thinker refrains from giving the slightest indication; the audience, who are totally in the dark at present, lose faith in Mr. C. M., who is obviously annoyed and disconcerted.) Am I wrong again? Then all I can say is—eh, what? That is the article? I ask you to tell me when I succeed. Ladies and Gentlemen, this is the object thought of, and I have found it, as I undertook to do! (Loud applause from the audience; the Committee reluctantly concede that this is one to Mr. MAILLARD, but seem hopeful of catching him before the evening is over.) Now my next experiment will be of a more interesting character. I shall ask the assistance of some member of the audience who is able to draw. I can't draw myself. Can't draw a bit! But if anyone will think of an animal that he wishes to have drawn, and see it clearly enough in his own mind, I shall be able to draw it blindfolded on this board before you all. Is there anyone here who can draw? (No response.) What, no one! (With pathos.) No one in all this large audience who is able to draw! (The audience look at one another reproachfully, as persons who really ought to have acquired this useful accomplishment.) Most remarkable thing I ever knew in all my life!... If you can't draw, I can't make you.

[He regards them with sorrow and pity.]



"The Committee-man begins the experiment by looking particularly foolish."

A Matron (to her husband). What nonsense, Pa! You can draw animals very nicely when you like!

Pa (modestly). Only in a very amateur way, my love. I can do a pig, and so on, to please the children, that's all.

The Matron. Then go up, Pa, only you mustn't make it a pig, or he'll guess it at once.

[Pa rises, amidst applause, and is invited to mount the platform; he mentally selects his animal, and tells the Chairman, who appears to think highly of it. Mr. C. M. blindfolds himself, puts Pa's hand to his forehead, instructs him to hold him lightly by the wrist, and concentrate his whole powers of thought on the animal; they both advance to the black board, amidst intense excitement.]

The Matron (to her daughter). Look, MINNIE, he's beginning to draw! Pa's thinking of a stag—there are the horns—or else it's a goat... I don't know, though, it's getting more like a horse now—or an elephant.

Rude Person in a back seat (as the impressionist sketch becomes more complicated at each stroke). Call that an animal! It's a 'ole bloomin' wild beast show!

Minnie. Oh, he's rubbed it all out. What a pity! I'm sure it was going to be like something!

Her Mamma. Pa isn't keeping his mind on it. Ah, they've begun again. Now we shall see. There, I told you it was an eleph—no, it can't be—it's got pointed ears; it's more like a rabbit... no, it's got wings... Well, I declare he's rubbed it out again!

Mr. C. M. I'm afraid I shall have no chance of succeeding with this particular subject. There are some individuals who are absolutely incapable of concentrating their thoughts for any length of time, and this gentleman appears to be one of them.

[He politely dismisses Pa as convicted of incompetency, and he returns to his seat to find his popularity departed.]

The Matron. Well, Pa, a nice exhibition you've made of yourself!

Pa (with a feeble smile). I rather thought I should puzzle him, my love—it was a rhinoceros.

The Matron. I might have known it would be something ridiculous; you'd better have stuck to a pig after all! (A Member of the Committee has represented himself as able to draw anything except animals, and Mr. C. M. has been reduced to accept his assistance.) Now, Pa, watch this man thinking and see how he does it.

Mr. C. M. (who has rubbed out one design and completed another, which is like nothing in the world except a proposition conceived by Euclid in extreme dotage). I can't get any nearer to it than that. Would you mind drawing your own picture side by side?

[The Committee-man bashfully executes a scrawl, which, as he explains, represents a yacht under full sail.]

Mr. C. M. (to the audience). You see, there is a certain resemblance between the two—only I drew one sail on the other, and mixed the masts up a little. I told you I couldn't draw. (Applause.) The Committee waver, though several are still inclined to scepticism. A Coloured Committee-man is requested to choose any lady among the audience to whom he wishes a flower to be presented—whether he knows her or not. He confides his choice coyly to the Chairman. Mr. C. M. is blindfolded and drags the Coloured Gentleman, who is smiling affably, to a lady in the middle of the third row, whom he presents, greatly to her confusion, with a buttonhole.) Mr. Chairman, will you kindly inform the audience whether this experiment was correctly performed or not?

The Chairman (rising with dignity). Quite correct. And also the manner in which the flower was presented was perfectly correct. I may add that the lady is a relation of my own.

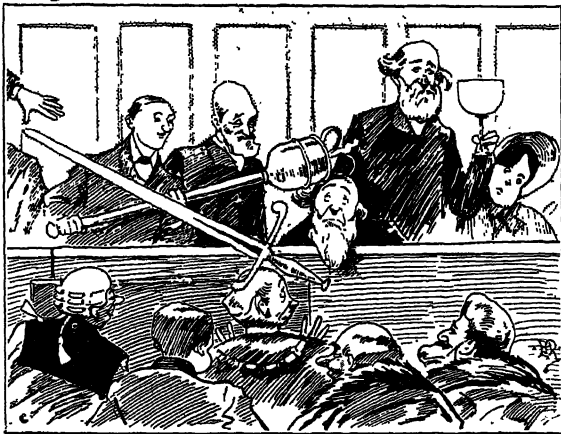
[Enthusiastic applause; the Committee regard him as a Lost Leader. Their demoralisation is complete when Mr. C. M. undertakes to write up on the board the number of a bank-note in the possession of the greatest sceptic among them, and actually does it without a single error. The

entertainment concludes with an *Amateur Murder*. Mr. C. M. retires to a waiting-room with the Chairman and a member of the Committee. Two other members of amiable and harmless exterior are chosen by the audience as assassin and robber respectively. They select a victim for sacrifice from the spectators, lead him on the platform, where they seem rather at a loss to know how to dispose of him. Finally, one throttles him from behind and stabs him with a pen-knife, while the other holds him up by the heels, and robs him of half-a-crown, which he hides in a hat belonging to somebody in the balcony. The audience express their high approval of the general style and finish of this criminal exploit, and the victim returns complacently to his seat. Mr. C. M. is called back and blindfolded; discovers the victim at once, takes him back to the platform, and repeats the crime in every detail, even to holding him up by the heels; after which he makes an impetuous rush, holding the robber's hand, to the balcony, where he triumphantly extracts the half-crown from the hat. Unanimous applause, in which the Committee, who are now completely converted, join with enthusiasm.

The Chairman. I've only to say on behalf of the Committee, that we are all quite contented; everything has been perfectly above-board and, (solemnly) to myself, inexplicable.

[Cheers, after which the spectators disperse, feeling that they have spent a highly instructive and amusing evening, and that Thought-reading is a science which, if only "followed up," will lead to very useful and practical results one of these days. Pa, however, is of opinion that the entertainment would have been more satisfactory, from a scientific point of view, had the lecturer succeeded in realising his rhinoceros; though—as he admits to being rather hazy as to whether he meant it to have one horn or two, and where its tail went precisely—this objection is perhaps a little unreasonable.]

DECIDEDLY QUAIN.



WHAT must have been a most interesting ceremony took place at the Friends' Meeting House, York, when the Lord Mayor, who is a member of the Society of Friends, attended the service in state, on which occasion, as appears from a picture in the *Daily Graphic* of April 17, somebody chucked the sword of state on to the head of His Worship sitting below, while somebody else in turn—down collars most unwarrantably whacked the bald skull of a peaceable old gentleman with the official mace!! Some of the excellent Friends must have been inclined to raise a protest against the dramatic action of *Punch and Judy* being introduced within the walls of a decorous meeting house. Their scruples, we may suppose, were ultimately satisfied.

At Kensingtonian Constantinople.

THEN here's to BOLOSSY KIRALFY'S	Here's Constantinople! and of it
Surpassingly wonderful Show!	I'll say as I'm leaving the door—
How many must wish they had half his	KIRALFY! oh great is the Profit!
Acumen for making a "go."	BOLOSSY! no loss he'll deplore.

"HIGH SPIRITS," AND A "LIMP" PERFORMANCE.—The Upper Angels in the last scene of *Faust* at the Lyceum, and Mr. IRVING'S *Mephistopheles*.

THE BOOBYGONE.

(By the Author of "Don't don't.")

BOOK I.

SHE sat down in her mother's chair, who was pouring her out a cup of tea (this is my usual arrangement of relative pronouns). Then she went with her uncle for a ride, who disappeared completely afterwards; the first booby gone. Later on her father also disappeared; another booby gone. In fact, all the men in this book are boobies. Lord DAZE was a booby also, who was so very far gone that he asked her to marry him. "I will be your wife," she said, letting her hands drop down by her side. Being a courteous gentleman, he picked up her hands for her. She looked at him steadily—and the elongated *chiaroscuro* of monotonous meridians had passed from her life for ever. Not long after, at Mentone the blue horizon was, naturally enough, quite weary of her silences and her



long glances which showed that her soul had awakened with throbs of surprised indignation.

There is something so English in the London homes of the aristocracy. They are often in squares. Taking them all round, the aristocrats are more in the square than on the square. (Occasional puns do enliven a dull book so much.) The dowager was sitting in the drawing-room wearing Dr. FADD'S Patent Hygienic Clothing, which I am happy to advertise here. Then Lady DAZE came in, turning a neat somersault, and they discussed the modern maiden in violent but elegant language.

BOOK II.

STODGIE STUPIDSORT was usually in love. Perhaps that is why he was the greatest booby of all. But he had a sincere affection for his mother, and once, when she was lost in the snow, he actually offered to undergo the fatigue of taking off his pumps and putting on thick boots, so that he could go out to rescue her. But he did not really mean to do it, and sat comfortably by the fire. This brave, noble Englishman is the hero of my story. But you will have to wade through a great many episodes before you come to his meeting with the heroine. To fill up the time, she went to Algiers with her husband and Mr. HARMMEAN, another male booby. While he was making love to her, Lord DAZE listened at the keyhole, who then entered and laid his hand on the young man's shoulder.

"Allow me to lend you a *Bradshaw*," he said.

"What do you mean?" asked his wife.

"I mean that I ought to kick this man out of the house; but, as he is bigger than I am, I hint at his departure in this courteous and cautious manner."

She stood up with intense anger, and boxed her husband's ears, who went to bed crying.

STODGIE STUPIDSORT was very fond of music, and when he heard an organ playing "*E dunno where 'e are*," he thought it was by WAGNER. And then at last one evening he met Lady DAZE. As he was seven foot five she noticed him at once. Soon after he gave her his photograph, who gave him hers. Then she asked him to her box at a music-hall, and he understood nothing.

"Oh!" she said, "it gets easier further on."

Then the band struck up "*E dunno where 'e are*," and STODGIE, flinging his opera-hat in her face, rushed out. Another booby gone. Just about this time Lord DAZE, finding himself useless in the story, died suddenly. Yet another booby gone.

BOOK III.

There is really no need for this book except to fill up. I might tell you all about Prince and Princess TRALALARI, and how they screamed, and behaved generally like Austrian nobles. But it cannot possibly interest you, so I will merely mention that Lord DAZE carefully left some poison in his laboratory, which I have just remembered opportunely, and that his widow, who must have been covered with mud after lying for half an hour on the fresh-turned earth in the churchyard, went back to the tall house. There she turned her last somersault with all her indolent, unrivalled grace of movement, and passed through the study into the laboratory beyond, which is the end. Perhaps she went away into stageland, and joined the *Second Mrs. Tanqueray* and *Little Mrs. Lessingham*. Who can tell? Anybody? At all events, not the author. What happened to the other boobies in this story nobody knows—or cares.



"AVE A NEW PIECE?"—They've got it, at the Avenue. A shawt criticism on it is, "Pshaw! Absurd!"



A READY WIT.

Officious Old Lady. "YOU NAUGHTY BOY!—THROWING A DEAD MOUSE AT YOUR GOVERNESS! I SAW YOU! YOU OUGHT TO BE ASHAMED OF YOURSELF!"

Hardened Young Sinner (who has never seen this Officious Old Lady before). "IT'S NOT HALF SO BAD AS WHAT YOU DID, ONE DAY LAST WEEK!"

[O. O. L. beats a hasty retreat.]

"A TEASER TO TACKLE."

"[The Budget is unquestionably popular . . . they (its opponents) are rather annoyed at its balance and skill of arrangement.]"—*Daily Chronicle.*

"Marching securely under the guardianship of its thorn-spiked armour the Hedgehog reckes little of any foe."—*Wood's Natural History.*]

Bow-wow-wow! Yes, it's very fine a-yelping, and That plaguy Irish terrier *might* up and lend a helping hand; But this varmint is so prickly, and so precious porcupiny, And a tyke's mouth is so tender, and the hedgehog's back so spiny,

Bow-wow-wow!

But the roly-poly rascal little heeds the currish row.

Talk of drawing of a badger or the horny armadillo? Their backs compared with *his* are as a soft and downy pillow. Impregnable at either end, and prickly all around, This horrid little hedgehog might the gamest dog confound.

Bow-wow-wow!

He'd like to get a hold on him, but doesn't quite see how.

Yap! yap! yap! There's no varmint pluckier, truer, Than this terrier, the pet and pride of a jovial sporting brewer. The fiercest rat he'll tackle, and ne'er whimper or give tongue; He'd be backed with his last dollar by each genuine Brother Bung.

Bow-wow-wow!

Is there aught in a mere hedgehog that the champion dog can cow?

Cow? Perish the assumption! He's as bold as any lion, [on. And there's nothing goes on four legs that his teeth he dares not try But how are teeth to penetrate that thick *chevoo-der-frizzy*? Just let him find a weak spot, and those teeth will soon be busy!

Bow-wow-wow!

But the hedgehog does not seem to care a tinker's cuss, somehow.

Oh, he's artful, awful artful! He is armed at every point, And his armour doesn't seem to have a vulnerable joint; An ambulant pincushion makes the awkwardest of foes, And whichever way you tackle *him* a needle pricks your nose.

Bow-wow-wow!

How that Witley's tyke would worry him—if only he knew how.

Oh, the creature looks complacent! He has fared so well so far That, like the hero of the song, "e dunno where 'e are!" But gewillikins! cries the Witley, give the Witley's dog a chance, One little sharp look in, and won't he lead the brute a dance?

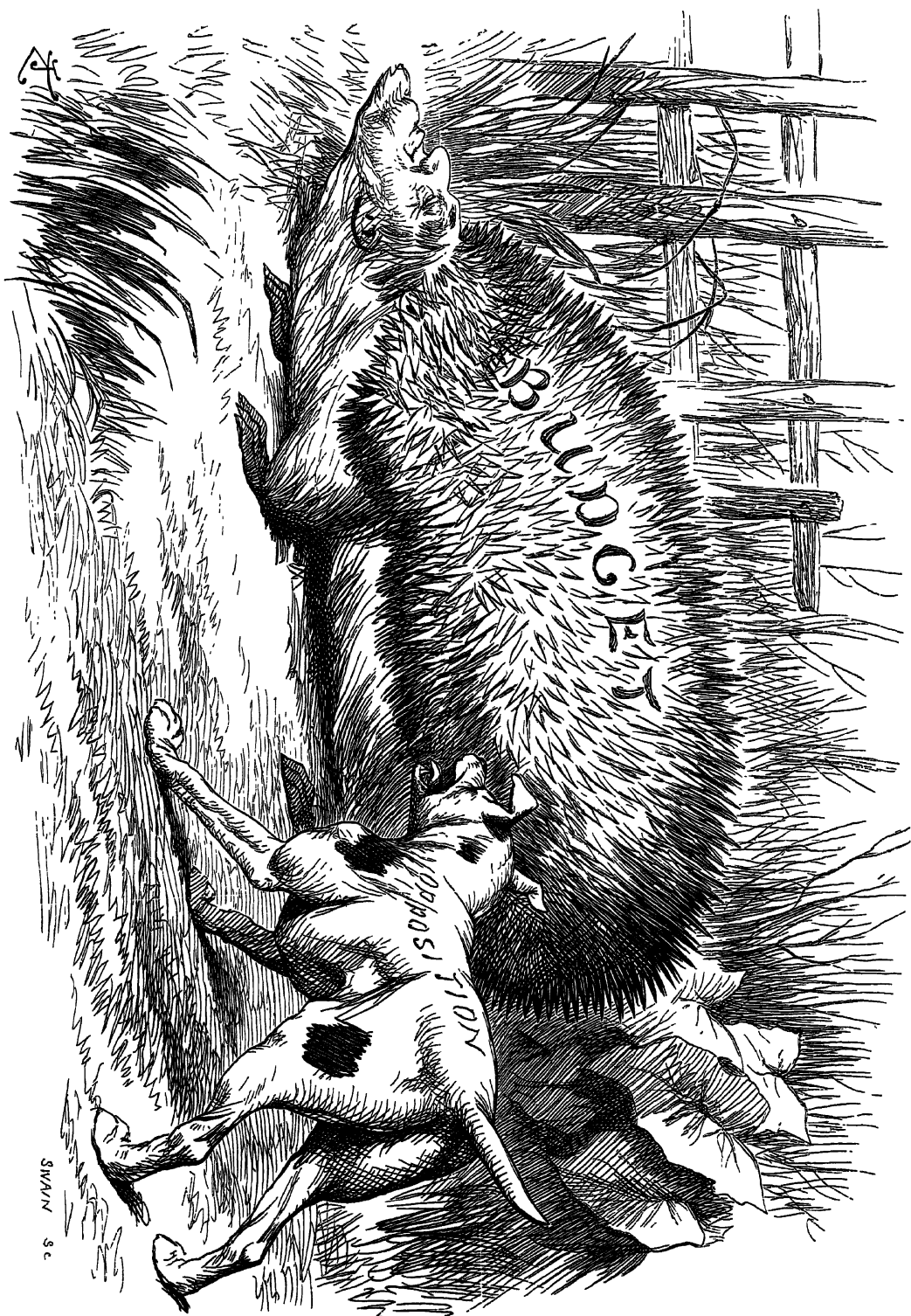
Bow-wow-wow!

They have been circumvented, have these hedgehogs sly, ere now!

"CHURCH AND STAGE."

THE *Tablet* of the week before last, quoting from the *Notre Dame Scholastic*, told us how a certain honour called "the Lætare Medal" had been awarded to Mr. AUGUSTIN DALY, of "Daly's," New York and London, by the Very Rev. ANDREW MORRISSEY, President of the University. It is to be presented to the clever theatrical manager on his return, "when The Most Rev. Archbishop CORRIGAN will read the address." Now this is as it should be. In America the Catholic Clergy, "*permissu superiorum*," can visit the theatres, or at least some theatres, such as AUGUSTIN DALY'S, and on these special occasions a Shakspearian play is provided for their entertainment. Mr. *Punch* notices that an extra *matinée*, "under the patronage of H.E. Cardinal VAUGHAN," at Daly's, is announced for this Wednesday; but H.E. "Vaughan't be there" *in propria personâ*, though he gives his countenance, a decidedly handsome one, to the performance. Mr. *Punch* asks why should not this rational form of recreation be occasionally permitted to the hard-worked, over-taxed, and very poorly paid Catholic Clergy in London? in Manchester? in Liverpool? or in any one of the great industrial centres? The Anglican Clergy, and the Clergy of all other denominations, are free to go to the theatres according to their own sweet will—even though the "Sweet Will" of the occasion in question be not "Sweet WILL SHAKSPEARE," and many of them are to be seen at the theatres, and occasionally at the Opera. Let Eminences consider. "All work and no play" is a dangerous system. They go to their work regularly enough; let 'em occasionally get to a little "play."

SOME COLOUR FOR THE QUESTION.—The *Yellow Book* is the title of the new eccentric Quarterly published by ELKIN MATHEWS & Co. But will *The Yellow Book* become a generally *Red Book*?



"A TEASER TO TACKLE."

COTTON REEL-ISM AT THE ADELPHI.

WHAT may be the details of the plot of Mr. SUTTON VANE'S *The Cotton King*, at the Adelphi, I confess I did not follow after the highly satisfactory conclusion of the Second Act, which seemed to me to finish the play. At that psychological moment I was perfectly



content to see Virtue Victorious, and Vice Vanquished! I was well aware that in a previous scene the villain had done something so artful with some property bank notes—very “real property” these—that the much-suffering hero Jack Charles Warner Osborn, was bound to be suspected

of having appropriated monies belonging to the firm of *Herbert Fleming, De Fonseca & Co.*, to his own use; but as at the end of the Second Act the villain had been unequivocally “cornered,” his crimes exposed, and he himself very nearly killed, and as on that interesting occasion virtue had been triumphant and vice nowhere, there was every opportunity for any little difficulty with regard to the aforesaid property notes to have been cleared up on the spot, had the author and the villain been so minded, to the satisfaction of everybody in the play. But, not a bit of it; no self-respecting melodramatist would dare to deceive a trusting audience in this manner, and no Adelphi Manager with his heart in the right place, which I take to be the Cash-box in the Theatre Treasury, could possibly so trifle with the feelings of an audience as to start an Adelphi drama at eight, and end it by ten. Perish the thought! So in the Third Act the villain is seen going about again just as if nothing had happened, and being received as a visitor by the woman to whom he had been (to put it delicately) so unpardonably rude, that bruised worm as is the heroine *Hetty Drayson* (played sympathetically on the night I was there by Miss JANET ACHURCH, in the absence of the original interesting victim of villainy, Miss MARION TERRY, who has since reappeared on the scene), even *she* might have refused to receive this villain of the deepest dye (whose dark black hair and ditto moustache are but an index to his mind) as a visitor, with even ordinary politeness,—at least so I should have thought. But no! With superhuman charity she apparently lets bygones be bygones (his victim, *Elsie Kent*, “the pet of the works,” who has suffered for the works of the pet, has, since the end of Act II., been laid to rest with her mother in an adjacent churchyard, much to the gentlemanly villain’s satisfaction), and in a pleasant, if perhaps a slightly distant manner, she accepts his polite attentions. This atrocious scoundrel, named *Stockley* (played by Mr. EDWARD O’NEILL with as much unconventionality as is permissible in a villain at the Adelphi), is still retained in his responsible position as manager of the Ashton Cotton Works, as if there had never been that one memorable evening when he was publicly denounced by his victim backed up by the heroine, and was then only saved from the vengeance of his own employees by the intervention of *Jack Osborn*!

Then at the end of Act III. comes THE

Sensation Scene, which does “give the drama a ‘lift’” with a vengeance. Down it comes with crushing effect! and down comes the curtain amid the ringing cheers of the hitherto breathless audience!

Delightful to see the incomparable *Colleen Bawn*, Mrs. DION BOURCAULT, once again on the scene of her former triumphs, gently representing the heroine’s mother. Miss ALMA STANLEY, described as “Servant at the Draysons, afterwards a Strong Woman,” sings and dances, in conjunction with that dry humorist, Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, with great effect. But what a time “The Draysons” must have had with this handsome singing and dancing chambermaid!! Very funny, too, is Mr. LENNOX PAWLE as the *Reverend Mr. Ponder*, whose rather unecclesiastical conduct makes the judicious wonder what will be “*Ponder’s* End.”

BRUCE SMITH’S scenery is admirable; and the stage management, for which Mr. CHARLES HUDSON is responsible, is about as good as it can be, except in the scene where the dance and song occur, when the persons for whose amusement the two principals are supposed to be performing take uncommonly little interest in the entertainment, which callousness is perhaps pardonable, seeing that the two singing and dancing entertainers so far ignore their audience (on the stage) as to turn their backs on them the whole time!!

Altogether, the dramatist new to the Adelphi shows great skill in designing sensations, and exhibits a *Sutton Vane* of humour. B IN BOX.

MY CUMMERBUND.

THE sun is blazing in the sky,
The weather is superbly dry,
Thermometers in every street
Are proudly marking “Summer Heat,”
And Nature says with smile jocund,
“’Tis time to wear your Cummerbund!”

Away to wardrobe depths remote
Shall speed my winter overcoat!—
Away shall go with hearty shoves
My muffler and my fur-lined gloves!—
Henceforth my cardigan is shunned—
This heat demands a Cummerbund!

Then out from some secluded spot
Discreetly spread with pepper hot
Shall come my flannels fresh and new—
My blazer striped in red and blue—
My hat of straw by summer sunned,
And last—not least—my Cummerbund!

How sweet to pass, in this array,
The glories of the golden day
In drifting on the river’s tide,
With some fond maiden by my side!—
I’m sure that little ROSAMUND
Will like me in my Cummerbund.

Pray what is there to laugh about?
You hint that I am getting stout?
This automatic weight machine
Will tell me plainly what you mean—

Confound it! Yes! I’m too rotund
For that becoming Cummerbund!

“THE RING AND THE (PLAY) BOOK.”—“Can you fight?” “No.” “No!—then come on!” This famous quotation is, as everyone knows, from a celebrated piece in which the American Actor-pugilist, now at Drury Lane, ought to have appeared as the representative of *Box*. The play could have been appropriately re-entitled, *The Pugilist Box and the Fighting Cox*.

OH, THE MUDDLE OF IT!

(Overheard at an Amateur Pastoral Pantomime.)

He. Well, ANGELINA, I see nothing in it.
I think I must be going, in a minute!



“An Appropriate Illustration, by DANBY WEIRDSLEY.”

She. You’re bored? To you it seems a little mystic,
But still, you’ll own it’s awfully artistic!
He. I don’t quite enter into PIERROT’S wrongs.
She. Then listen to the Incidental Songs.

SONG I.—Crocuses.

High diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle
(*Fragrance and Colour and Sky,
Almond and Hush,
Cedar and Musk*),
O, what a good boy am I!

II.—Carnations.

Little Bo-peep,
Has lost her sheep
(*Poppies and Heather and Sun,
Moonlight and Shade,
Blossom and Blade*),
And so the poor dog had none!

III.—Heliotrope.

Little Jack Horner,
Sat in a corner
(*Rainbows and Lilies and Laughter,
Silence and Fears,
Heartsease and Tears*),
And Gill came tumbling after!

She (enthusiastic). Isn’t it beautiful? So fresh and quaint!
He (sulky). Some people may admire it, others mayn’t.
She. Well, if you don’t I take it as a sign That you are quite a hopeless Philistine!
Why, EDWIN, surely you’re not going yet?
He (rising). I must go out, and have a cigarette. [He goes, and returns no more.]

ART IN EXCELSIS, “N.B.”—The Glasgow Dogberries, as some reparation for their having recently prohibited the exhibition of certain works of the highest classical art, will now request the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford to award to Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Mr. POYNTER, R.A., and Mr. HACKER, A.R.A., “the Nude-ticket prize” between the three.



A CHILD OF TO-DAY.

Edith (studying "The Household Physician"). "MOTHER, YOU'D BETTER HAVE FRED AND BABY SENT OFF AT ONCE. I'VE BEEN LOOKING UP MY SYMPTOMS, AND IT'S MEASLES I'VE GOT—AGGRAVATED FORM!"

TO THE NEW SOLICITOR-GENERAL,
MR. R. T. REID, Q.C., M.P.

DEAR BOB,—Please forgive, if the cheek of it strikes you,
My calling you thus by a name which is short—
Accept this good wish from an old friend who likes you,
Who has seen you in Chambers, and watched you in Court.

A scholar of Balliol, a nailer at cricket,
First-class with the racquet, first-class in the schools,
You have kept up your practice, as once you kept wicket,
By pluck, skill, good-humour and knowledge of rules.

You have taken hard knocks with the best of good temper,
You have given hard knocks, but have ne'er made a foe;
Is it strange we should hail you with "*floreas semper*,"
May your honours grow thicker the farther you go?"

You have uttered good sense, BOB, whenever you've spoken,
There are many good chaps, you're the pick of the bunch.
A REID though you be, BOB, you'll never be broken,
But unbend, as before, to your friends—and to *Punch*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

QUOTH the Baron, who has lately been allowed some leisure for novel reading, "I must congratulate Miss BESSIE HATTON on her novel in two volumes, entitled *Enid Lyle*, and published by CHAPMAN AND HALL." Having in his time picked up some little knowledge of the World, the Convent, and the Stage, the Baron can testify to the truthful representation of the two latter divisions; for, though his experience of conventual life is naturally limited, yet his experience of the stage is by no means inconsiderable. The clever authoress's scenes in the world are, here and there, a trifle too melodramatic, and rather suggestive of a telling situation or two in a Drurylanian or Adelphian drama, intended to thrill a sensation-loving audience, than as representing a real situation in ordinary life where the object is to avoid publicity or anything savouring of effect. But the story is thoroughly interesting from point to point, the lovable characters of the tale are drawn with a skilful hand guided by a warm heart and a clear head, and more than once, when the Baron has paused for a while to consider whether the hero of the story, *Alec Meadows*, were not sketched from life, has he murmured to himself meditatively, "I know that man, he comes from"—but no, I recommend novel-loving readers to get this book, but I will not give any one of them this clue: suffice it that the 'missing word' is not 'Sheffield.' The Baron fancies that the sketch of the stage-manager—"the stage-manager"—is rather burlesqued. In a theatre such as this whereof *Mr. Alec Meadows* is the proprietor and manager, an unpardonably vulgar 'ARRY as the "stage-manager" is scarcely probable. The Baron does remember such an one, in fact two or three of them, in what were not "the palmy days," but the "cabbagey days" of the drama, when stage-managers habitually used as strong language as did "our army in Flanders," and when a five-pound note was the payment, or, indeed, the highest payment, given to a stock-author for "cabbaging" from the French. What that "stock-author" was, in bygone days, may be gathered from ALBERT SMITH'S *Pottleton Legacy*, whence the Baron begs to quote the following; i.e., a dialogue between *Mr. Flitter* and *Mr. Shem* the manager and proprietor of a theatre: "There's a charming piece, governor, just out. I saw it at Paris on Friday. Now, look here—it is sure to make a tremendous hit; and if you'll give me a ten-pound note, I'll do it for you off-hand." Then *Mr. Shem* has a look at it and hands it back saying, "I had that piece last week, my boy. I've got it done already. My man *Croon* has two guineas a week to do all my interludes—eh?" Where are the representatives of *Mr. Shem* nowadays? You must turn to a certain ZOLA-esque English novelist called GEORGE MOORE for a portrait of the modern *Mr. Shem* of the theatrical world; and when found and made a note of, his existence will be denied, and My Lady BETSY PRIG will boldly say to Mrs. GAMP, the authoress, who may have ventured on the theatrical portrait in question, "I don't believe there's no such a person!" Now the Baron and the Baron's friends do believe that there is such a person as the theatrical manager and actor *Alec Meadows* so excellently portrayed by Miss BESSIE HATTON; and, moreover, that just now he is not by any means an exception to the rule.

Likewise the Baron most cordially welcomes a very excellent little volume, charmingly bound, "And bound," quoth the Baron, "so as to deceive even the elect," entitled *Memoires Inédits*, gathered together by one Maitre WALTER H. POLLOCK, and dedicated to Mr. GRAHAM MURRAY. The *Memoires Inédits* concern a certain "Monsieur le Marquis de —," whose name remains a secret, being writ, as is the little book, with a dash. And what more expressive? for, as the Marquis lived dashing, so died he with a dash, and all that was left for the tombstone memorialist to do was on his headstone to "cut a dash." The Marquis is delightful. Enter his valet *François*—

"Monsieur le Marquis a sonné?"

[There are some misprinted accents, by the way, which will be corrected in the next edition. For example, "a" is in my copy printed "à." For a less matter a compositor has been shot; or, if not shot, at least, like a gun, discharged.]

"Oui," replies the Marquis, "presque rien. Il me semble que Monsieur de Sarrazère n'aime pas mon vin de Bourgogne. Coupez la gorge à Monsieur de Sarrazère. Aussitôt dit, aussitôt fait."

Let me commend this little gem to all readers who trust the word of their friend and literary guardian,

M. LE BARON DE BOUQUINAX.

AN OLD CLOCK.

WITHIN that old oak case it
stands, [ages,
Has stood, no doubt, for
They turn life's book, those
ancient hands,
To long-forgotten pages;
No less unceasingly they glide
Still onward o'er the dial,
They still regard not, Time
and Tide,
Philosophy's denial!

Our ancestors have surely
glanced

Thereon in early morning,
While stately minuets they
danced

Nor cared about its warning,
Our great-great-grandmother
perhaps

Then heard—the thought
amazes— [relapse
Our great-great-grandfather
Into impassioned phrases!

Ah, ancient clock, for years
you will

Proclaim the fleeting time,
And give to other poet's still
Material for rhyme;

Your well-worn frame, your
yellow face,

Your ticking, slow and
steady, [place

Have made a writer common-
Quite eloquent already.

And there, I see, the maker old
Has quaintly carved his
name; [for gold,

True workers then cared less
And more for honest fame;

Come, read it. . . Why—good
gracious me!

O fearful blow! The line
Is simply "Made in Germany,
Date—1889."



UNPARDONABLE FLIPPANCY.

The Old Judge. "YES, I'VE HAD MY DAY. I'VE WARMED BOTH HANDS
AT THE FIRE OF LIFE, AND NOW I'M READY FOR MY EUTHANASIA!"
The Indian General. "AH, I'VE HAD MY YOUTH IN ASIA!"

THE EARLY GNAT.

PALE as a film of dawn
Wrought by a fairy goldsmith
into shape
To hold *Miranda's* veil of
wizard-lawn,
And dower'd with life by potent
Prospero,
Thou joyest in the sunbeam, to
and fro,
So summer-like, I needs must
let thee 'scape,
So glad of life—and yet I
hardly know.

Thou tiny Uhlan of the Sum-
mer host,
What August memories thy
music brings
Of river-shades, where now
no single spies,
But in battalions, the Gnat
Army flies,
Taking with maziest strategy
the trouble
To seek an evil reputation's
bubble
In anybody's mouth, or nose,
or eyes,
And crowns the beaker with
its legs and wings,
And settles on th' unguarded
neck, and stings.

Herein the tender April light
There seems no threat in that
vague, lonely flight,
Transparent being, delicately
fair! [you go,
Perchance 'twere safe to let
You might not injure me—I
do not know—

But then you might—
So there! [floor!
Flat as a fairy pancake on the
Well, never mind, there'll
soon be plenty more.

JAUNDICE.

LEAVES—like Autumn leaves—the tint of custard,
Cover like a poultice made of mustard,
General aspect bilious.

Letter-press (with some exceptions) silly;
Sentiment like highly-seasoned skilly,
Posing supercilious.

Sort of neo-Pagan realm of Nox,
Starred with sputtering sparks of paradox,
As with guttering rushlights.

Sham Olympian in its sweeping strictures,
Stygian in its smudges drear—called pictures!

Intermittent gushlights

Gloomy gulfs of cocky cynicism.

Give you intellectual rheumatism

With their cramping chilliness.

But, ye gods, the things called "Illustrations"!

Ill-drawn, objectless abominations!

Supernatural silliness!

Freakish schoolboy with a slate and pencil,
"Skibow" with a smudging-brush and stencil

(And an extra "skin-full"),

Might have perpetrated such abortions.

Void of beauty, meaning, charm, proportions,

Sure such waste is sinful,—

Waste of time and trouble, ink, and paper.

Sure if "Art" must play such crankish caper,

Aping the cheap wag's tone,

There's no need to print it—at a crown—

While there is a lump of chalk in town,

And a handy flagstone!

"HAPPY FINALE."—Admiral DE MELLO, that gay young fellow,
surrendered last Saturday, and all is well that ends well, at Buenos
Ayres. Such is the last Act of this Mello-drama.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 16.—Appearance of House
recalls historic nights when Mr. G. has had a big Budget in hand.
Not a vacant seat anywhere; no passage up the gangways, on
which late-comers camp out like pittites waiting to storm the
Lyceum on the night when ELLEN and HENRY came sailing home
from Ameriky. Both side galleries full. Camp-stools eke out
scanty accommodation for private secretaries and Treasury authori-
ties under gallery. Strangers' galleries packed; the rarely-used
seats behind SPEAKER'S chair keenly competed for.

The SQUIRE OF MALWOOD spoke for over two hours and a half,
with that air of chastened resignation he has assumed with his new
office of Leader. No more quips and cranks, nor any further setting
of the table in a roar. Like all reformed sinners, the SQUIRE is
even savagely resentful of people who would make merry in a world
like this. Once when a Member opposite, oppressed by the sur-
rounding gloom, broke into something suspiciously like a hysterical
laugh, the SQUIRE turned upon him a visage of such awesome
reproof that a smiling countenance was abruptly suffused by a dull,
stolid stare, put on with obvious intent to convey impression that it
wasn't he who had laughed. Amongst Peers in gallery over the
clock was a Bishop. The Member for SARK tells me the right
reverend gentleman confided to him that when the SQUIRE concluded
his address, it was with the greatest difficulty he restrained himself
from rising, giving out the Doxology, and inviting congregation to
join in its familiar strains. But I don't believe SARK is on speaking
terms with a Bishop.

CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER shares with the VICE-CHAM-
BERLAIN and the CONTROLLER OF THE HOUSEHOLD the distinction of
having a special dress pertaining to his ministerial office. It is a
stately gown, of rich black silk. Remember seeing Mr. G. arrayed
in it at the opening of the new Law Courts. Never in any public
appearance did he look so well. Why should CHANCELLOR OF EX-
CHEQUER forego advantage of wearing this gown when expounding

his Budget in House of Commons? It would to-night have admirably suited the SQUIRE and his almost monastic manner of announcing the addition of a penny to the income-tax. His introduction of the death duties to the notice of the House was artistically funereal. As PRINCE ARTHUR said, talking it over afterwards, "you might almost hear across the hushed House the boom of St. Paul's, the sound of muffled drum, or the sadly throbbing recurrence of the minute gun."

Quite so. But there remains the fact, agreed upon on both sides, that in a speech that was a model of lucidity, the SQUIRE presented to the House a boldly conceived scheme, broad-based upon an economically sound foundation. *Business done.*—Budget Bill brought in.

Tuesday.—"This is Bannockburn over again," said THE MACGREGOR, surveying the embattled hosts from the heights behind the Treasury Bench.

"PRINCE ARTHUR, of course, stands for EDWARD THE SECOND; CAWMEL-BANNERMAN is the BRUCE. Don't know how to fix JOSEPH," he continued, glancing reflectively across the Gangway. "There wasn't any one exactly like him in the early years of the Fourteenth Century."

This, of course, is poesy. Plain parliamentary fact is that House is again engaged in struggle round proposal to create Scotch Grand Committee. Ministers say it is a mere nothing, designed



"The Doctor (McG—r) Rampant, or Scotland for the Scotch."

simply to expedite business. Under this muffler the Opposition spy the peard of Home Rule. Difficult to work up excitement round the subject even when thus presented. JOKIM labours hard, but his blows resound through empty House. CAWMEL-BANNERMAN strictly Scotch in his manner of dealing with the question. JOSEPH, saying himself up for the after-dinner hour, more successful, especially when prodding at his old friend and Round-Table colleague TREVELYAN. J. a person of few prejudices. But he doesn't seem to like TREVELYAN. PRINCE ARTHUR lolls disconsolately on the Front Bench, occasionally interposing to demand another Minister.

This thirst for eloquence from Treasury Bench been the peculiarity of the long Debate. On second night, GEORGE HAMILTON hotly moved Adjournment, because no Minister had immediately followed EDWARD CLARKE. Since then the SQUIRE and PRINCE ARTHUR have sat and watched each other across the table. Whenever the PRINCE has shown disposition to rise, the SQUIRE has hastily thrown in another Minister; upon which PRINCE ARTHUR subsided; Debate went forward for another hour or so; fresh signs of restlessness, and pop goes another Minister.

Began even before Orders of Day reached. "Is the right hon. gentleman aware," said PRINCE ARTHUR, fixing the guilty Leader of House with glittering eye, "that no Cabinet Minister has yet replied on the particular Amendment to the Motion for the Scotch Grand Committee now before the House?"

"We will place a Cabinet Minister at the disposal of the right hon. gentleman at an early hour," said the SQUIRE, affecting levity, though he felt it not.

"Reminds me," said PLUNKET, "of story that used to thrill my young marrow when I was in the nursery. All about a father of a family driving in sledge over steppes of Russia, white with the harvest of snow. The wolves come out; father of family touches up horses; wolves gain on him; happy thought; throw out a child; wolves stopping to devour infant, the affectionate but perturbed father gets a start; wolves come up again; out goes another child, plumper than the last; wolves a little longer over the meal, but once more gain on sledge. Forget how many children there were to start with, but remember the anguished father got safely to his home in Smolenski, and received the sympathy of his friends on his successive bereavements. Suppose the SQUIRE will pull through. But he's already chucked out TREVELYAN, the LORD ADVOCATE, CAWMEL-BANNERMAN, and the Solicitor-General for Scotland. Supply must be getting short, and our pack is still in full cry."

Business done.—Battle of Bannockburn still going on.

Thursday.—Back for a while in what E. R. might call prehistoric times. New Members catch the flavour of the old debates round

Irish tenant and landlord. JOHN MORLEY brings in Bill dealing with case of evicted tenants. PRINCE ARTHUR criticises proposal. Then follow HARRINGTON, T. W. RUSSELL, JOHN DILLON, REDMOND, SAUNDERSON, and the CURSORY CARSON, himself a comparatively late-comer on the scene. Curious how at touch of the old topic the old manner asserts itself. JOHN MORLEY, as usual, practical, earnest, really thinking of the interests of the persons, tenants and landlords, concerned in his Bill. PRINCE ARTHUR reaches fuller development of the high tone of statesmanship, as opposed to partisan implacability, which more than once since new Session opened has delighted the House.

Then HARRINGTON steps in, and the fair picture is smirched. With one eye on the hapless peasantry, the other on his parted friends seated below, he loudly declares that he and the patriot band of which he is the ninth part will have nothing to do with this effort to ameliorate the condition of the ruined, starving victims of a political campaign. Don't let them think that, because they're hungry, Parnellites are to be intimidated into, even temporarily, withdrawing from the vendetta commenced in Committee Room No. 15. It's a case of "Pull, REDMOND! Pull, SEXTON!" as SARK observes, and, when the tussle is over, there is not likely to be much of the emaciated tenant left.

Business done.—Evicted Tenants (Ireland) Bill brought in.

Friday.—CHARLES RUSSELL still here, his rainbow-hued bandana flashing under the gaslit roof as he walks to and fro with rapid pace,

and sometimes umbrage takes and sometimes snuff. Chiefly the latter, for however it may be in another place, in contact with stolid witness, a presumptuous judge, or a fussy junior, Sir CHARLES, during his long sojourn with us in the Commons, has never shown that rusty side, traditions of which linger in the Law Courts. This is the more gracious, since there has not been lacking provocation. Only the other night, drawing forth what proved to be the Attorney-General's last speech from the Treasury Bench, the hectoring HANBURY got up a controversy on the subject of his professional emoluments, more than hinting that, for the sake of filthy lucre, he had broken an honourable understanding. Sir CHARLES's patience under the trial was supernaturally benignant. LOCKWOOD, who has met him elsewhere, sat amazed, while tears stood in eyes of BOB REID at this fresh testimony, which he is always ready to welcome, of the innate goodness of man.

For fourteen years, through troublesome times, RUSSELL has sat in the Commons, working his way from below Gangway to Treasury Bench. He has taken a prominent part in the fiercest controversy that has raged at Westminster since Corn Law times. The strife has parted friends, and riven families. But on neither side has this foremost champion of Home Rule made a single personal enemy, nor is there in any quarter variation from the regret felt that the House of Commons is poorer by the withdrawal from its ranks of one who in all his Parliamentary relations has preserved the traditions of the chivalrous Irish nature, and in his contributions to debate has maintained the highest standard of a gifted race.

Business done.—Radical raid on COBURN's last coppers repulsed. Would House of Commons rob a poor Duke of £10,000 a year? Like one man—or, to be precise, like 298 men out of 365—House says "No!"

REVISION.—Last Saturday the P. M. G. gave a sketch of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN as "Beau Joe," and wrote of him as "Beau Brummel." A point was missed: the "mel" which is the sweet part of it, should have been omitted, and the title under the picture should have been "Beau Brum."



THE DANE IN THE HOUSE.

Hamlet (the Dane). "To be or not to be, that is the—"
Mr. Sexton (as Gravedigger). "Question!"

A LEGAL FICTION.

["* * * The Duchess of TECK and the Duchess of SUTHERLAND arranged a meeting at Stafford House * * * in order to settle certain points in connection with the Exhibition of English Silks to be held there on May 8." "Daily News," April 23.]

On Monday, the 23rd ult., the Duchess of TECK and the Duchess of



SUTHERLAND arranged a meeting in order to settle certain points in connection with the exhibition of "English Silks" to be held at Stafford House on May 8. We give a fine specimen of an English Silk in the accompanying picture, which is from a fine drawing by WOODBLOCK, Q.C., one of our best Legal Draughtsmen. The first objection to the show came from a distinguished Leader who "objected," he said, "to an exhibition of 'Silks' taking place at *Stafford House*!" The objection was overruled by the Duchess of TECK, who observed that all the wisdom of the Bar was in the Silks, while the others could only be considered as "Stuff and Nonsense." After some discussion, Mr. BRIEFLESS rose to address the Chair, which happened at the moment to be vacant, as within

two minutes were all the other seats. Mr. BRIEFLESS then proposed a vote of thanks, which was carried *nem. con.*, and he then broke himself up and left.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"I HAVE just read," writes one of the Assistant Readers to his adored chief, "one of the best stories of adventure, intrigue, hand-to-hand fighting, and hair-breadth 'scapes that it has been my good fortune to come across for many a long year. It is called *The Prisoner of Zenda*, is written by ANTHONY HOPE, and is published by ARROWSMITH. It is in one volume, and I read it, so to speak, at one gulp. Imagine the younger brother of a respectable British Earl suddenly transformed by the most wonderful, but artfully possible, concatenation of circumstances into the ruling sovereign of a great Continental monarchy. Imagine him fighting like a paladin for the very king whose character and crown he has been forced to assume, winning the love of the beautiful girl whom that king is to marry, storming fortified castles, swimming deep moats, plunging his sword into scoundrels, and behaving altogether as if he had never known civilisation, top-hats, and woollen under-clothing. I daresay there are faults in the book. All I know is, they didn't trouble me, as I abandoned myself to the dash and galloping excitement of this rattling story."

"Mr. BARING GOULD," quoth the Baron, discussing *The Queen of Love* with one of the Assistant Readers, "has gradually become one of my favourite authors. You soon begin to know his 'tricks and his manners,' and when he takes the greatest possible pains to describe some ugly piece of ground, smooth above but rotten beneath, you know what is in store for the villain or the troublesome personages in the novel. So when he tells you of the salt works and the burning brine, and how no one ever comes out alive after a few seconds' pickling, the novel-student may bet his bottom dollar that it will be all up with one at least of the bad characters in that story. He chooses several very odd names for his *dramatis personæ*, chooses them defiantly; because just imagine any knowing-hand at novel-reading being seriously interested in parties of the name of 'BURTON!' "BURTON," quoth the Assistant, diffidently, "ought to be the name of a man who keeps a stud-farm." The Baron frowned. The Assistant humbly apologised, and

order being restored, the Baron resumed. "Yet interested you do become, and, having once commenced reading the pretty and occasionally Adelphian sensational story of *The Queen of Love*, you cannot put it down until you have finished it. In perusing such a novel the office of 'Skipper' is not a sinecure. But, to skip well and wisely is an art. Heartily," quoth the Baron, "do I recommend *The Queen of Love* to those who ask me 'What shall we read, *pour nous distraire*?' " THE BARON DE B.-W. & Co.

TIVOLIMUS!

"TIVOLIMUS!" Hie we to Tivoli, the Tivoli on the banks of the yellow Thames, that is, the Tivoli Music Hall in the Strand, where there is about as good a specimen of the Variety Show as is to be met with anywhere in London. Good. We are here, at the Tivoli. To us appeareth, on the stage, a certain artistic VESTA VICTORIA disguised as a kind of "Good-for-nothing" Nan, proving herself, however, good for a great deal. Then carolled forth HARRY FREEMAN a song whereof the burden was "Why do I smile?" which question he answered to the satisfaction of the audience, who certainly were not puzzled to know why they laughed. GEORGE BEAUCHAMP, whose name suggests a poppillar remedy, sang "I can't change it" capitably, and DAN LENO was irresistibly funny with his own peculiar kind of eccentric discourse (to which the verses of his song are as the proportion of *Falstaff*'s pennyworth of bread to the intolerable quantity of sack, only that this is anything but "intolerable," on the contrary, it is most excellent fooling), keeping the audience in a roar from first to last, when they recall him and ask for more.

Of the Brothers GRIFFITHS, with their lion in a cage, we only heard, for they did not appear, but instead came one MORRIS CRONIN, neatly attired in white flannel boating suit, doing marvellous feats with bottles and clubs, and performing his varied feats with rare grace and without any apparent effort.

But the special feature of the evening's entertainment is the ballet d'action of the charming *petite comédienne* and pantomimist Mlle. JANE MAY, appearing as both *M. et Madame Pierrot* in a



M. and Madame Pierrot, newly-married, call on Mr. Leno, to order his complete furniture suite at £9 10s. 0d. (as advertised).

dramatic Pierrotic story without words, that takes less than ten minutes to tell. How happy ought a purely pantomimist married couple to be who can live on and never "have words"! This "catches on," and by itself is mighty popular. But do the mixed music-hall public know much of the great SARA in *Fédora*, *La Tosca*, and *Lady Macbeth*? I fancy not. In spite of this, the Tivolian management must already be as satisfied with the results of "the promise of MAY" as are their patrons with her performance.



THE (WELSH) RABBIT ON THE WALL.

["Young Wales itself is quite as fervid in praise of the general lines of the measure as is the average Welsh Liberal Member."—*Daily Chronicle*.
In regard to the progress of the Bill, it is understood that the Welsh Members have no assurance from the Government that they will actually pass it through the House of Commons; all that has been promised is, that the Government will do their best."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

THE (WELSH) RABBIT ON THE WALL.

Amusing Mr. A. Young Wales, my little dear, come along and sit you here,

*And I'll do my my level best to entertain you!
You have waited quite a while, and have done your best to smile*

*At procrastination which must surely pain you.
Taffy tantrums have been shown—but we'll leave all that alone.*

*Your turn has come at last, my Cambrian darling;
And now we'll have some fun, though as sure as any gun
The sight will set those jealous Tories snarling.*

Young Wales. Oh! never mind them, please! I'm afraid I've been a tease;

*But I've waited such a time. Ask OSBORNE MORGAN!
I do not wish to carp, but I'm sweet on the Welsh Harp,
And my temper has been tried by a Church Organ.
It has ground and ground, and ground, till I sicken at the sound,*

*Give me something national and Eisteddfoddy.
Let the harp which I so love play my favourite "Ash Grove,"
And I'll be as still and good as anybody.*

Amusing Mr. A. All in time my little pet. It is not quite strung up—yet—

*That Home Rule Harp on which your fancy lingers;
Meanwhile there's sport enough in a game at Shadow Buff
If we've only fancy brisk and nimble fingers.
This (church) wall is just the place. Striking likenesses you'll trace,*

*(Don't fidget, dear; 'tis such a tiresome habit!)
Just keep your eye on me and you'll see—what you shall see.
There! isn't that an excellent (Welsh) rabbit?*

Young Wales. Oh! that is very funny! What a perfect little bunny!

*How naturally he cocks his ears and munches,
What's he gobbling with such gusto? Eh? Endowments? Tithes?—Ah! just so!*

*Hooray! I feel as pleased as fifty Punches!
But, dear Mister A., don't stop here. Looking at this lively lop-ear*

It is difficult to deem it Shadow merely!

*Amusing Mr. A. Say foreshadowing rather, please dear!
'Twill be realised with ease, dear,
Unless—well, unless things go very queerly.*

A "BUDGET" TABLEAU FOR "THE EMPIRE."—And the management should get the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to "arrange the figures."



A LOST ILLUSION.

"LOOK HERE, ETHEL. I'M GOING TO MARRY YOU WHEN I'M GROWN UP. THAT'S SETTLED, ISN'T IT?"

"OH, BUT YOU'RE ONLY EIGHT, AND I'M SIXTEEN. JUST TWICE YOUR AGE, YOU KNOW!"

"DOES THAT MEAN THAT WHEN I'M FORTY, LIKE UNCLE TOM, YOU'LL BE EIGHTY, LIKE GRANDMAMA?"

[Thinks better of it.]

CAROLUS MAGNUS; OR, THE PEERLESS Q.C.

[*"The QUEEN having been pleased to appoint me one of the Lords of Appeal, I have ceased to be your representative."*

Sir Charles Russell to the Electors of South Hackney.]

AIR—"Claverhouse; or, Bonnie Dundee."

To the Lords of Appeal 'twas CHARLES RUSSELL that spoke:

"Since the QUEEN hath commanded, I bow to the yoke."

Then each learned bigwig, as proud as could be,

Made room with delight for the peerless Q.C.

Come fill up the cup, come fill up the can,

And drink to the Advocate, Orator, Man!

Unhook the silk gown, let the grey wig fly free,

For it's up with the star of the peerless Q.C.!

Fame's hill he has mounted with fast flying feet,

And COCKBURN is distanced, and SCARLETT is beat;

And the Public, who love him, cried "So mote it be!"

But by Jove sha'n't we miss him, our peerless Q.C.?"

Come fill up the cup, &c.

To leave the Arena and sit as a Judge

Is fine, but his friends his promotion half grudge;

They've known him, HORTENSUS and CICERO in one,

And though honour is his, fear they'll miss lots of fun.

Come fill up the cup, &c.

The Circuits will wail from the Thames to the Forth,

He'll be missed in the South, he'll be mourned in the North;

And lawyers and litigants, where'er they be,

Will cry, Oh! for the loss of our peerless Q.C.

Come fill up the cup, &c.

Distressful Hibernia proudly will sigh,

With applause on her lips, but a tear in her eye,

To think her great champion no more may be seen
When the cry is "Shillelaghs, and Wigs on the Green!"
Come fill up the cup, &c.

The Shamrock will miss him (and so will the Seal),
With his tongue of pure silver, his nerve of tense steel;
While Courts and Commissions and Cabinets pine
For the advocate matchless, the orator fine.
Come fill up the cup, &c.

"Oh, CHARLIE's my darling!" the clients all sang,
When the great verdict-getter's rich rhetoric rang,
And "Wha'll follow CHARLIE?" cried stars of the State,
When he distanced their best in the full-dress debate.
Come fill up the cup, &c.

Ah, who'll cross-examine as CHARLIE hath done?
Or who'll move the Jury with pathos and fun?
He was Lord of Appeal from the first. Now good night
To the sparkle of speech, and the splendour of fight!
Come fill up the cup, &c.

Well honour is his! Who deserves more than he
A—say "Quiet Rubber," a-top of the tree?
His strength is not worn, and his eye is not dim.
And we've not heard the last of his honours or him.
So fill up the cup, and fill up the can,
As Lord of Appeal he will still play the man.
He'll make a good judge, and were Woolsacks quite free
'Tis thither we'd follow our peerless Q.C.!

MRS. R. says that her family doctor is so clever. He was sent for the other day, because one of her nieces accidentally took poison. "Clever man!" said Mrs. R.; "for he at once administered a powerful anecdote which undoubtedly saved the child's life."

NOVUS HOMO NOVA ARS.

READ somewhere that future of English Art was to be found just now at Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall. Got early among the Sphinxes, and looked about for it. Gave up after a little, being reminded that *Ars est celare*, &c. Possibly some confusion with performance of Missing Man in same building.

Catalogue reveals slight smattering of French in selection of titles; thus, "*L'Éducation Sentimentale*," "*L'Homme à la Palette*." Translated some of these without reference to dictionary. Seen something like it in bills of fare, and always encourage these little fancies, these *menus plaisirs*. Should have been pleased indeed to see a little more French influence; some ideas, some invention, for instance. Believe many of the pictures were done (prefer not to use the word *finished*) before artist had decided what his subject was to be. Remember that it was said of ALFRED DE MUSSET, "He suffered, but he invented." Can only speak for my own suffering in present case; as for new English invention, there is little patent here.

These colour-schemers again, why may they not *draw*, if only for form's sake? Honourable exceptions, of course; notably in one or two portraits. Some of the pen, pencil and crayon people, taking poet's advice not to trust too much to colour, do better. Mr. BEARDSLEY, however, who is perhaps not so black as he paints, seems an exception to most principles; venture to hope this exception will not prove a general rule. His faces are of a surprising wickedness, and as for figures, the old lady in No. 17 is nothing but a preposterous parallellobiped, while those in No. 19 would shock any right-minded giraffe. And, talking of new English Art, let no one who handles the new bilious quarterly give free play to his feelings till he reaches this gentleman's portrait of the 252nd Mrs. Tanqueray—trained down very fine after a long run.

Feel confident that No. 27 has a meaning if only I could get at it with artist's help. Cockatoo of commanding mien on perch; dejected little girl in big arm-chair; doll prostrate on floor. Wonder if it is reverse of good old parrot-monkey tale of "Had a deuce of a time, Sir, while you were away." Or is it Lady FLORA of the "Day-dream" who has just "added a crimson to the quaint macaw"? and can that thing on the floor be the Sleeping Beauty? No. 34 has a double story. The ground floor is "*Maternity*," and "*The Meal*" is upstairs. In "*The Meal*" the mother-cat is licking milk; in the other she is licking kitten. Now, if kitten had licked milk, then mother might very properly have licked kitten for licking milk; poetical justice—the liquor licked. See no sense in present arrangement. No. 35 is "*The Taxidermist*." But why taxidermist? Am I a pachydermist that I cannot see the reason? Have known many men sit in easy-chair with legs on mantelpiece and not a taxidermist among the lot. Give it up, unless it is misprint for The MACDERMOTT, and bad portrait at that.

Underneath a charming little chip of wood by Mr. R. E. FRY (No. 36), comes "*The Fruit of the Tree*" (No. 37), "one of EVE's daughters":—

Clad rather stingily,
Brick-coloured hair,
Sampling so gingerly
Pommes (pas de terre).

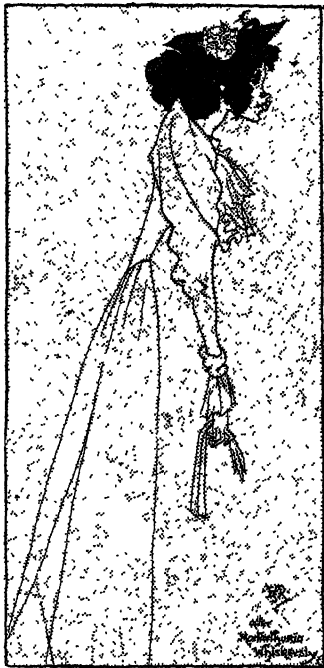
Find myself involuntarily running to the French for unearthly apples. Artist himself gives lucid explanation of picture in verse on scroll. If my memory serves me, something like the following:—

"It's tart, she said, this pippin,
Just where I've been and bit it;
Its taste is nice, but nippin';
I think I'd better quit it."

Feel acutely for her when I think of pathos of Casino-song, "*Elle a mangé trop de melon.*"

Passing by *Charley's Aunt* (No. 42), which is as good as a play, we reach No. 47 ("*Night Trawlers*"). Recall poet's words, "The moon may draw the sea." Think this is just the way a blue moon would draw it. Must, however, give word of honest praise to Mr. LINDNER's sea-pieces (this and No. 87 and No. 105). All three could tell some home-truths to Mr. STEEN's "*Marines*," and do them good. Notice that some pictures have a red stamp in corner to show their sale is over; these *Trawlers* in No. 47 have little highly-coloured wafers stuck all over them; conclude their sail must be over too. No. 50 is what Mr. STOTT (not of Oldham) calls "*In the Moonlight*." Should myself have called it fairly broad—not of

course objectionably broad—daylight. Suggestion of night, however, in sort of family patch-quilt drawn over sky, and another over field of mangel-wurzels; at edge of which, leaning against risky fence, we have episode commonly known as "The old, old story." Bored expression on woman's face suggestive of hallowed chestnut. Am suddenly struck with idea for patent reversible picture. Top-half pallid blue; bottom-half purple and green blotch. Title, "*Cabbage-tiths in Gloaming*." Turn upside down and you have entirely fresh subject—"Marine; welkin threatening."



Played Out; or, The 252nd Mrs. Tanqueray.
(By our "Yellow Book" Impressionist.)

No. 51 is called "*A Note by the River*." Obviously a bank-note, and payable, let us hope, to drawer; though no price mentioned in catalogue, and personally did not see my way to offering any. "*The Sisters Lloyd*" (No. 54) is one of Mr. SICKERT's supreme things. Thus to be more original than the originals, is to paint the picealilli and to gild refined gingerbread. Think that artist is not A1 at Lloyds. "*Pastry-Cooks—Syria*" (No. 57), sets one humming popular air, "*Pâtés pour la Syrie*."

Shall look in again. Quite enough in one afternoon for

ONE MORE (OR LESS) IMPRESSIONABLE.

OUGHT WOMEN TO TRAVEL BY TRAIN AT ALL?

(A Pendant to a Current Controversy.)

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I notice in the columns of a popular newspaper a discussion under the heading "The Ladies' Invasion," in which it is asked whether women have any right to invade the men's smoking compartments. This suggests a much wider question. Why should women want to travel by train at all? I've been brought up to think that a woman's place is *her home*, and if that's true, what does she want to go trapesing about in a railway carriage, smoking or not smoking? Women nowadays are bold and brazen enough to do anything. Why my own daughter—a quiet little thing to look at, too—actually travelled *alone* the other day from Sloane Square to South Kensington! When I asked her how she *dared* to do such a thing, she actually said that she couldn't see where the harm came in, and that she didn't see what else she was to do. No! Let woman stick to her own sphere—the common round, the daily task—and there will be no more of this bother about men not having room to smoke, or not caring to because ladies are present. I enclose my card, and am,

Yours, only an old-fashioned Woman,

A MAYFAIR MOTHER.

DEAR MR. P.—One gentleman has very kindly consented to disclose the real reason why *he*, at any rate, always goes into a smoking-carriage—to escape the women's "prattle" which goes on in the other carriages! Poor thing! he only finds he's jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire, for even in the smokers he finds women who dare to talk and disturb his highness. Really, we're very sorry. If we'd only known we would have cut out our tongues rather than have driven away this sensitive creature to despair and a smoking compartment. I can fancy him saying:—

"O! hang this noisy womankind,
Her prattle me displeases.
She only does it to annoy,
Because she knows it teases."

I think the best plan will be for us not to travel by train at all. If we are in a smoking-carriage we're in the way; if we're not, we're too much to say. Lest this habit of rhyme should grow chronic, let me hasten to subscribe myself, dear Mr. Punch,

Your devoted admirer, ETHEL TRAVERS.

P.S.—I'm sure *you* would never be rude enough to say I prattled too much.—E. T.

DEAR SIR,—This correspondence must not end as it began,—in smoke. Something practical must be done. It's clear to my mind that an ordinary train is not large enough to hold both man and woman. Now, it's certain that man *must* go by train. How would the "somebodies" in the City ever get there else? If this is so, it seems equally certain that woman must consent *not* to travel by train. Every woman would, I think, have a claim upon her husband to provide her with a carriage and pair, but that could, no doubt, be arranged. It will be a glorious day when the Male Train becomes a reality, instead of a Post-Office fiction. Yours suggestively,

ONE WHO LIKES TO TRAVEL IN A TRAIN
OF HAPPY THOUGHTS.

PRIMEVAL BOY.

A HOLIDAY STUDY, BY A SCIENTIFIC PARENT.

IF novelty cannot be claimed for Boy as a subject for the essayist or the philosopher, the purely scientific aspect of the race has hitherto been strangely overlooked. This is the more remarkable, for boys are indubitably a far more interesting survival than any of the belated fauna or flora of the antipodes. The antiquity of boys should alone be enough to commend them to the scientific heart of an age devoted to the study of Origins. There have certainly been boys for close upon six thousand years, if we only accept literally the chronology which is taught to the genus under the heading—in their school reports—of “Divinity.” But, taking the wider floor of speculative science, the hearth and home of the chuntering Cave-man must have been rendered hotter and less homely by the irrepressible and irresponsible Cave-boy at some wholly indefinable distance of time. This venerable relic of primeval ages we have continually with us, in apparently inexhaustible profusion; and that not in a mummified state, or fossilised, like Time’s monuments to its own victims; not in a fragmentary condition from which science can only hesitatingly reconstruct the broken image, but living and energising and thinking as it has lived and energised and thought since the original boy first played *Robinson Crusoe* in the lagoons of a vanished continent.

As far back as tradition and legend go, we find change continually affecting the moral, mental, and physical condition of adult man. But wherever found in history or legend, in folk-lore or myth, the small boy maintains an unimpaired identity. He alone is independent of secular circumstance, from Dr. GRIMSTONE to ORBILIUS, back to the academies of Babylon and the choir schools of Stonehenge, and so into the forgotten dark-nesses of time, where Induction alone can penetrate, guided like a glow-worm by the light of her internal consciousness.

There is nothing in common, save mere common humanity, between the pale scholar of the PARKS and the ancient Assyrian scribe, whose records he laboriously deciphers. But between the pale scholar’s sons (who have been marring his work by their trampling and shouting overhead, and, banished to the back garden, shall shortly let you off a home-made petard) and the sons of the long-forgotten Assyrian, there is an absolute identity of manner, custom, aim, and view. To times where even tradition reaches not, Induction guides us with unerring foot, and we find the Cave-boy, not like his father, a rude, rough-hewn image of the man that is to be, an unread proof of an article that the ages shall revise, but *factus ad unguem* (*haud dubie immundam*) fit to take his place, if caught young enough to accustom him to jacket and trousers, alongside of JONES Minor in the class-room; to mix, a welcome and ready-made companion with JONES Minor and his young friends in the playground, the tuck-shop, or the secluded *Campus Martius* of single-combat. Fit, except for one thing. He would physically have an immense, and from the boy’s point of view, an unfair advantage, *for there can be no doubt whatever that the head of Primeval Boy was of stone, presumably one of the less ornamental kinds of granite.* The reasoning which leads to this conclusion is at once interesting and irrefragable. Seeing that everything points to the identity of the Boy nature, *semper et ubique*, while man’s nature, bad enough now, has, demonstrably, become much mollified, it follows that the Cave-boys, with the nature of the contemporary boy, and only an equal physical equipment, must have perished very early indeed in the history of the race. They would either have been killed off by justly exasperated parents during the holidays; by masters, workmen, and gamekeepers, during term-time; or they must have sought safety in flight to the most inaccessible fastnesses.

But this latter seems to be an untenable position. We are well aware of the extraordinary hardness and the even more extraordinary impunity of Boys. They defy the laws of physiology, even of gravitation, at what is supposed to be a tender age. The adult athlete would perish miserably from half the deleterious dainties consumed in a given time by a quite negligible fourth-form boy. The wettings, the chills, the tumbles of any winter half-holiday, of any spring bird-nesting foray, would infallibly slay, or hopelessly wreck, the paladins whose exploits the boys mimetically emulate. It is not

on physical grounds, then, that this theory must be rejected, for at the risk of incurring the charge of extravagance it must be claimed for the Cave-boy that he was even harder and more audacious than his descendants at the present day. No! The grounds for rejecting the flight-theory are, that if released from an authority against which to rebel, from the joy and the risk of exasperating his adult congeners, the whole significance of the Boy disposition would be lost, and Nature we know makes nothing in vain.

No, Primeval Boy must have remained at home. And this being so, he must certainly have possessed a singularly indurated cranium. The only material that would have resisted the fury of Cave-parents would be stone, for iron was at that period unknown. Another absolutely conclusive proof that the Primeval Boy had a stone head is the prevalence of stone weapons and utensils. The untutored Cave-man would never have hit upon the idea of stone implements unless he had physically hit upon stone first, and even the rudest Cave-dweller would not have gone about banging his knuckles deliberately upon hard substances in a mere spirit of utilitarian research. No—passion sways uncultured man. And in some transport, smiting his unruly or impertinent offspring on the head, he learnt by experience the first lesson of civilisation, the need, the use, and the construction of tools; and, secondarily, the virtue of discretion in the infliction of corporal chastisement. Boy was thus the first great educational motor; and man, having stolen his thunder, has been paying him back with interest ever since. The study of Primeval Boy seems to be leading to an even more astounding conclusion than that all civilisation is primarily due to his head, if not exactly to his brain. And that is nothing less than that the human race sprang originally neither from a monkey nor a marine ascidian, but from the stone-headed boy, whose parents were a debased form of the higher type. As his educational influence grew upon his elders, there became by degrees less need for the stone head, or for the bronze shins of a later period, and so in time the wooden head was evolved, which is even now not seldom met with.



WORDSWORTH, with the accidental inspiration of poetical genius, anticipated this latest discovery in the line, “The Child is Father to the Man,” and science, by the study of Primeval Boy, gracefully accepts and confirms the suggestion of the lake-dwelling poet.

Disclaimer by a Diner-out.

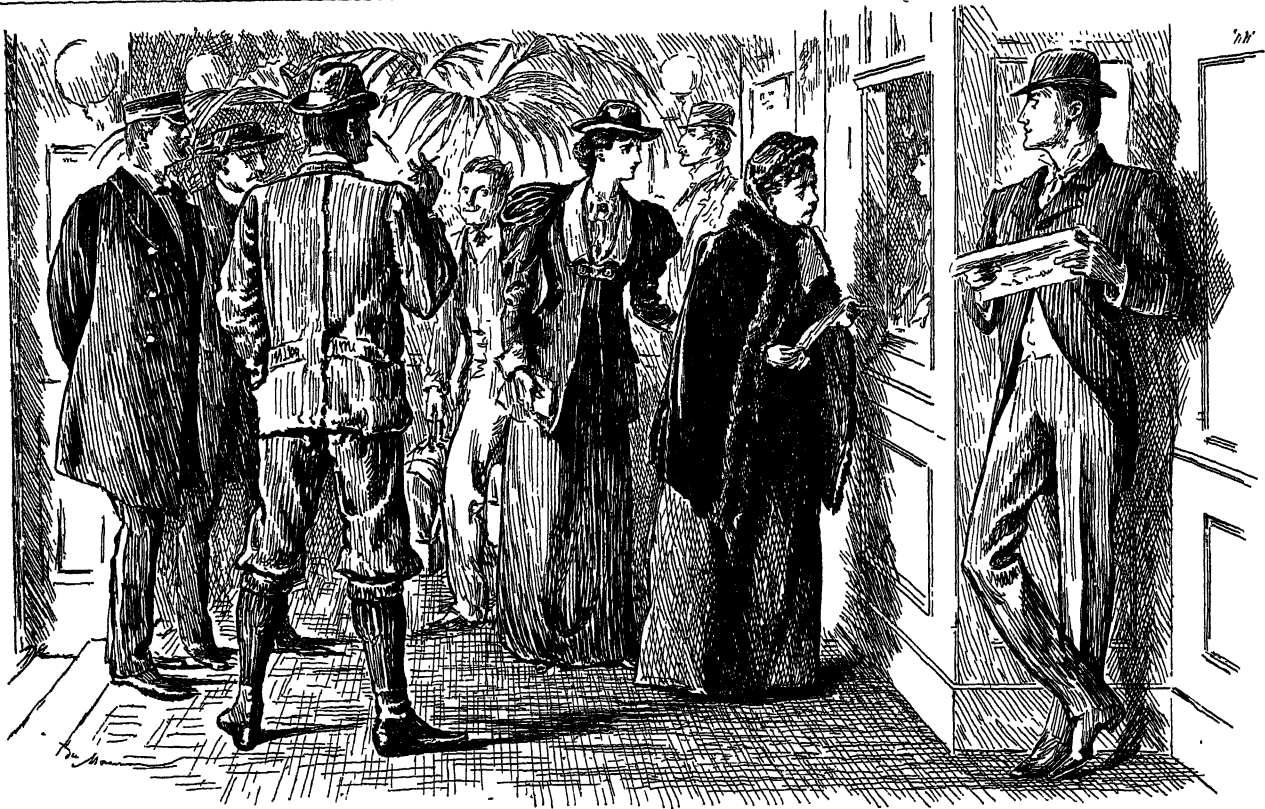
ABOLISH Party? Whose delight were greater
Than mine? I hail the chance with rapture hearty.
But oh! I can’t agree with the *Spectator*,
Who’d do away with—gods!—the Dinner Party!
No, let us compromise,—we’ll all be winners,—
And firmly banish Party from our Dinners!

THE AUK’S EGG.—Mr. ROWLAND WARD, F.Z.S., purchased, last week, a stuffed specimen of the extinct bird *The Great Auk*, and also a perfect egg,—quite fresh, of course,—for £600. Mr. WARD is a man of great awk-toritas, and what he has given so large a sum for must be worth considerably more, so that anyone wanting to bargain for this his recent purchase will have an awk-ward customer to deal with. Not less than £1200 can possibly be taken.

A PRETTY GOOD TUNE.—The College of Music is to be opened in State by H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES “with a golden key.” Which key, in music, is this? Perhaps one of the keys belonging to the bunch in which the *Golden Legend* is written. The College cost Mr. SAMPSON of Leeds £75,000,—in notes, of course.

GOOD OMEN FOR JABEZ.—Last week he obtained a medical certificate, and was taken out of gaol to be lodged in the private house of a “Miss FREEMAN.” They’ll miss Prisoner soon, and he may get away as Master FREE-MAN.

FIRST-RATE WATCH-DOG, AS GUARDIAN OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The “POINTER.”



FOREIGN HOTELS.—“WHAT!—NO SOAP!”

“OH—ER—JUSTE REGARDEZ ICI, MADEMOISELLE! VOUS NOUS AVEZ CHARGÉ POUR LE SAVON—ET NOUS NE L'AVONS PAS USF, VOUS SAVEZ, CAR—” “OH, MAMMA! HOW CAN YOU!” *[Poor things! they had brought their own!]*

BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

A Fytte of Foreste Finauce.

“We robbed the lawyer who went against the law;
We spared the craftsman, chapman, all that live
By their own hands, the labourer, the poor priest;
We spoil'd the prior, friar, abbot, monk,
For playing upside down with Holy Writ;
‘Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,’
Take all they have and give it to thyself;
Then, after we have eased them of their coin,
It is our forest custom they should revel
Along with ROBIN.”

Robin Hood in Tennyson's "Foresters."

WHEN limes beens greene, and laylocks bloom,
And the blackbirde pipeth cleare,
Men wot right well 'tis nigh the ende
Of the financial yeare.

Right then the sheriffe's officers
Makes last demaunde for taxes,
And labourer or poor shopkeeper
Must give him that he axes.

“Buske ye, bowne ye, my merry men all!”
Quoth ROBIN, “and goe your wayes,
But I'll go seeke yond citizen plumpe,
In greenwood where he strays.”

And when he came to the merry greenwood,
Bold ROBIN was aware
Of a Merchaunte rich, who forth y-rode
All on a palfrey fayre.

“Stand you still!” quoth bold ROBIN HOOD,
“Under this tree so greene;
And hande me straighte that bagge of golde
Whiche neath your cloke is seene!”

“Thou art a madman,” the Merchaunte said.
“Woldest take my all for fee?”

Seeing thy asking hath beens soe bad,
Well granted it shale not be.”

Then ROBIN bent up his long bende-bowe,
And fettleth him for to shoote;
And the Merchaunte dragged forth a bagge
of golde,
Shaking from head to foote.

“Woe worth thee, woe worth thee, thou
wicked knave,
That ought to hang to a tree!
For now this day thou arte my bale,
My boote when thou shold be.”

“I am wilfull of my way,” quoth ROBIN,
“As all good Chancellors be;
But tell me, thou man of wealth and pride,
Why I shold favour thee!”

“Without such covetous carles as thou
The greene earth shold be Heaven.
Helle were it but for ROBIN HOOD
To pulle things straighte and even.

“My dwelling is in this wood,” sayes ROBIN.
“By thee I set right nought.
I am ROBIN HOOD, all of Malwood fayre,
And to mulct thee I long have sought.”

“There thou speketh soothe,” the Merchaunte
cried,
“Thou scourge of Propertie!
But the thing thou dubbest ‘Graduation,’
Is highway robbery!”

“Robberie?” quoth bold ROBIN HOOD.
“Nay, that's a slanderous statement.
Redistribution it is not Theft,—
Nor Exemption, nor Abatement.

“I robbe thee not, thou Mammonite!
The aim of all my labours

*Is—to ease thee of superfluous wealth
For the goode of thy poorer neighbours!”*

Oh, when revenues be shorte and slacke,
And billes be large and longe,
’Tis merye musing in the New Forrest,
How to mulct the riche and stronge!

ARS COSMETICA.

How would the little busy bore
Improve on Nature's dower,
And praise a painted Lais more
Than maidens in their flower!
How deftly he dabs on his grease,
How neatly spreads his wax;
And finds in dirty aids like these
The charms that Nature lacks.
In barber-born, cosmetic skill,
“Art” would be busy too;
And folly finds some business still
For popinjays to do!

“CONSTABLE A 1.”—Last Saturday CON-
STABLE'S “*White Horse*”—(which is a picture,
not an animal belonging to a mounted police-
man; likewise, the sale was at Christie's, not
at “Tatt's”)—was purchased by Mr. AGNEW
for 6200 guineas. “What will he do with it?”
Mr. A. knows; but to most persons the White
Horse would be a White Elephant.

FITTING ALTERATION.—Sir EDWARD L.
LAWSON possesses, it is said, a valuable col-
lection of relics of EDMUND BURKE at Hall
Barn, Beaconsfield. The county in which
this place is situated, instead of being Bucks
ought to be Burke-shire. Perhaps it is not
now too late to change the boundaries.



BOLD ROBIN HOOD.

SIR ROBIN HOOD H-RC-RT (addressing "The Merchante"). "NAY, FRIEND, 'TIS NO ROBBERY! I DO BUT EASE YOU OF THIS TO RELIEVE YOUR POORER BRETHREN!"



MERELY A MATTER OF COMPARISON.

Dealer (to Green, who has been trying Horse with view to purchase). "BIT LAME OF HIS OFF FORE-LEG YER THINK? LOR' BLESS YER, NOT A BIT OF IT! WHY, IT'S THE EXTRAORDINARY FINE ACTION 'E'S GOT WI' THE NEAR SIDE 'CN MAKES YER THINK SO!"

[Green is reassured.]

A FALSE GALLOP OF ANALOGIES.

["The chavender, or chub."—ISAAC WALTON.]

THERE is a fine stuffed chavender,
A chavender, or chub,
That decks the rural pavender,
The pavender, or pub,
Wherein I eat my gravender,
My gravender, or grub.

How good the honest gravender!
How snug the rustic pavender!
From sheets as sweet as lavender,
As lavender, or lub,
I jump into my tavender,
My tavender, or tub.

Alas! for town and clavender,
For business and club!
They call me from my pavender
To-night; ay, there's the ravender,
Ay, there comes in the rub!
To leave each blooming shrevender,
Each Spring-bedizened shrub,
And meet the horsy savender,
The very forward sub.
At dinner at the clavender,
And then at billiards dravender,
At billiards soundly drub
The self-sufficient cavender,
The not ill-meaning cub,
Who me a bear will davender,
A bear unfairly dub,
Because I sometimes snavender,
Not too severely snub
His setting right the clavender,
His teaching all the club!

Farewell to peaceful pavender,
My river-dreaming pub,
To bed as sweet as lavender,
To homely, wholesome gravender,
And you, inspiring chavender,
Stuff'd chavender, or chub.

Mrs. R. says "it is quite extraordinary the number of people who are joined together in matrimonial bonds at that fashionable church, St. George's, Hanover Square. Well, indeed, is it called 'a Temple of Hyphen.'"

CUMNOR PLACE.

PAULO POST LAUREATUM.

[In an action brought by the Rev. W. E. SCOTT-HALL it was sought to rescind a contract to purchase Cumnor Place, on the ground that the ghost of AMY ROBSART did not actually, as alleged to be alleged, frequent the spot.—Daily Press.]

'Tis the Place, and in the distance I have heard the curfew call
When the wind blows up from Oxford clean and clear to Cumnor Hall.

Cumnor Hall, where legends cluster thick as bats about the bricks;
Where the Scholar-Gipsy learned to practise his abandoned tricks.

All about the show I've wandered, nourishing the quite sublime
Fancy that the Dudley Chamber knew a tale of deadly crime.

And I said, "My airy AMY, state the naked facts to me;
Are you still the great attraction that a ghost is bound to be?"

Far along the woodland whisper of the eerie eventide
Stole the creepy rumour—"Hush thee, hush! Here comes the bogie-bride!"

O'er my pallid cheek and chilly came a perspirative glow,
And the hair upon my forehead lifted freely from below.

So I dipped into my pocket far as human hand could sap,
Winking at the auctioneer and waiting for the hammer's tap;

While the centuries kept mounting, and I faithfully supposed
I could purchase with the freehold any spook which it enclosed.

O my bogie, stony-hearted! O my AMY, mine no more!
O the Baron, Baron DUDLEY! O my ANTHONY's trap-door!

It appears that her Mahatma don't frequent the place at all;
That she's not (Great Scott!) the tenant of the Reverend SCOTT-HALL.

Like a dog I hunt in dreamland, sniffing round the water-tank,
Pointing sadly down the cellar, drawing all the chimneys—!

Where is comfort? Ask another! Lines indeed are deuced hard,
Seeing that I bought the phantom at a thousand pound a yard!

And the costs again are like a nasty blow beneath the belt,
And the jingling of the guinea jars the wound His Honour dealt.

Lawyers! lawyers! late and early!—ever reaping something new;
People they have done but nothing to the people they will do.

Knowledge lags and wisdom lingers! Truly said; and I'll be hung
If my individual withers are not consequently wrung.

Yet I doubt not it was folly to attempt to institute
For an empty *umbra* something of the nature of a *suit*.

As the lessee, so the lessor; when your tenant is a ghoul
You adopt the creature's habits, which are generally cool.

I, to herd with shady spectres, kilted perilously curt!
Like a spook without a waistcoat, like a spook without a shirt?

Never! I repeat it—Never! I would sooner make away
Fifty miles an hour through Europe on a cycle to Cathay!

Never! Let me only catch her trespassing across my wall,
There'll be traps and prosecutions for the ghost of Cumnor Hall!

Mrs. R. IN ROME.—When Mrs. R. was in Rome she insisted on the guide taking her and her party to see the Papal Bulls of which she had always heard so much. "I suppose," she said, "they're kept on some farm, and are exhibited for prizes just like the QUEEN's or the Prince of WALES's." The worthy lady added that she couldn't help laughing to think what a mistake she made in Holland when she was taken to see "*Paul Potter's Bull*," which turned out to be only a picture.



FINANCE.

Grocer. "WHAT'S FOR YOU, MISSY?"

Missy. "FARDEN'S WORF O' SODA, FARDEN'S WORF O' SOFT SOAP, FARDEN'S WORF O' TREACLE, FARDEN PACKET O' TACKS, FARDEN'S WORF O' BUTTER-SCRAPIN'S FARDEN'S WORF O' STARCH, FARDEN'S WORF O' BULL'S-EYES, AN' A FARDEN DIP."

Grocer. "THAT 'LL BE TWOPENCE, PLEASE."

Missy. "AN' WHAT 'LL BE THE DISCOUNT FOR CASH?"

"PERSONS" IN PARLIAMENT.

SCENE—The Ladies' Gallery in the House of Commons after Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE has made the promised alterations. Fair dames at the sides striving to get a glimpse at the Members down below.

Matron Number One (in a good position). I must request you, Madam, to be so kind as not to push. You have already put your parasol once in my face, and have entirely destroyed the shape of my bonnet.

Matron Number Two. I am so sorry. But would you kindly tell me whether Mr. TOMKINS is in the House. You will find him on the third bench, just behind Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT.

Matron Number One. I really cannot say. I haven't the faintest notion who is Mr. TOMKINS. Why should you want to look at Mr. TOMKINS? Never heard his name in my life before.

Matron Number Two. Mr. TOMKINS, Madam, is my husband!

Matron Number One. Indeed! Well, I am very sorry that I cannot assist you. (Aside to a friend her neighbour.) Doesn't Mr. BALFOUR look nice this evening? I always like a white waistcoat.

Matron Number Two (conquering her indignation). You will forgive me Madam, but Mr. TOMKINS is exceedingly delicate. He promised me to take some beef lozenges. It is not idle curiosity; but is Mr. TOMKINS taking his beef lozenges?

Matron Number One. Really, Madam, I cannot say; but if you like to stretch over you can see for yourself.

Matron Number Two (amidst a murmur of disapproval from persons inconvenienced by her movements adopts the suggestion). Thanks, a thousand thanks. Yes, there he is, dear fellow, and he is taking the lozenges as he promised to do!

First Young Lady (at the side). I don't want to cause any trouble, but I promised to show myself, if possible, in the centre. A Member asked me to do this, and as he took a lot of trouble to get me a ticket, I should be so very much obliged if I were allowed to come to the front for just a second.

Other Young Ladies (also at the sides). No, that isn't fair. We all want to show ourselves.

First Matron (amiably). Well you won't have to wait very long. I am just going, so you can have my seat. [Chorus of thanks.]

Second Matron. Well, really, I do think that under all the circumstances you might have promised the place to me. I am sure it would encourage my husband to go on with his lozenges if he saw he had my eye upon him.

Young Ladies in chorus. Not at all. Why should you go before us? We have been waiting at the sides as long as you have. [First Matron rises, there is a rush for the place.]

First Matron. I am afraid my seat is valueless. The House is up, and I suppose there will be nothing worth seeing until to-morrow.

[Scene closes upon a chorus of indignant disappointment.]

UNDER AN UMBRELLA.

(To Althea.)

It had rained all the night,
It was raining all day,
And the streets were a sight,
And the month it was May;
And then there befell a
Strange chance and a sweet;
You without an umbrella
I met in the street!

My umbrella is old,
My umbrella is green;

And the like, I've been told
Of it never was seen.
It's a handle that will
Attract curious eyes,
More conspicuous still
Its remarkable size!

Though I saw you desired
Some conveyance, the fact
Was each hansom was hired
And each omnibus packed;
Then my heart gave a bound
And "Allow me," I said,
And you suddenly found
My umbrella o'erhead.

Such a marvellous lot
To be sheltering you,
I the hansoms forgot
And the omnibus too;
If my bliss you descried
Yet you did not complain;
And we went side by side
Thro' the streets in the rain.
And the darkness 'gan fall
As we walked to the Square;
You explained it was all
A mistake you were there.
But I cannot regret,
Though it ceased not to pour,

That no hansom we met
Till we came to your door.

For the door-bell to grope,
Give a loud peal and bold,
Then to fervently hope
That you wouldn't catch cold,
And a hasty farewell, a
Brief handshake of bliss—
But I've blessed my umbrella
From that day to this!

"THE PROMISED LAND."—
Compulsory allotments.

"THE PLAY'S THE-RING."

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—The production of *Gentleman Jack* at Drury Lane, in which a distinguished member of the prize-ring takes a leading part, has suggested to me the reflection that in future our dramatic critics should not only be well-read men of letters, but also students of sporting literature. The reception with which the piece has been met points to the possibility of other plays of a similar character occupying the boards; or, to use a more appropriate phrase, "taking the field in front of the green curtain." If this comes to pass, surely the first-night critic should be able to describe a "little mill," or "a quarter of an hour inside the ropes," in language that will be comprehended by the common (or booking) people. To show that it could be done, I enclose a notice of *Hamlet* as it might be reported in "the new reviewing."

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT PRINCE v. THE HEAVY KING.

(By Our Special Commissioner.)

Last night this interesting little affair was seen through by a large company of the knowing community from all points of the compass. The first part of the performance did not attract much attention, as all were in waiting for the last act, in which *Hamlet* was matched against *Claudius*, with *Laertes* (as the gentlemen of the long robe would say) intervening. The plot of the play is simple enough, and is constructed mainly with a view to leading up to the item in the last act.

Claudius gets rid of his nephew and seizes his throne. *Hamlet* goes to England and there picks up the noble art of self-defence. On his return the Prince goes for the King, and the match comes off in the final scene. This was specially arranged last night to meet the requirements of the amended text and stage business. Stakes were pitched and a ring was made in accordance with the Queensberry Rules. Then, after the preliminaries had been settled by *Osric*, who acted as stakeholder, the principals got to their work with a good



deal of smartness, and playgoers will notice that the business of the action has been specially altered to meet modern requirements.

ROUND I.—*Hamlet* and *Laertes* having shaken hands, got to work with great zeal. After a little sword play they dropped their weapons and took to their fists. *Hamlet* was the first to get in upon *Laertes*' dexter ogle, with good effect. After a little nipping on both sides, *Hamlet* caught *Laertes* a nice upper-cut, and sent his man to the grass with great spirit. First knock-down blow to *Hamlet*.

ROUND II.—*Laertes* came up smiling, but, before he could do anything, *Hamlet* shot out his left, and landed with smart effect on his opponent's jaw. First blood for *Hamlet*.

ROUND III. AND LAST.—

Laertes came up very groggy, but apparently ready to take his punishment like a man. He promenaded the ring, followed by *Hamlet*, who never lost an opportunity of landing a little one on his opponent's dexter ogle. Each of these attentions told its tale, and before the men had been at their merry work for five minutes, *Laertes* had his ogles both closed up, and his smeller in a state of liquidation. It was at this point that *Laertes* called out that *Claudius* had "sold the match." Upon this *Hamlet* turned his attention to the unfortunate king, and shooting out with his left, gave him half-a-dozen in swift succession just under the right ear. This caused *Claudius* to seek the earth, and *Polonius* very properly threw up the sponge. At this moment both *Hamlet* and *Laertes* were prostrate, and both were deaf to all inquiries about time. Under the cir-

cumstances, *Osric* will keep the stakes until the referee decides which of the personal representatives of the deceased shall have them.

Now, Mr. Punch, this is merely a rough idea; but if it were properly worked up, I have no doubt that a report of this kind would be fully as interesting as the description of a professional prize-fight. I have shown the will, and others must find the way.

Yours most truly, SHAKESPEARE SHERIDAN, JUNIOR.
Melpomene Mansions, Garrick Road, Epsom.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 23.—NOLAN been threatening to burst all night; popping about on his seat like parched pea; whenever Member in possession of Committee resumed his seat, the Colonel on his legs; rapped out sentence or two before he discovered Chairman had called on someone else. In this way, surmising the sentences to be consecutive (a bold assumption), and taking into account the rapidity of the Colonel's utterance, he had between eight and half-past ten, at which hour he got his innings, delivered a speech of average length.

"This habit of adding to the whisky duty sixpence by sixpence," he said, when his chance came, "is becoming fearful."

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD moved uneasily in his seat, as the Colonel fixed him with glowering eye. Had been pitched into all through the sitting; JOKIM had criticised his Budget; PRINCE ARTHUR had almost viciously attacked him because, instead of being abashed, he had joked at JOKIM. Just before eight o'clock, having been in close attendance for three hours and a half, having answered many questions, having made two elaborate speeches, thought he might go eat a sardine, swallow a cup of *bouillon*, and hurry back. The blameless BARTLEY, rising to continue discussion, Members with one accord trooped out to dinner.

"Now's my time," said the SQUIRE to himself. Cautiously rising, he walked on tiptoe towards the SPEAKER'S chair. Looked as if he were merely passing in that direction to speak to one of clerks at table. BARTLEY watched him till his figure almost disappeared behind SPEAKER'S chair. There was no doubt the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was actually leaving the House when GEORGE CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY, one of the founders of the National Penny Bank (Limited), was about to offer counsel and criticism on national finance! This too much for human nature.

"Even the TROUT will turn," as GEORGE CURZON, looking up for moment from study of his pocket Koran, observed.

BARTLEY, bituminous now rather than blameless, snapped out remark that "the right hon. gentleman is, as usual, leaving the House."

This too much for the most placable of tempers. The SQUIRE, hungry, harassed, returned in three strides, and amid general cheering badly battered BARTLEY.

"I have never," BARTLEY whimpered, "been discourteous to the right hon. gentleman."

"I never thought it worth while to attack you," said the SQUIRE, grimly.

The SQUIRE had had his hasty dinner when NOLAN returned to the attack. Therefore the better able to bear things. Listened with pleased attention as the Colonel, firing off sentences like charges from a Maxim gun, showed how drunkenness is all a question of latitude, and how the Scotch drink more because they dwell farther north.

Business done.—Budget Resolutions.

Tuesday.—Haven't had WILLOUGHBY DE ERESBY long with us. Came in for the Horncastle Division of Lincolnshire on death of poor EDWARD STANHOPE. Like all sensible men DE ERESBY disposed to serve at least one Session before making his maiden speech. Would have done it only for the family ghost.

"Suppose, TOBY," he said, just before he caught the Chairman's eye, "there isn't a ghost in your family? If you can manage it keep them out. Nothing more overbearing or inconvenient. Wasn't it a cabman who described JOHN FOSTER as 'a harbitery gent'? FOSTER wasn't in it with our ghost. Ghosts worse to live with now than they used to be. Read the penny papers. Ours up in the Budget. Ever since the SQUIRE brought it in given me no rest; insists on knowing whether succession duty will have to be paid upon it; if so at what scale. Question sounds commonplace enough seated here in the smoking-room. But put in dead of night, in hollow tones, with the distinct smell of graveclothes filling the room, it's no joke. Tried to get the

gentleman to look in at Downing Street some night after House was up and put question directly to HARCOURT. Seems that can't be done. Communications made only through members of the family. So I've got to do it. Making a maiden speech is bad enough for bashful fellow like me. But to walk in arm in arm, so to speak, with the family ghost beats the record."

After dinner DE ERESBY pulled himself together and trotted out the ghost. Must succession duty be paid on it, and if so, on what scale? Point rather novel in the spirit duty controversy; SQUIRE not prepared to reply straight off. Must consult excise authorities. Meanwhile, DE ERESBY, having done his best, looks forward to quiet night; first since Budget brought in.

Business done.—Resolutions embodying Death Duties agreed to.

Thursday.—"Madagascar for me," said JEMMY LOWTHER, gazing reflectively upon ASQUITH still expounding the provisions of the Welsh Disestablishment Bill. "Suppose, TOBY, you've seen the latest news from that tight little island? Always study my Antananarivo papers. One to hand this morning informs me that 'M. RAINTZANABOLONA, the son-in-law of M. RASANY, Secretary to His Excellency the Prime Minister, was sentenced on Saturday to penal servitude for life at the hulks of Mahaso, in consequence of a political discussion he had with Prince RAKOTOMENA.' The proper names are a little embarrassing. But can you imagine anything more delightfully simple and straightforward than the process? Always tinkering our Rules of Procedure. Here we have a model ready to hand. I fancy PRINCE ARTHUR would like it; am sure it would delight SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. Only fancy, when SAGE OF QUEEN ANNE'S GATE tries to trip up Ministry in Division Lobby; at conclusion of his speech inciting to revolt SQUIRE OF MALWOOD scribbles few lines on piece of paper; hands it to REES DAVIES who walks out; fetches in two policemen; within half an hour the SAGE finds himself on the way to Dartmoor under sentence of penal servitude for life. Same thing with the Scotch or Welsh Members when they put forward inconvenient demand, subversive of control of affairs from Treasury Bench. They should have their full privileges, you know. I'm not the man to interfere with liberty of speech. There should be, as seems to have been the case in

Madagascar, untrammelled political discussion. But at the close, 'in consequence,' as my paper puts it, off they go to the hulks; penal servitude for life. When we come in I expect we shall have a turn with my dear friends immediately behind. TOMMY BOWLES's seafaring knowledge would be particularly useful on board a hulk—or do you say a hulk? BARTLEY and HANBURY chained together by the ankle, though somewhat unequal in height, would have many opportunities of taking sweet counsel together. I shall mention this matter to PRINCE ARTHUR, and put him on to work it out with the SQUIRE. It is exactly one of those things the two Front Benches would like to settle with each other."

As JEMMY spoke his honest face glowed with pleasant anticipation. Haven't for a long time seen him look so pleased.

Business done.—Motion for leave to introduce Welsh Disestablishment Bill.

Friday.—Sixth day of discussion on appointment of Scotch Grand Committee. At moment when even this fascinating subject was beginning to pall, MACFARLANE providentially interposed; read choice extracts from speeches delivered by JOSEPH whilst yet unregenerate.

"Did you ever," JOSEPH asked the Oldest Inhabitant of Newcastle, where he chanced to be speaking, "recollect a time when, a Liberal Government being in power and trying to do liberal work, the Tories did not say they had brought the country to the verge of ruin, and that England was becoming a place in which no gentleman could live?"

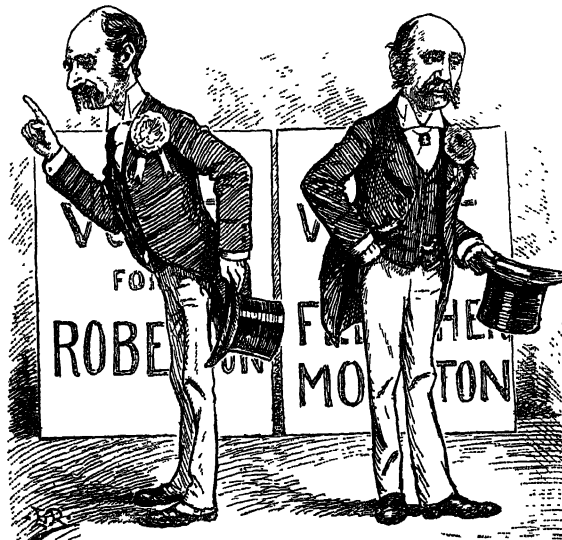
House laughed and cheered. Cries of "Author! author!" from under Gallery. In response JOSEPH presented himself; bowed his acknowledgements, and thanked MACFARLANE for his appreciative reading.

Then the SPEAKER suggested perhaps House had better get back to business; which it did, much refreshed.

It is these little amenities, as BRYCE says, that make Parliamentary life endurable.

Business done.—Scotch Grand Committee complete. Took six days for the work. "Exactly the same period," says WALLACE, ex-divine proximate coroner, "as it took to create the world."

P.S.—SARK tells me he hears CHARLES RUSSELL, having considered various titles, will take his seat in Appeal Court as Lord EPSOM.



O GEMINI!

"As like as Two (M.) P's."

Mr. Fletcher Moulton and Mr. Robertson. "The Heavenly Twins of South Hackney."

A VOICE FROM THE BAR.

(To the Editor of Punch.)

SIR,—I notice that attention has been called in an evening paper to a recent decision of the Czar of RUSSIA in the case of a doctor at St. Petersburg. According to the *St. James's Gazette*, an all-round family practitioner, having treated one of his patients unskillfully, was sentenced to seven days' imprisonment, fined a thousand roubles, and ordered to pay the injured lady three hundred roubles a year for life. This seems strange to us in England; still, I can imagine a case in which such a punishment would be appropriate in our own free land. I will imagine an example.

Let us say that a solicitor is in the position of the doctor, and a client has proved his case against him up to the hilt. I will imagine that an occupant of the Bench is giving judgment. Let us say SNOOKS, J.

"I have no hesitation in declaring," says SNOOKS, J., impressively, "that there has been a serious miscarriage of justice in this case. This is a suit for administration, and a matter of great importance has come before a Chief Clerk in Chambers. Now if ever there was reason for counsel to be briefed here was a convincing argument. It is true that matters before the Chief Clerks are argued, and efficiently argued, by juniors who are more accustomed to writing addresses on envelopes than dealing with abstruse points of law. But this was not such a case. It was distinctly a matter for counsel. And I think that the solicitor before me—who it must be remembered is an officer of the Court—has been guilty of great neglect; neglect that almost amounts to criminal neglect. Under these circumstances I can only order him to pay all the costs in the action, return the sum lost to

his neglected client, and furnish Mr. BRIEFLESS with suitable causes for the natural term of his life."

This, Sir, I feel would be a worthy adaptation of the Russian Law to the requirements of our country, and, as such, I beg to propose it for acceptance to those who have the framing of our laws and rules of Court.

(Signed) A. BRIEFLESS, JUN.

A Political (Spring) Song.

(After Clare. Written after reading Rosebery's Reunion Speech.)

WELCOME, pale PRIMROSE! starting up between
Dividing party questions that bestrew
Ermine and lawn, and club and caucus through,
'Midst Rose, and Thistle, and the Shamrock green.
How much thy presence doth refresh the ground!
How much thy modest unaffected pride
Awakes reunion's hopes on every side!

MADAME PATI is to appear in a new opera by Signor PIZZI. Is the subject of classic Rome? Fine story "Cato"! Duet of CATO and CATILINE with PIZZI-CATO accompaniment. Perhaps 'tis not true. To adapt the immortal WILLIAM, we may say, "If true 'tis PIZZI, and PIZZI 'tis if true."

QUEER CASE OF "OLD TOM!"—Curious chap is "Old Tom." At "17 under proof,"—and at this he is "Old Tom," poor fellow!—he is sold at two shillings and fourpence per bottle, dear Old Tom! He pays revenue one shilling and fivepence! Generous Old Tom!! and leaves only elevenpence for cost, manufacture, and profit!! Stingy Old Tom!

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.)

NO. I.—FROM THE HON. VICTOR MAYDEW, WHITE'S CLUB, TO LADY MABEL HUNTER, PENTLAND HALL, HANTS.

DEAR LADY MABEL,

December 2, 189—.

I can't tell you how vexed and disappointed I am at not being able to come to Pentland on the 14th, but I am engaged to the BLAGDENS, and though I scarcely look forward very keenly to the visit, I don't quite see how I am to slip out. Had it only been in the following week, or indeed in any other week—but after all I've no right to worry you with my might-have-beens. I suppose we all get the engagements we deserve, and miss those that we don't deserve, and I'm not ambitious enough to try to be an exception to a rule of life which I heard you lay down when we last met. Still, I am sure you won't mind my telling you how immensely I always enjoy a visit to Pentland. Dear old HARRY was about the best friend I ever had, the best, I think, I can ever hope to have. When you married him you told me that nothing would be changed at Pentland; there would only be two friends for me there instead of one—and so it was. Good Heavens, why must destiny strike so blindly and cut down the best and the noblest when so many, of whom the highest that can be said is that they are useless, almost invite the blow that never falls? No doubt that is all very trite, and has been said much better by others ever so many times, but I don't think we ever know how true most truisms are until some crash of our own brings them home to us; and even after four years—but what a brute I am to renew your sorrow or to mention my feelings at such a loss to you.

London is fairly full, though the weather has been simply abominable. My brother HAROLD turned up the other day from four years of knocking about in all the most outlandish places in the world, and he has been dragging me from one place of amusement to another without remorse. I've seen some very bad acting, heard some very poor singing, have laughed, though upon my word I scarcely know why, at two or three shockingly tedious burlesques, have dined at three or four restaurants, at all of which one seems to come across the same waiters offering the same dishes (the *Suprêmes* of this that or the other, the something else *en Casserole*, and the inevitable *Mousse* or *Dame Blanche*), and all calmly expecting the same exorbitant tip for such slight services as handing one another man's hat, or calling a four-wheeler when one has requested a hansom. But HAROLD has come back to it all as fresh as if he had only just left school instead of being a grown man of twenty-eight with two wounds and four mentions in despatches.



"Handing one another man's hat."

The MAXWELLS dined and went to the play with us yesterday. He isn't a bad fellow, though he has a kind of lower-middle-Aldershot sort of mind—the kind of man who tells you a dull story with all its dreadful details and all his own tedious corrections of slips that don't matter in the least. He always introduces it as "the funniest thing, 'pon my word, I ever heard (or saw) in my life. By Jove, thought I should ha' died o' laughing!" When I hear that I know what to expect, and I try in vain to withdraw him from his hideous purpose, but he's got the horrible pertinacity of a wounded rhinoceros. Curious that that kind of dullness doesn't seem to strike women as really dull, whereas it exanimates men. MAXWELL has an undeniable cavalry-moustached popularity with most women. They humour him, and laugh at his obvious remarks, and listen patiently to him, and seem to take an unvarying pleasure in his society. But I have noticed that no woman can be with him even for one evening without getting it into her little head that Sandown and Kempton and Hurlingham are the be-all and end-all of existence, and that if you don't know the name and history and odds of the Derby favourite you are a mere nothing, scarcely tolerable even as a helper-on with a cloak when a play is over. Perhaps you, dear Lady MABEL, can explain the reason of all this to a crass masculine intelligence.

Mrs. MAXWELL has a sister, a Miss CRAIK, staying with her—a rather showy, handsome girl, with lots of fair hair, a good complexion, a trim figure, and a horribly unlimited capacity for talking slang, and, to use her own words, going one better than the men on every possible occasion. I've seen something of men and women during the thirty years I have spent (and wasted) in the world, and I am not easily startled, but I confess that the manners and language of this young woman made me shiver. But I suppose we fools are to blame, for some of us pretend to like that kind of thing, and to admire the bold, unconventional freedom of a girl who is apt to slap us on the back after half-an-hour's acquaintance.

I don't know why I have bored you with all this discourse. You must find the reason in your own kindness, for you have made me feel that it is good and pleasant to gossip with the mistress of Pentland, even though it be merely by letter. Give my love to little HARRY, and tell him that I have no doubt the Duke will view with favour his application for a Commission (direct from the nursery) in the Blues. Five years is perhaps younger than the average age of that gallant regiment, but, after all, ardour and determination are better than mere length of years.

I hope you will have fine weather, a good shoot, and a right pleasant party on the 14th.

Yours very sincerely,

VICTOR MAYDEW.

OUR DOCTORS.

"I think the profession, if I may presume to say so, has done well in the determination that Sir ANDREW CLARK might in the present age be taken up by common consent as a typical man, the representative of all that is best and noblest in the profession, and in its work."—*Mr. Gladstone's speech at the meeting at Prince's Hall on May 3, to further the movement for raising a Memorial to the late Sir Andrew Clark.*

Mr. Punch loquitrur:—

WHAT the great world to its great doctors owes,
Who can in fullness tell? Who fully knows?
How many a toiler, weary and o'erworked,
In whose tired frame, all unsuspected, lurked
The incipient seeds of dire disease, or death,
Warned, soothed, relieved, will lift in grateful breath,

Whenever chance permits, warm heartfelt praise

To him, the kindly lengthener of his days—
CLARK, JENNER, GULL, MACKENZIE, THOMPSON, ROOSE—

Whose sympathy's softest word, whose skill's best use,

Were his at sorest need, with scant regard
To self's convenience, or to skill's reward!

Pathetic sight! Our Old Man Eloquent
Bowed down by years, and with long toil
forespent,

Comes forth from well-earned rest, at much
of risk,

In gratitude alert, in friendship brisk,
Though worn and weak in frame, once more
to raise [praise]

That matchless voice in his great Doctor's
Well-dared, well-done!—Well followed it
should be.

We have not all such eloquence as he,

But we have hearts—and purses, and
should all

Respond with both for that Memorial
To him, the typic doctor, and in him

Honour—it may be some with eyes half dim
With thankful recollection—all those men

Whom servants of the Sword, the Brush, the
Pen,

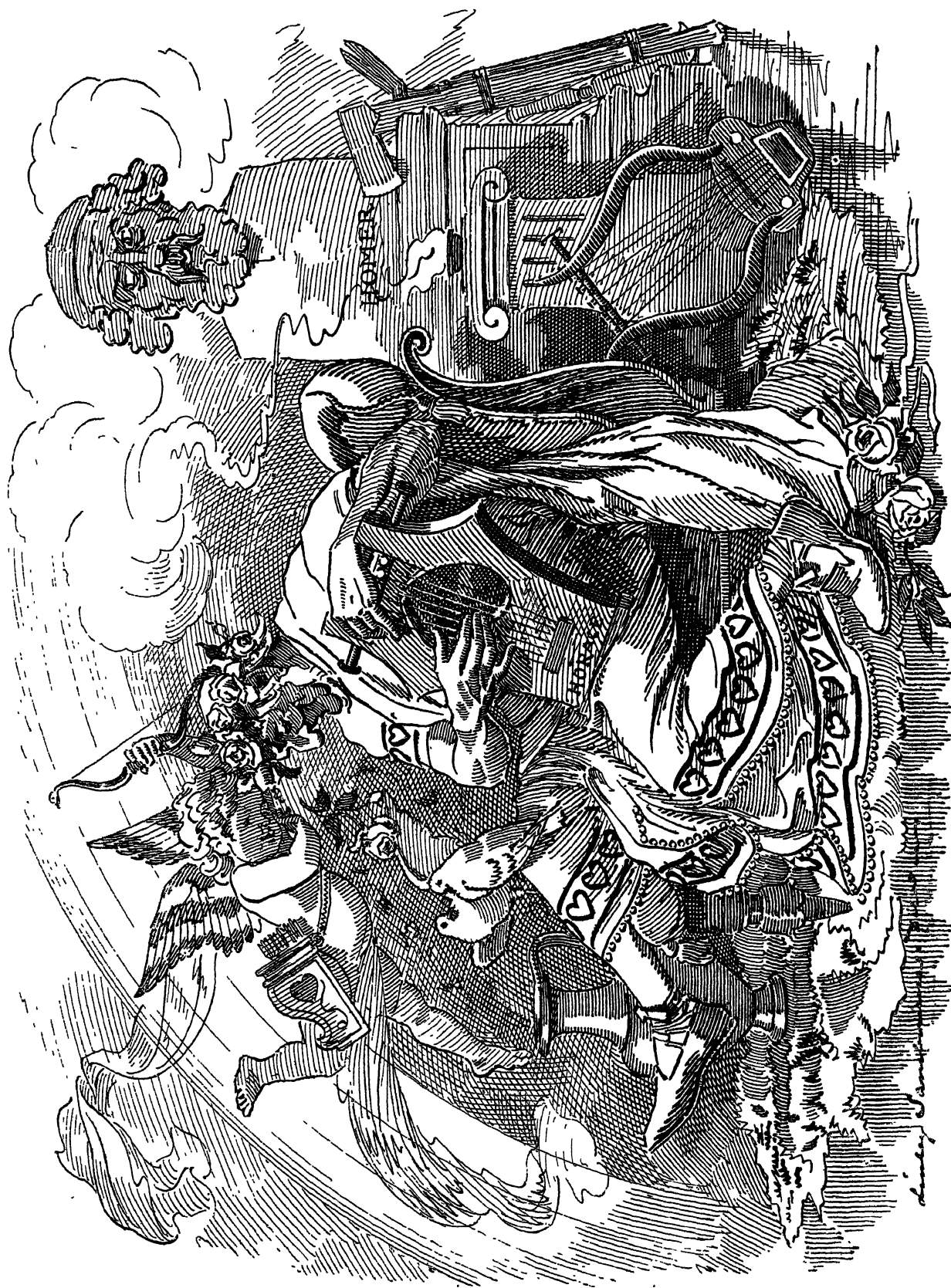
The Forum and the Senate, owe such debt

As makes us all remember with regret

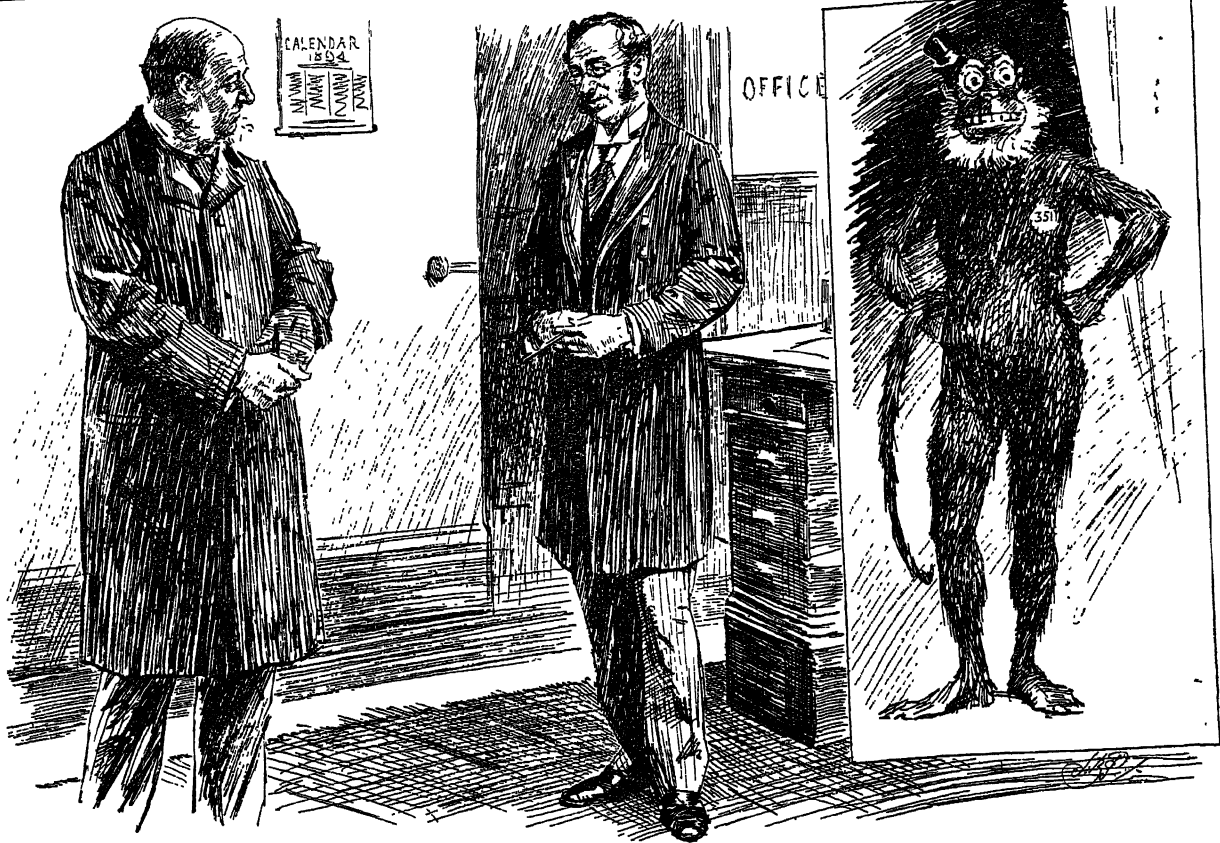
We have not all the happy power to mark,

With GLADSTONE'S eloquence, the fame of
CLARK.

NEAR ENOUGH—FOR HER.—Somebody mentioned in Mrs. R.'s hearing that a new light had been recently thrown on Bacteria. "Ah!" observed our old friend, thoughtfully, "the doctors do invent strange words nowadays. I suppose what they call 'Bacteria' is only a new name for Lumbago."



AN APOLOGY TO AN OLD FRIEND.



A COVENT-GARDENIAN REMINISCENCE.

City Merchant. "GOOD MORNING, JENNINGS. I'M A BIT LATE THIS MORNING. THE FACT IS, I WAS INDUCED TO GO TO THE BAL MASQUÉ LAST NIGHT. I AM GLAD TO SAY I DIDN'T SEE ANY OF OUR YOUNG MEN THERE."
Highly Respectable Head Clerk. "OH, OF COURSE NOT, SIR."
 [But he WAS there, all the same; and, what's more, nearly won a Prize for his Costume!]

AN APOLOGY TO AN OLD FRIEND.

(Written by Mr. Gladstone after contributing Specimens of the Love Odes of Horace to the May Number of the "Nineteenth Century.")

"At those periods when I have been in any degree master of my own time, I have, in my own way, dived a little into antiquity. Almost everything begins for me with my old friend HOMER, the friend of my youth, the friend of my middle age, the friend of my old age, from whom I hope never to part as long as I have any faculty or breath left in my body."—*Mr. Gladstone on Homer, Dec. 3, 1872.*

"GIVE me the harp of Epic song,
 Which HOMER's fingers thrilled along!"
 'Twas so ANACREON started.

Yet each succeeding stanza proves
 His love for every lyre, save Love's,
 Was but half hearted.

Still, still he found his "languid lyre,"
 The "warbler of his soul's desire,"
 And that desire erotic.
 We sing, like HOMER, arms and strife,
 But Cupid some time in our life
 Will prove despotic.

So pardon, mighty shade, if I,
 A little late, it may be, try
 The Lydian lyre a little;
 Nor deem HORATIUS shall incline
 My long allegiance from thy shrine
 One jot or tittle.

O Cupid, we will sing to thee
 "In wild but sweet ebriety."
 (A touch Anacreontic!)
 Long time I've steered the Ship of State,
 Now I must leave to kindly fate
 Its pine-planks Pontic.

Good Ship, so long my charge, nor less
 An object now of tenderness,
 I pray the dangerous seas
 In thy old hull may make no breach,
 But, PRIMROSE-piloted, may'st reach
 The Cyclades!

There vibrates the Venusian's chord;
 And thou, great HOMER, canst afford
 That furrowed front to soften.
 I have essayed with might and main
 To live up to thy lofty strain,
 So long and often!

Now age-dimmed eyes, that sure in thee
 Should wake a ready sympathy,
 Demand a little rest.
 I live with Memory and her Muses.
 The long-strung bow at length refuses
 Thine Epic test.

So faithless deem me not, nor stupid,
 If with the sly Horatian Cupid
 I trifle. 'Tis platonic,
 This late flirtation with the Muse;
 Minerva's self would scarce refuse
 A smile—ironic.

"Love Odes of HORACE!" You may deem
 NESTOR of other things should dream.
 ACHILLES o'er the trench?
 Well, you'll admit that in long shindy
 On our Troy's plain, as wild and windy,
 I did not blench.

And now the pecking of the Dove
 At my lyre-strings, and whispering Love
 Tip-tapping on my shoulder,
 Incite me to a new strange venture. He
 (Love) suggests the *Nineteenth Century*,
 And, growing bolder,

Great HOMER, I'll e'en brave thy frown,
 And try, with rhymes, to take the town.
 The critics may attack us;
 Indeed, I'm sure they'll flout my skill;
 But you'll forgive me—and so will
 Our good friend FLACCUS!

A VERY NATURAL QUESTION.—"This,"
 said the Verger, who was showing Mrs. R. and
 a few friends over the Cathedral, "this
 was the Old Lady Chapel." "Dear me!"
 exclaimed Mrs. R. "How very nice!
 But," after a moment's consideration, "at
 what age were they admitted? And, was
 it ever full?"

BY THE NURSERY GARDENER.—How would
 you come to a decision as to sound fruit?—In
 the case of a plum, greengage, or peach, any
 one would judge by its tone.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 30.—Not an honest nor kinder-hearted man in House than JOHN GILBERT TALBOT. High-minded, sensitively conscientious, naturally a little unhappy as he went off to dinner to-night thinking of the trap he had unconsciously,



M.P. for Holiday.

certainly undesignedly, laid for ROBERT GRANT WEBSTER. It happened when LLOYD GEORGE, in softest voice, was raging furiously against the Church in Wales. Mere mention of the Church touches TALBOT to the quick. Any disrespectful reference excites his keenest indignation. His best-remembered Parliamentary remark was delivered on the historical occasion when GRAND CROSS, at that time still with us in the House of Commons, defended the bishops from an attack made upon their Parliamentary position. It was in the lobby, whither he had withdrawn to hide his emotion, that TALBOT, sadly shaking his head, and assuming an expression more than usually lugubrious, summed up the situation in poignant phrase. He is not so effective in ordered speech, being somewhat too obviously weighted with more than his share of human woe. Still, he is always

listened to with the respect high personal character extorts even in most frivolous mood of House of Commons.

To-night he broke silence several times whilst LLOYD GEORGE spoke disrespectfully of the Church in Wales. WEBSTER sitting behind quietly enough; but at sight of this venerable figure popping up like a clerical Jack-in-the-pulpit, he began to move restlessly. Once or twice he rose, but TALBOT, happening to be on feet at moment he dropped back in his seat. "I rise to a point of order," he from time to time shouted. At length he got his chance; GEORGE resumed his seat; House silently awaited point of order.

"The Hon. Gentleman," WEBSTER thundered forth, in his most magisterial manner, "says he quoted from an official return these figures showing the relative numbers of Nonconformists and Church-goers in Wales. Was there," he added, dropping his voice to tragic notes, "an official enumeration?"

"That is no question of Order," said the SPEAKER, shortly, even sharply; and WEBSTER, suddenly subsiding from condition of almost dangerous effervescence, limply resumed his seat.

TALBOT, conscience-stricken, wounded more deeply than if the blow had fallen direct upon himself, also subsided, and shortly after the congregation peacefully dispersed.

Business done.—Bill Disestablishing Welsh Church read first time.

Tuesday.—Rather a serious evening. Registration Bill down for Second Reading. EDWARD CLARKE criticised it for upwards of an hour; DILKE in succeeding hour criticised CLARKE, and defended Bill. For all practical purposes, House might just as well, much more usefully, have forthwith divided, sent the Bill into Committee, and worked it up there. Of course, that would never do. Speeches been prepared, and must be delivered.

A dozen Members sprang up with portentous sheaves of notes in hand.

"Mr. DISRAELI!" said the SPEAKER.

Old Members started to hear the old familiar name, long unused. Would there appear at either side of the table the bowed figure, the wrinkled face, and the still miraculously glossy curl wreathed adown the high forehead? Instead there rose from below the Gangway, from the seat occupied by WILLIAM O'BRIEN before, he regained his breeches and lost his voice, a dapper youth, bearing no resemblance to his great namesake, save a peculiar hoist of the shoulders. He



distrusted the Bill, and said so in a speech that might have been delivered by JONES, or even by BROWN.

SARK has an idea that particular names, rendered illustrious by individuals, should lapse at their death. It would, in his view—and he is an unpretentious person—have been all right if DIZZY's heritors and successors could have taken the title of BEACONSFIELD. Nobody cares about that, unless it be Garter King-at-Arms. But the name of DISRAELI is a precious House of Commons possession.

"Makes me sad," said SARK, "to have it associated with pointless speech, unilluminated by a stray flash of humour."

Business done.—Second reading debate on Registration Bill.

Thursday.—Rumour current this afternoon presaging early resignation of SPEAKER. Mere mention of such contingency sufficient to eclipse the gaiety of House, already undermined by debates on Registration and Welsh Disestablishment. No man is indispensable; but House of Commons, accustomed to the passing of great figures, stands aghast at mere mention of possibility of missing from the Chair the stately presence of ARTHUR PEEL. None but those who spend their nights and days in the House of Commons know how much he is to it, or how much the country, whose interests are closely bound up with those of its Parliament, owes to him.

By happy accident, contemporaneous with currency of this rumour, SPEAKER had opportunity of testifying, under peculiar daunting circumstances, to maintenance of unshaken vigour of mind and body. CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES, having temporarily intermitted task of instructing SQUIRE OF MALWOOD upon the intricacies of finance; CAWDELL-BANNERMAN in the science of war; BRYCE in the niceties of American politics; SHAW-LEFFERE in the law regulating public commons; HERBERT GARDNER on the rotation of crops; EDWARD GREY on Imperial duties at the Equator; SYDNEY BUXTON upon the safest way of extending our Empire in South Africa; WALTER FOSTER on the contingencies that environ vaccination; the LORD ADVOCATE on the practice of hypothek in the time of JUSTINIAN; the ATTORNEY-GENERAL on the means of increasing his legal income; and having given up trying to teach MUNDELLA seamanship, undertook to convince SPEAKER that Registration Bill was in hopeless state of disorder, necessitating its immediate withdrawal.

House listened in respectful amazement whilst the CAP'EN, showing as intimate acquaintance with ERSKINE MAY on Parliamentary procedure as he might be supposed to have with *Longley on Latitude*, seemed to be demonstrating something. What it exactly was no one but the SPEAKER knew. He, however, more erudite even than TOMMY. It appeared from his clear, impressive statement, that if at end of title of Registration Bill there had been added the words "and for purposes connected therewith," all would have been lost. Bill must have been withdrawn, and, in present block of business, hopeless to bring it in again. Happily, instead of "connected therewith," had been written "consequential thereon." That, as the CAP'EN would have observed had he been on another tack, made all taut. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who had scarcely ventured to breathe during delivery of this judgment, heaved deep sigh of relief. It had been a close shave, but all was well.

"Worst of TOMMY," said our new ATTORNEY-GENERAL, regarding him with fresh terror flushing his mobile countenance, "is, you never know where to have him. Always breaking out in fresh place, the more unexpected the more fascinating its attraction for him."

Business done.—More of Registration Bill.

Friday, 10.25 P.M.—Seemed to be in for a pleasant evening, after rather heavy afternoon. WILFRID LAWSON on with motion proposing that, when honours and titles are conferred, statement of the services that had won them should be published. Several names occur which indicate the embarrassment inevitable if such a course were adopted. SQUIRE OF MALWOOD would not listen to suggestion; proposal was negatived.

Then arose SAM SMITH with resolution on Bimetallism. Not ten o'clock yet; at least two hours to discuss the enchanting topic; Members rubbed their hands in keen anticipation; a pleased smile suffused the benches; large number of Members couldn't contain their joy within limits of decorum imposed by SPEAKER's presence in Chair; went out to give full course to their delight; consequence was, when KNOX rose to read the second paper of the series, House was counted out.

Business done.—On second reading Registration Bill, Government Majority reduced to 14.

Enthusiasm.

(Overheard at Lord's.)

First Youthful Critic. Humph! GRACE, who in so many fights has fought,

Begins this year his season with a nought.

Second ditto. Oh, pooh! Nought's nothing! Just you wait a bit, Till his eye's in, and he begins to hit;

Then won't he swipe! Fancy I hear the "dunt" of 'em!

He'll "bag a brace" then—with a 1 in front of 'em!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite, to his distinguished Chief, deponeth and sayeth:—

The Life of General Sir Hope Grant, with Selections from his Correspondence, edited by Colonel HENRY KNOLLYS, just published by BLACKWOOD, turns over again the ever fascinating pages of the Story of the Indian Mutiny. HOPE GRANT, then in the prime of life, and in command of the Ninth Lancers, went through it all, in the front rank of the dauntless body of Great Britons who first withstood and finally beat back the native flood that for a while threatened to swamp the English in India. As the despatches show, HOPE GRANT's share in the hard won victory was second to few. These two handsome volumes are chiefly made up of extracts from his diary, written amid the smoke of battle. There is, my Baronite says, something sublime in the matter-of-fact manner in which he jots down record of thrilling incident, much as if he were entering a memorandum of a sail from Westminster Bridge to Chelsea, or a ride in the park. Day after day and night after night, at Cawnpore, Lucknow, and Delhi, HOPE GRANT lived on intimate terms with Death, with the proverbial result. It did not breed exactly contempt, but there was induced absolute indifference. A choice companion spirit was found in COLIN CAMPBELL, who commanded the relief operations. In one of the almost hourly fights it is written "Sir COLIN was struck in the stomach by a spent rifle-shot, which nearly doubled him up, but did not otherwise injure him." The italics are not HOPE GRANT's. He does not use them. But isn't the touch delightful—a man nearly doubled up by receipt of a rifle-shot in the stomach, "but not otherwise injured." Perhaps HOPE GRANT was thinking of the graver consequences which followed on the delivery of a famous chunk of old red sandstone, the subsequent proceedings interesting no more the recipient. "By a like shot," he adds, "when talking to Sir COLIN and MANSFELD, I was hit in the side with such force that for some moments I could not speak. Happily I was only bruised." Exactly. But these methods of interrupting a friendly conversation are, to say the least, inconvenient. Of such stuff is the British Army made. As a means of keeping up its tone, Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN might do much worse than include in the Army Estimates the small vote necessary to supply every mess-room throughout the Empire with a copy of Colonel KNOLLYS' book.

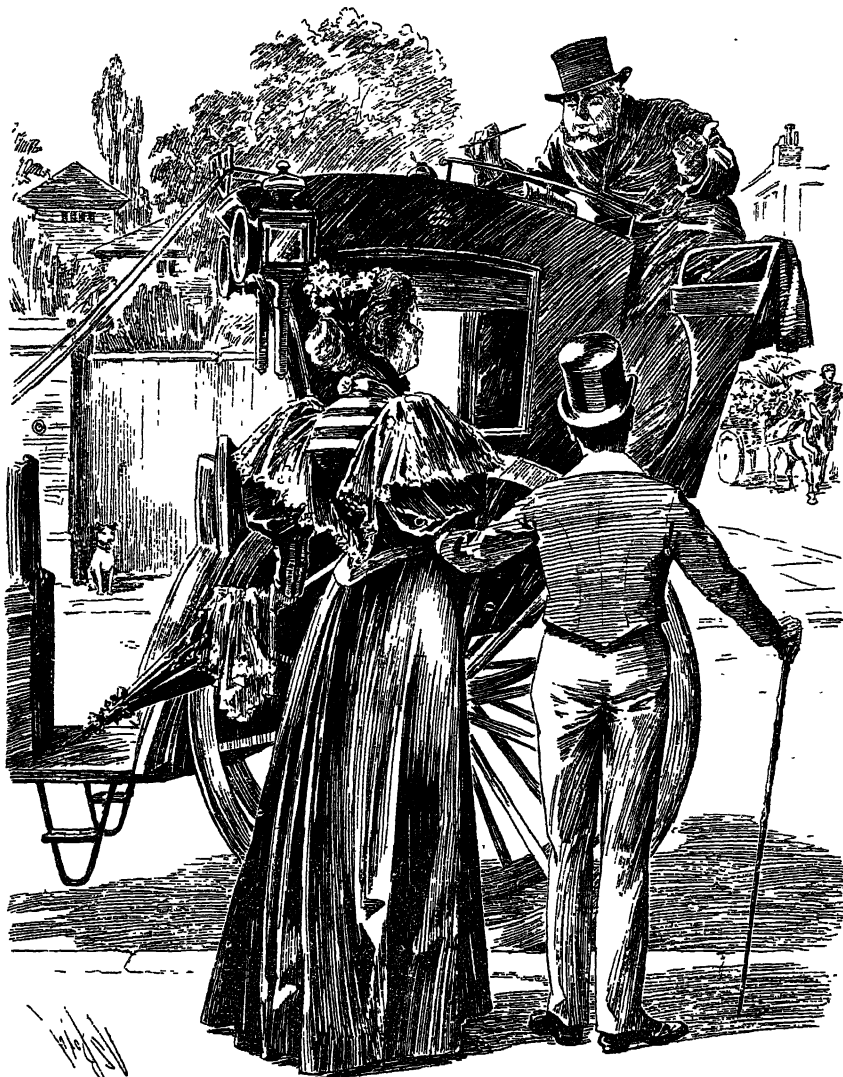
Quoth the Baron, "I admit that I am one of those given to what Sir WALTER SCOTT in *Redgauntlet* styles 'The laudable practice of skipping.' With the skipper Sir WALTER owns to having 'a strong fellow-feeling.' It is good indeed to possess such high authority for being a skipper in novels. Yet the skipper must beware. Give him plenty of rope for skipping and maybe he will skip no more. *A propos* of Sir WALTER," continued the Baron, "I had up to now thought that 'hard lines' was a modern slang expression. Not a bit of it; it is in *Redgauntlet*. The man who is in charge of the fishing station says, 'It is hard lines for me to leave your honour.' When did 'hard lines' travel south? By rail?"

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS & Co.

TO THE AUTHOR OF *TESS*.

Life's Little Ironies are bright successes: Now, HARDY, give us *Life's Big Brazenesses*!

A FAUX PAS.—Mr. FAUX's boycotting of *Esther Waters*.



THE HIGHER JOURNALISM.

Driver. "KEB, MUM? NOTTING 'ILL, MUM? COULD YOU KINDLY EXCUSE ME, MUM? I'VE GOT TO FINISH A LITTLE ARTICLE ON 'FARES AS I 'AVE TOOK,' ALMOST IMMEDIATE, OR THAT EDITOR O' MINE WILL BE BADGERIN' MOST FRIGHTFUL. IF NOW YOU WAS TO APPLY TO ONE OF MY COLLEAGUES ON THE RANK, MUM—"

QUIS VENTILABIT IPSOS VENTILATORES?

THE House for airing grievances,
The papers all declare
Has, not unnaturally, found
A grievance in it's air.
The Ventilators it appears,
Elect of all the nation,
Have now themselves been found to
stand
In need of ventilation:
Expert opinion on the cause
They've hastened to amass,
It's plain enough, says Mr. P.,
Undue escape of "gas."

PAT ON MR. ASQUITH'S WEDDING.—
"Sure the ceremony must remind him of
'Tennant Rites,' and the question of 'Home
Rule' will be settled afterwards."

A CHANCE VOLUME.—Anecdotes of distinguished personages, illustrated with portraits, to be entitled *Heads and Tales*.

NURSERY CANONS.

(By a Young Person.)

THAT all beyond the bib and coral,
Be boycotted as "most immoral,"
That aught with virile power and pith
Be banned—in the great name of SMITH:
That passion's coarse, that satire rude is;
That Nature must be "stopped at MUDIE'S!"
That Art and Literature must lap,
Like a tame cat, skim milk and pap;
Man's sole soul-pabulum, indeed,
Be—Arrowroot plus Aniseed.

EVIDENTLY.—HENRY IRVING, after laying the first stone of a theatre at Brixton (very substantial building a "Brick-stone Theatre" ought to be!), congratulated Mr. RIDER NOBLE and the proprietors. From the name, this theatre must be a circus, with a Noble Rider to manage the ring.

WHY is a bad Billiard-player like an Anchor?—Because he depends on his Flukes.



THE ÆSTHETIC EYE.

"HOW PRETTY THAT LADY IS, PAPA!" "VERY PRETTY INDEED, TOMMY!" (Pause.)
 "I THINK SHE'S THE PRETTIEST LADY I EVER SAW, PAPA!" "REALLY, TOMMY?" (Pause.)
 "ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU STILL LOVE MUMMY BEST, PAPA?"

HAMLET AND THE SKULL.

H-RO-BT-HAMLET. "Hum! This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognisances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries." Aha! e'en so. And they do say the buyers of land, and the holders and inheritors thereof, shake now in their shoes at the signs of the times. 'Tis Graduation gravels 'em!

Graduation is vexation,
 Abatement is as bad:

Exemption free it bothers me;
 And Betterment drives me mad.

So might sing the buyer of land, an he had a heart for singing, which in this day he hath not. Now, I could sing,—terra-lirralike any lark, crow you like any chanticleer,—but that a graveyard song is apt to sound like a raven's croak. "Hath this fellow no feeling of his business that he sings"—over a skull? So they might reproach me for my intemperate mirth, an I let out the glee of my heart in jocund song. "That skull had a tongue in it, and could sing once." Verily, yes! Could it warble now what were the burthen of its song? Something on this wise I wot.

Back to the Well-let Land!
 Ah! who shall lead us thither?
 Clouds in the fiscal sky more darkly
 gather,
 And unlet farms lie round on every
 Who'll lead us, in Protective band,
 Thither, O thither,
 Back to the Well-let Land?

Back to the Well-let Land!
 To you, ye fair-titled regions,
 Whereon the taxes were not laid in
 legions,
 Which had not felt the Exchequer's
 heavy hand;

What time the Corn Laws firmly yet
 did stand,
 Dear to the farmers' bosoms,
 Reaping the Well-let Land!

O Land! O Land!
 Thy lords be broken-hearted.
 The harshest herald by our fate
 allotted,
 Beckons, and with Free Trade and
 high rates stands,
 To lead us with no gentle hand.
 Far from the Land of the Great
 Departed,
 Far from the Well-let Land!

'Tis so I hear the Song of the Skull—an 'twere the Landlord's skull. But "this might be the pate of a politician." Faith, yes; a friend of the Agricultural Interest, a Protectionist like HOWARD VINCENT, a Bimetallist like CHAPLIN. And to this favour he hath come! "Or of a courtier, which could say 'Good-morrow, Sweet Lords!'" How fare ye, good Lords? Stand fast for the Land, brave Lords! Terra firma is the only stable thing, dear Lords!"

"This might be my lord Such-a-one, that praised my lord Such-a-one's slip o' the tongue when he hoped to profit thereby." "E'en so; and now my Lady WORM's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade; here's fine Revolution, an we had the trick to see it." Or "why may it not be the skull of a lawyer?" They all love the Land; lie for it whilst they live, and in it when they die. "Where be his quiddets now, his quilllets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? Why does he suffer a rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery?"

Hum! "Wer't to consider too closely to consider so? No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, and likelihood to boot." Yet favour I the fancy that this is the skull of some great buyer of land. The gorge gapeth as though to swallow up Mother Earth, like an Irish land-grabber. "Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? Will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and must the inheritor himself have no more? ha?"

The inheritor? Aye, there's the rub. The inheritor in futuro shall have less, even by the amount that amended Law, intervenient, shall intercept—in the interest of the State and its Exchequer, and the Chancellor thereof. Good! Skull thou hast well served my turn, as text for a morality dear to HARCOURT-HAMLET's soul—and as demonstration that Death hath his Duties as well as his Rights. Aha!

ROYAL ACADEMY BANQUET.—Order of evening, short speeches. Excellent example gracefully set by SIR FREDERIC, P.R.A. H.R.H. Prince of WALES responded for Self and Royal Family. Duke of CAMBRIDGE merry and military; Lord SPENCER nice and nautical; Lord ROSEBURY wise and witty. LANG, alliteratively coupled with "Literature," piped, but no one felt inclined to dance; and then SIR ROBERT BALL shouted for "Science." "After the bawl was over" came first-rate speech by Bishop of PETERBOROUGH. Turkish Ambassador wanted to encore it. "Non possumus, Excellency," quoth Cardinal VAUGHAN. "He's Bishop of Peterborough, not of Re-peaterborough." Witticism at once recorded by Recorder SIR CHARLES HALL. Then all in to cigars, concert, coffee, and conversation.



HAMLET AND THE SKULL.

HAMLET (SIR W. H-RC-RT). "THI FELLOW MIGHT BE IN'S TIME A GREAT BUYER OF LAND, WITH HIS STATUTES, HIS RECOGNISANCES, HIS FINES, HIS DOUBLE VOUCHERS, HIS RECOVERIES," &c., &c.



PASSIONATE FEMALE LITERARY TYPES.

THE OLD SCHOOL.

Miss Waly (Author of "Boots and Spurs and a Baritone Voice!"). "HONESTLY, LUCILLA, HAVE YOU EVER MET THE MAN YOU COULDN'T LOVE?"

Miss Thrump (who wrote "Oh, the Meeting of the Lips!"). "No, CLARISSA! HAVE YOU?"

Miss Waly. "Oh, NEVER, NEVER! AND I EARNESTLY TRUST I NEVER SHALL!"

HORACE IN LONDON.

AN EPODE, "BEATUS ILLE."

Joseph speaks, the "Nineteenth Century" in hand.

"HAPPY the man who, void of state,
Like simple students at the 'plough,'
Can saunter, muse, and lucubrate
Amid Three Acres and a Cow;
Who, all unstartled by the clash
Of party warfare, mocks at 'C.'
Derides the closure, need not dash
Forth from the House to Terrace Tea;
He counts the sheep and not the vote;
His 'reading' don't concern a Bill;
He turns his HORACE, not his coat,
And walks at ease round Dollis Hill.
Instead of cutting down with grind
Defects in Government's machine,
He fells a tree or so, by kind
Permission of Lord ABERDEEN.
He quails no more at 'laughter loud';
No cheers ironic make him blench;
A garden seat receives him proud,
As erst the ministerial bench.
The sylvan prospect makes amends;
He really 'to the country' goes;
No simulated wrath distends
His peaceful muse beneath the rose;
But amatory strains delight,
Soothed by the uncivic turtle-doves;
Would I could do the same, and write
Of HORACE and his lady-loves!"

So carolled JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN,
Who sighs for landed lordship still,
Perusing GLADSTONE's last refrain
With eyes askance on Dollis Hill.

GENERAL PROVERBIAL RULE FOR EVERY-
BODY EXCEPT GARDENERS.—"As you make
your bed so you must lie on it."

"ALL THE WINNERS" (?).

BOYCOTTED or not boycotted, if *Esther Waters* calls general and effectual attention to the growth of gambling, which is the real "curse of the country" in these days, it will do more good than all the *Dodos* and *Marcellas* and *Barabbasses* and *Heavenly Twins* in all the libraries in the land. England is fast becoming, in an evil sense, the "Better" Land; and in consequence of the phrenzied cult of the Goddess of Gambling the later Victorian Era will come to be called the reign of Bad Queen Bet. From poor boot-blacks to middle-class black-legs, and thence to aristocratic black sheep, all classes of the community are tarred and tainted with the same bad brush. "All the winners!" yell the newspaper urchins; who "have a bit on" themselves—almost to a boy. SOUTHEY'S Devil on his Walk would chuckle sardonically at the cry.

He saw a ragged-break'd urchin run
A-shrieking out "All the winners!!!" [fun!]
And the Devil smiled, and he sniggered, "What
What a bait for the greed-fired sinners!
Whilst the Gambling-Demon is wide awake,
Half my imps may be idle snoozers.
But wouldn't it sell if I published—from Hell—
My record of "All the Losers!"
Of all Primrose paths 'tis the Betting track
Leads straightest down to perdition,
And the losers each day (of their souls) I should
say
Would fill a big "Speshul Edition!"

NEWS OF A DISTINGUISHED INVALID.—
Mrs. R. wasn't at all well. On being con-
doled with, our excellent friend remarked
that she was "not in the least surprised at
her suffering from indigestion, as on the pre-
vious evening she had had cramped salmon
for dinner."

THAT HAT.

(At the Private View.)

I'LL see, I fear, not a picture here,
For ever there comes between
A flower-bed on a lady's head—
That's pretty well all I've seen.

I dodge and dive, but I can't contrive
To peep past the things that trim
That far from flat, waving, curling hat,
With it's quite enormous brim.

I'm short, she's tall, I can't see at all,
And she always comes between;
Though quick or slow be my pace, no go,
In front she has ever been.

So all I know of this picture show
Is a brim that scrapes my nose,
On which upright, half a yard in height,
Stands, "blowing and growing," a rose.

AFTER THE BALL.

(Fragment from a Record at the End of the Season.)

THE stranger had heard shouts and cries, but had seen no smoke. He had ascribed the latter characteristic of the fray to the newest invention in gunpowder. Still the noise was terrific. He could not see the combatants engaged in their fierce contest, but every now and again a victim was carried to the rear. Sometimes to the ambulance-tent, sometimes to a retiring-room of even a sadder nature. The fight was evidently hotly contested, and the list of the lost and wounded would be a very long one.

"And how many patients have you, Doctor?" asked the stranger, as he entered the hospital tent.

"Oh, about the average. Six broken legs, ten fractured arms, twelve stayed-in ribs, and seven collar-bones unsettled. Had this poor fellow's neck been twisted half an inch more, they would have had to carry him to the other tent. It would have been all up with him."

And then the stranger noticed that although the marquee was full of suffering men, there were no signs of warfare. He saw no swords, no rifles, and no accoutrements.

"And where was the battle fought?" asked the stranger.

"What battle?" queried the Doctor.

"Why the battle in which these poor fellows came by their wounds."

"Oh, it wasn't in a battle," returned the Medico, "that my patients got into such straits. No, they owe their presence here to joining in a game of football."

A NEW PET.

["There is scarcely any animal, from the polar bear to the mouse, which has not been tamed by man as a pet."—From a recent Magazine Article.]

THAT "Polar Bear"! It sounded nice,
Suggestive of the land of ice,
Aurora, whales, and Esquimaux;
And then so new, so *comme il faut*,
A change from cockatoos and mice!

I bought one, at a longish price—
It made two orphans in a trice,
And killed a dozen dogs or so,
That Polar Bear!

Perhaps you'll offer some advice
How best a buyer to entice,
Or would some enterprising show
This special offer like to know?
"For sale—tremendous sacrifice—
That Polar Bear!"



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.
OPENING OF THE PRIMEVAL ROYAL ACADEMY.

GEMS FROM THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



No. 175. Dining Alone; or, The Gluttonous Lion and the Little Kid. "Ain't it golopshus!" J. T. Nettleship.



Nos. 54 and 61. Lady Pugilists resting after Round the First. Henry T. Wells, R.A., and J. S. Sargent, A.



No. 190. Snow'd Up; or, To be Left till Called for. "No mantle! no umbrella! no shoes! and the snow is falling so slowly I can count the flakes. I wonder if it's going to be any worse? Wish some one would come and fetch me." Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.

No. 3. "Bob's Up!" by ARTHUR S. COPE, being a portrait of General Lord ROBERTS, V.C., G.C.B., &c.

No. 6. "The End of the Pier." Poor Pier! Last Appliance! Affecting title of Mr. HECTOR CAFFIERI's picture.

No. 15. Admirable picture of Major-General Sir FRANCIS GRENFELL, K.C.B., &c. By W. W. OULESS, R.A. At this style of portraiture who greater than Ou-less?

No. 20. "Fat Idica." At least so Sir



No. 165. A Queer Proceeding. Regardless of her doom she is "going on—anyhow." Evidently, "She dunno where he are." Hon. John Collier.



No. 523. The Coming Hamlet. "Aha! wait till I appear." Sol. J. Solomon.



No. 20. 'Poor Lady! Severe bilious attack. Draught every two hours. Sir F. Leighton, Bart., P.R.A.



No. 462. A Pennyworth of Electricity: "Oh! turn it off for goodness' sake!!" Hon. John Collier.

FREDERIC LEIGHTON, P.R.A., calls the lady in this fine picture. More correct, though less classical, to say not "Fat" but "Comfortable Idica."

No. 42. "Tea," by G. D. LESLIE, R.A., is delightful. Suggestive of future romance in the figure of this little Tea-maker. "Fabula narrative de Tea"

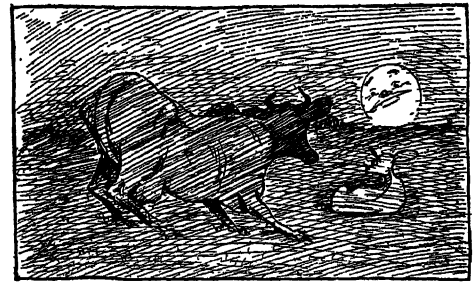
should have been the motto.

No. 54. *Miss Stirling*, by HENRY T. WELLS, R.A. A picture of sterling value. Bravo! Oil-Wells!

No. 59. *Portrait of a Lady* (How nice!), by EMILY GOODCHILD. "Good child" must be rewarded, and "take the cake."

No. 70. *Harold and Maud, children of E. A. Kitching, Esq., J.P.*, by PERCY BIGLAND, who, of course, on this occasion brought the Kitching folk into the Drawing-room.

No. 72. "His First Cigarette." "Oh, dear!" says the juvenile smoker (who looks something like what Lord R-S-B-R-Y may have been in very much earlier life—at about



No. 316. 'The Cow' preparing to jump over the Moon, but rather baulked by being puzzled as to whether it isn't the Sun. Fred Hall.



No. 435. The Black Watch "making hay" at Quatre Bras. William B. Wollen.

2 A.M.), "I don't think I like it!" By SEYMOUR LUCAS, A.?

No. 78. LUKE FILDES, R.A., scores many with his *Mrs. Robert Yerburgh. Belle affaire de Luke's*.

No. 90. "Summer Fruit." Charming! MARCUS STONE, R.A. Stone fruit.

No. 104. "A Difficult Position" might have been the other title of "The Eleventh Hour," by J. H. LORIMER. How does she manage to keep her seat?

No. 110. *The Marquess of Ripon, K.G.* By HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A. "A 'Rippin' picture!"

No. 121. *Lady Eden*. Evidently EVE's second title. Congratulations to LEWIS C. POWLES.

No. 124. "Nature's Archway." J. MACWHIRTER, R.A. His Diploma picture. Scene at Sark. It should be called "Nature's SARKitecture."

No. 130. "Waiting for a Ferry: Venice."

Of course this charming Venetian subject is by HENRY WOODS, R.A. Venice was always celebrated for its Waters, and now it is known to us by its Woods. "Beautiful Isle of the Sea" was the old song. "Beautiful painting of the Woods" say we.

No. 135. "The Bracelet." Marvellous fine picture by Sir F. LEIGHTON, Bart., P.R.A. Classical, of course: Grecian rather; prominent is the elbow, which looks a bit sore. Abbreviated title, "Elbow-Greece."

No. 164. Follow my LEADER, A., along "A Wet Roadside."

No. 232. *A Rise in Life; or, Taken Up by a Queer Old Bird.* By BRITON RIVIÈRE, R.A., who calls it "Gany-mede."

No. 277. "A Versailles." By VAL. C. PRINSEP, A., stage-manager to the Royal Academy Theatre.

No. 306. WILLIAM F. YEAMES, R.A., gives us a masterly picture of a medieval gent trifling with some toy puppies. A brief amusement, or "cur-tailed joys."

No. 339. Awkward position of Mr. COPE's *Right Hon. A. J. Mundella, M.P.*, and (No. 343) Sir GEORGE REID's *Professor Blackie* (no connection with DAY AND MARTIN), placed on either side of

No. 340. HUBERT HERKOMER, R.A.'s lady "all beautiful in naked purity." Quite charming is the artist's lady, but both aforesaid gentlemen are looking most demurely in the opposite direction. Highly moral group.

No. 423. Send for a ladder and look at "Lunette and portion of ceiling" hung up above part of a mural decoration by the Colour-SERGEANT, A. This must be carefully examined by a Commission in Lunettecy.

No more time or space just now. Must step back to look once more at the delightful portrait of H.R.H. *The Princess of Wales*, painted by LUKE FILDES, R.A., and to suggest to him this motto:—

"O Miracle of Womanhood."
The Princess. Prologue.—Tennyson.

A PICCADILLY PASTORAL.

[A pair of wood-pigeons may be observed nesting in a plane-tree in Piccadilly, undisturbed by the turmoil below.—*Daily Paper.*]

I HAVE found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed.
But, on second thoughts, let me forbear
From a very ridiculous deed.
Climb this plane-tree for eggs I will not;
Piccadilly's too public by far;
Tens of thousands would rush to the spot,
And "E dunno," they'd cry, "w'ere 'e are!"

Then, she loves "all the birds of the air,"
(So she tells me) including the dove,
Though her hats don't exactly prepare
One for this—but enough! I'm in love.
And here comes the delight of my heart!
We'll be off to some restaurant nigh;
And I'll offer amends with "dove-tart,"
As some lunatics call pigeon-pie.

ON A LITIGIOUS MAN.—"Quem Deus vult perdere (Nisi) Prius dementat."



SOMETHING LIKE.

(*Little Jenkins, having been told that a Pike is a most voracious fish, and being about to try for the big one, has baited with a small leg of mutton.*)

Keeper (in charge of Water). "GLAD TO SEE AS HOW YOU 'RE HAVIN' SICH FINE SPORT, GUV'NOR!"

THE POET'S SPRING.

"SUMMER is y-cumen in,
Loud sing Cuckoo!"
With everything that pretty bin
They choke the study flue.
I wot in Spring it is the thing
To set my study straight;
But what the deuce is the use
Of greenery in the grate?

Summer is y-cumen in,
Loud calleth Sweep!
On everything that written bin
In vain my eye I keep.
They pile them all against the wall,
And swathe with table-cloth;
That Sweep at six may fix his sticks—
This also maketh wroth.

Summer is y-cumen in,
Fire is y-goen out;
And DICK BREADWINNER blows his nail,
And flings his arms about.
Where can I my matches throw,
Or knock my G. B. D.?
And LUCY won't be grave—but oh!
The difference to me!

TO THE AUGUSTIN DALY CO., DALY'S THEATRE.—"As you like it" so you must leave it. There was a Grand Farewell Night on Saturday last, and now the London theatre-going public, congratulating Manager AUGUSTIN [who, to be consistent with his *prénom*, must come back in *August*], on his "returns," look forward to the return of the company which has done so excellently well in the works of our Mr. SHAKSPEARE.

A TURN FOR THE HANDEL—FESTIVAL.

MY DEAR GOOD FRIEND, MR. P., MY SWEET, BUT NEVER GREEN, P.,—We have got our triennial Handel Festival coming on in June. "Try any, all Handel at this Festival, and pick 'em where you like." Give this Handel a turn, my dear Mr. P.!

We've that Gye-antess as a songstress Madame ALBANI coming, likewise MELBA (on whose name my friend WAGG-STAFF can only pun when he has a cold id'is 'ed, and sings, "Then you'll re-Melba me!" Oh!); also Maid MARIAN (M'KENZIE). Then of course the merry MANNS with his merry men, and the Organist EYRE, who is 'igher up than most of the performers, in fact the only thing at the C. P. that can anger anybody connected with the Festival is the position of the organist, because, from the moment we were compelled to place him where he is now perched aloft, it became evident to everyone that our EYRE was raised. If, as some persons insist on doing, you pronounce his name as *air* and not *ire*, then your angry passions need not rise, and you are simply delighted to have such an *Air* on the organ. But alas! the news has just arrived that this EYRE is not strong enough for the Handel constitution, and so his place will be taken by Mr. WALTER

HEDGEcock, quite a "*rara avis*." CHARLES THE FIRST (and only) SANDLEY will be there; high BEN DAVIES will be all there, but Ben Nevis cannot come, and he's a trifle higher: we've caught our NORMAN SALMOND, than whom no better by musical doctors has ever been ex-salmond. Mr. ANDREW BLACK, not a Christy Minstrel as his name suggests, sings in this Festival for the first time; and EDWARD LLOYD is a certainty,—at least, if he didn't come after promising, "Whoy then," as the Yorkshireman broadly observed, "he told a loy, and so after all it's EDWARD Loyd."

So, Mr. P., 'twill be a big occasion, a great show! Don't forget to book it, and come to see your dear old

CRYSTAL PAL.

P.S.—Lots of seats for everyone who comes to Syd-in-'em! (Ahem!)

TOO WILLINGLY LET DIE.

[According to the *Daily News* of the 28th ult., an inscription on the front of No. 34, Rue de Richelieu, Paris, announces that MOLIÈRE's death occurred there, while No. 40 also claims in a similar manner to occupy the site of the house where he died.]

BEHOLDERS, getting back their breaths,
Must deem one statement—unvarious;
And yet, perhaps, it took two deaths
To kill a being so vivacious.

Conjectures, probably, are rife;
But this, at least, may be decided:
MOLIÈRE was pleasant in his life,
Though in his death he be divided.

THE LATEST LITERARY EPIDEMIC.—The Yellow (Book) Fever.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.)

No. II.—FROM LADY MABEL HUNTER, PENTLAND HALL, HANTS,
TO THE HON. VICTOR MAYDEW, WHITE'S CLUB, LONDON.

DEAR MR. MAYDEW,

December 5, 189—.

What a disappointment! I can't get over it; for apart from the pleasure it always gives Mother and me to see you, we had quite counted on you to play host for us; my eldest brother has his own shoot, and ROLLO is recruiting at Valles-cure after the fatigues and disappointments of the election. I have got Mother with me just now on a long visit; she so looked forward to seeing you again. "Dear MARY's boy," she said; "she and I were such friends, and called each other 'ARAMINTA' and 'ELVIRA' in our letters—girls were romantic in those days—and then we were maids of honour together, and the dear Queen used to enjoy duets. MARY and I both learned the harp from CHAT-TERTON; nowadays girls learn the trumpet and the cornet I believe." I am afraid Mother doesn't much like the latter-day girl: neither the desperately earnest type with a mission to the Boot-black Brigade and a disregard of all home duties, nor—worst of all—the Miss CRAIK variety. Oh dear, your description of her made me shudder! Take care, or she will marry you before you know where you are. So many men are married by girls nowadays—it is a new development.

Talking of new developments, what do you think of JOHNNIE GRAY's engagement? He has only £150 a year from his mother, and can't get anything to do ("Shouldn't mind a political secretaryship, or an agency for some big office with good commissions, don't you know," he always says in a sort of resigned voice); but his fiancée, Lord EGBERT ARDEN's second girl, has an excellent post as lady-housekeeper to one of the new working-ladies' flats, with a matron under her; and directly she gets her next "rise," she and JOHNNIE are to be married. Perhaps she'll find him a place as a sort of glorified hall porter. . . . Then have you heard about the MONTGOMERYS? She has just been made a "Soul," and he is

furious. . . . Dear me, what a lot of things there are that I want to talk to you about. Do let me know when you can come. Bother the BRAGGENS; this is the second bad turn they've done me; they secured my favourite cousin BETTY, the girl I've often told you about, for the same party. I hope it'll be deadly dull! No, I don't, because of poor you and BETTY. Do cultivate her acquaintance. She really is charming, and so very original—I mean original, inasmuch as she's actually only a thoroughly nice, good girl, perfectly happy at home, and without a vocation, or even any desperately salient characteristic, save *charme*.

What my party next week will be without either her or you to help me, I dare not contemplate. Four guns, whom I don't particularly mind, and the wives of two of them, whom I do. Neither of them is in the least congenial to me, or would by any chance have been asked to Pentland save as the wife of a gun. Bless me, I've heard of the son of a gun; but that's nothing, I'm sure, to the wife of a gun. A dreadful specimen I've generally found her. However these four men are old friends of dear HARRY's, and have come to our December shoot for years. It's an understood thing now. Captain CHRISTIE's wife, by the way, is a sister of your friend Captain MAXWELL, and simply a feminine replica—so you may imagine how sympathetic we are to each other. What you say of the popularity of the MAXWELL type of man is so true, and that's one of the things we'll talk about when you come.

Little HARRY shares the general disappointment, he is panting to show "Godpa" his sailor suit. "His dear little leggies would be more honoured now in the breech than in the observance, I think," said Mother (can't you hear her say it), so HARRY was promoted to trousers. He grows very like his father (thank you, dear friend, for your words about him), but has the BORODALE eyes, and often reminds Mother of TARNAWAY and ROLLO when they were little, she says. He does little lessons with me now, and has developed a passion for arithmetic. "What comes after millions?" I heard him murmur yesterday; "oh yes, billions, of course, and then postillions." He and little MAB both send kisses, and with most friendly regards from Mother and me, Believe me, very sincerely yours, MABEL HUNTER.



"I am afraid Mother doesn't much like the latter-day girl."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

My Baronite-in-Chief sends me the following opinion on a new work. He says:—"The Green Bay Tree, joint work of W. H. WILKINS and HERBERT VIVIAN, published by HUTCHINSON & Co., is, truly, as its second title denotes, a tale of to-day. The pity of it is it should be so sorry a one. These young men know their Harrow, their Cambridge, their London, with its varying phases of the season, and Monte Carlo with its smiling sea and its (sometimes) gloomy Casino. They skim the froth of society, and, on the whole, the product is exceedingly distasteful. But that is not their fault. They did not make the wide world and all that therein is, though there are not lacking in the writing of the work traces of evidence that they would have felt equal to the task had it been imposed upon them. As it is, their duty is limited to transferring to their canvas portraits of some of the personages who scamper by in the whirl of society, and sketches of some of the scenes their conjunction creates. It is all smartly done. No flagging on any page of the three

volumes, with here and there—notably the chapters describing the opening of the Cory-ton honeymoon at the 'Lord Warden,' and the closing of the Tyrconnel honeymoon at Monte Carlo—powerfully delineated episodes. The sketches of school and college life are evidently reminiscent of personal experiences, whilst those who live in London Society to-day will fancy they recognise familiar faces flitting through the book." My Baronite is more fortunate than his Chief, who had a gallant struggle with the first volume of the G. B. T. But "I am quite content with this opinion of a trusted expert, and shall not take any further trouble to form my own on this book," quoth THE BARON DE B.-W.

Mrs. R. was persuaded by her nephew to go to a music-hall with him one evening. She says she will never enter such a place again, for some one sang a tropical song, that made her feel very hot and uncomfortable. -

NEW DEFINITION (by a Hungry, would-be Diner).—Waiter—one who makes you wait.

DEAR DOROTHY.

(A Little Love Affair.)

DEAR DOROTHY, 'twas but the other day (Last Sunday, to be accurate), that we Were introduced in quite a proper way, Dear DOROTHY.

Your ladyship smiled graciously on me: To my requests you did not say me "Nay." I asked you if you'd sit upon my knee; You came at once and, coming, came to stay. It's true your age—as yet—is only Three; Perhaps that's why I don't do wrong to say Dear DOROTHY!

A MISAPPREHENSION CORRECTED.—Answer to "AN EARNEST INQUIRER."—You are in error. So is your spelling. The show to which you refer is not an exhibition of "Prince Ted's silk hat," as you infer from it being spoken of as "The Silk Tax-tile Exhibition." Note the spelling, and in future don't trust to your ear but your eye.



THE COMPANY CORMORANT AND THE LITTLE FISHES.



"CAN I GO ABROAD TO FINISH, MA?"

"NO. IT'S TIME YOU WERE MARRIED; AND MEN DON'T CARE HOW ILL-EDUCATED A WOMAN IS."

"YOU SHOULDN'T JUDGE EVERYBODY BY PA, MA!"

TELL IT NOT IN GATH!

(A Philistine's Confession.)

FRIENDS called me a Philistine long years ago;
I was never quite clear what it meant;
But this I do know, that it set me aglow
With a sort of "divine discontent."
I have not much culture, I'm sorry to say,
I am neither a sage nor a bard;
Yet to be "in the movement" I wished in
my way,
And I've tried most tremendously hard.

The Children of Light are a curious lot,
And with them to range and to rank,
I found I must revel in absolute rot,
And glory in popinjay prank.
To be in their swim, I must wallow in whim,
And perpetrate palpable fudge.
I've tried to, of course, but my chances are
slim
Of succeeding—if I'm any judge.

Emasculate yearning and maudlin conceit,
Disgusted me, do what I would.
"Virility," vaunting like roughs on the
street,
Attracted me not as it should.
The truculent tone and the tomahawk style
Appeared to strike noodles with awe;
But when I assumed them I felt all the while
Like an Indian scolding his squaw.

The beauty of sickness, the sweetness of sin,
Palled on me, like medlars, or mead.
For rottenness flavoured with honey—or gin—
I had not the palate indeed.
Erotical raptures in finicking phrase
To decadent dudes might be sweet;
But I felt that the gushings of hedonist praise
Were the very worst species of "bleat."

The Flowers of Evil emitted foul sniffs

Like festering lilies, or worse,
From a midden's forbidden malodorous whiffs
Infect the most finical verse.

Yes; whether my brain or my stomach was
weak,
I never could rightly determine;
But round the rank sewers of letters to sneak
I felt only worthy of—vermin!

Insane arabesques, symbols empty of sense,
And impressions in mud and in mist,
As Art, may be triumphs supreme and im-
mense,
But a dragon-wing'd demon, a-twist
With Japanese jim-jams, a-squat in a pool
Of blood, or of red and black inks,
Simply tangles my wits like a spool of tost
wool.
And knots my poor brain up in kinks.

A Stygian sphinx, a Chimæra in soot,
A problem in EUCLID gone mad,
Blank bosh—with a savour of Belial to boot,
May be Art—or Fantastical Fad;
But if my sole path from the purlieus of
Gath
To the top of the triple-forked hill
Be that way,—in spite of much scorn and
some wrath,
I must e'en be a Philistine still!

BUDGET NOTE.—Temperance party very
hard to please. Three Liberal brewers re-
fused to vote on Thursday for Budget, and
abstained from the Division. The teetotal
party, accordingly, highly indignant at them
—for being total abstainers!

THE BRITISH "SPHERE OF INFLUENCE."—
The cricket-ball.

DOGGEREL, BY TOBY'S COUSIN.

[*"Petz, Mr. GLADSTONE's black Pomeranian, was lost and is found. He walked into a house at Stroud Green, whence, after hospitable treatment, he was taken yesterday, after an absence of three days. There was great rejoicing at Dollis Hill at his home-coming."*—Daily Paper, May 10.]

'Tis really too bad of that *Petz*—

He's a most inconsiderate dog!
Gallivanting away, he forgets
That DOROTHY's wild with regrets,
And pines in his absence and frets;
While we've "pars" put in all the
gazettes,
And circulars sent to the "vets,"
To explain with exact epithets
The points of this pertest of pets.

All the time he is gadding *incog*.
In the suburbs, and probably gets
Entangled with canine coquettes,
Or some devilment aids and abets,
Or works off a score of old debts
In a few rough-and-tumble duets.
'Tis thus that he playfully whets
His taste for adventures, and sets
His Dollis Hill friends in a fog!
Yes, this black Pomeranian *Petz*,
He's a most irrepressible dog!

Mrs. R. was, of course, at the Asquith-Tennant wedding last week. "Dear me," she said to Mr. BEERBOHM TREE, whom she met on the crowded staircase, "I see all the notoriety is here!" She afterwards explained that she meant "all the celebrities." But it's much the same thing.

QUESTION OF TONE.—Do all the contributors to *The Yellow Book* take a jaundiced view of life?

BRILLIANT STARS AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

IN *The Masqueraders*, our own dear 'ENERY HAUTHOR JONES has written a strikingly-dramatic play, of which the two great scenes are so daringly improbable that, had they not been acted to perfection by Mr. GEORGE ALEXANDER and Mr. HERBERT WARING, aided in the second and more powerful situation by Mrs. PATRICK CAMPBELL, the fate of the piece would have been seriously imperilled. But the author is justified of his actors, and the play, a triumph for both, is drawing over-crowded houses.

First Act: hunt ball at old-fashioned inn of county town. Admirably painted and arranged: view of bar below; of corridor, or gallery, above. "Gallery" well brought in, since principal action on which play turns is an appeal to the gallery—viz. the selling by auction, in the presence of the county ladies and gentlemen, of a Barmaid's Kiss! The amateur auctioneer is a kind of burlesqued *Careless* selling *Charles Surface's* ancestors at the hammer. Even had *Miss Dulcie Larondie* been but a common barmaid, the gracious and approving presence of the high-bred ladies, entering into "the fun of the thing," would surely have been an impossibility. True that 'ENERY HAUTHOR shows one minor character, *Lord Crandover*, mildly protesting. But *Lady Crandover* should have initiated the protest; and, as apparently the only chaperon present, would she not have risen with dignity and have bade her daughter and the other young ladies follow her back to the ball-room, which the entire party had temporarily abandoned, probably during an interval allowed the band for refreshment? Again, as this barmaid is known to be a young lady "in reduced circumstances," with evidently a considerable amount of self-respect, surely she would have retired to her own room. All she does, however, is to expostulate in dumb show with two or three of the supernumeraries, and the only practically solid reason against her retirement seems to be that in this hotel of Mr. JONES's there is no one else except the aged proprietor, *Brinkler*, to attend to the business. Of course 'ENERY HAUTHOR has taken out his own "poetic licence," and can do what he likes on his own public-house premises. In this Act the character-part of the old huntsman, as played by Mr. WILLIAM H. DAY, could not be bettered.

During the *entr'acte* one *George Copeland* (heartily rendered by Mr. BEN WEBSTER), an ingeniously conceived variety of "CHARLES his friend," has gone off, died, and left his entire fortune, for no particular reason (which is reason enough, of course), to *David Remon*. So in the Second Act *David*, the poor astronomer, is a rich man.

Passing over this Second Act, with its occasionally laboured, but on the whole, amusing drawing-room dialogue, with its handsome gift by the rich astronomer of a cheque-book and unlimited credit at his bankers to *Lady Skene*, we come to the Third Act, where, in the great situation of the play, Mr. ALEXANDER's acting is the finest thing he has ever done. He lets himself go with a vengeance, and he is magnificently seconded by Mr. WARING.

And what is this situation? *Remon*, the virtuous, self-sacrificing lover, proposes to *Sir Brice Skene* that they two shall play cards—two outs out of three—the stakes being *Remon's* two hundred thousand pounds against *Sir Brice's* wife and baby! The baby is certainly a prize one, and is exhibited to the audience by Nurse *Helen Larondie*, a part effectually played by Miss GRANTVILLE.

But is this telling situation quite new? Will our 'ENERY HAUTHOR JONES venture to deny that the original of this scene is to be found in one of the strongest situations of that immortal dramatic work *Box and Cox*? I submit the quotation:—

"Box (*David Remon*). I have it! Suppose we draw lots for the lady? Eh, Mr. Cox. Cox (*Sir Brice Skene*). That's fair enough, Mr. Box. Box. Or what say you to dice? Cox. Dice, by all means, &c., &c."

Box. Let's try something else. I have it. Suppose we toss for *PENELOPE ANNE* (*Dulcie Larondie*)? Cox. The very thing I was going to propose."

And then as beforehand they had thrown dice for *Penelope Anne*, so now they betake themselves to cards, so that the original situation in *Box and Cox* is doubly exciting, and is kept up until one calls the other "cheat," and the other retaliates with "swindler"; and then, just as *David Remon* pitches into *Sir Brice*, so *Cox* is about to rush on *Box*, and *Box* to rush on *Cox*, when—but as the scene is familiar to every amateur it is needless to recall the details. Is it not incredible that a playwright such as is the erudite JONES should have been in happy ignorance of this classic?

Well, the half-drunken *Sir Brice* loses, and then is knocked over, and shaken violently (his lost wife being still present, rather enjoying the scene) by the virtuous, self-sacrificing astronomer, who threatens to murder him if he dares ever to interfere with his own wife, who will be, from henceforth, the mistress of Mr. *David Remon*. At last an English dramatic author has justified the popular belief of the French people, that English noblemen sell their

wives at Smithfield! But this situation is, in effect, the piece.

After this comes Act IV. And what happens? 'ENERY HAUTHOR cannot kill the now inconvenient *Sir Brice*, as that would be too old and hackneyed an expedient, so he shows us the rich astronomer, the unprincipled winner of the Wife and Nursery Stakes, the desperately infatuated and long-hungry lover, *David Remon*, suddenly converted by the copy-book morality of a nursing sister, seconded by the whimpering sentimentality of a foolish, vapouring younger brother, a kind of æsthetic effeminate roysterer (and the highest praise is due to Mr. H. V. ESMOND for his rendering this unreal character so as not only not to make it ridiculous, but to win for it the audience's warmly-expressed appreciation), whom *David* can kick or caress just as he feels inclined. Out of the Ibsenish drama no such demi-sexed creation as this *Eddie Remon* can, as far as I know, be found. It is in this character that JONES salutes IBSEN. And so the astronomer, passionately loving the woman he has won, who passionately returns his love, renounces her, gives her up, as if she were an insoluble riddle,—which she isn't; and saying, airily and astronomically, "We will meet again in *Andromeda*,"—he might just as well have said "We will go and stay with my old friend the Man in the Moon"—he departs on his astronomical expedition. Was ever tale more improbable? This last Act gives the audience a cold *douche*, which would be fatal to the success of the play had not the overwhelming force of the Third Act triumphed over all obstacles, past, present, and future.

The best light comedy scene of the play is in the Third Act between Mr.

ELLIOT, Miss IRENE VANBRUGH, and Miss BERYL FABER. This tells immensely.

And now—Why is it called *The Masqueraders*? Is it because human action is travestied by the author? Who "masquerades"? Not the brutal husband; not the lovers; not the cynical friends *Sir Benjamin Backbite Lushington* and *Lady Sneerwell Shelford*, for these persons do not in any way disguise their real sentiments, but, on the contrary, air them in public with obtrusive cynicism; not the young gentlemen of the Hunt; not the matronly *Lady Crandover*. But if none of these, who represent *The Masqueraders*? Simply nobody.

As to the plot, *Puff's* immortal answer to his critic *Dangle* must be borne in mind and quoted on behalf of Mr. HENRY ARTHUR JONES. "But," asks *Dangle*, after hearing *Puff* describe a strong situation in his own play, "won't this appear rather improbable?" *Puff* replies, "To be sure it will—but what the plague! a play is not to show occurrences that happen every day, but things just so strange, that though they never did, they might happen." Nothing succeeds like success; and this is, without doubt, a daring, but a deserved success, and 'ENERY ASTRONOMER JONES "may bless his lucky stars" at the St. JAMES'S.

PRIVATE BOX.



"Here we go up, up, up!" as the finale ought to be. Our *Remon's* *Trance*, addressed to H. A. Jones.



A POINT OF TRESPASS.

Irate Owner of this side of Water. "ARE YOU AWARE THAT YOU ARE TRESPASSING IN THIS WATER, YOUNG MAN?"
Sharp Youth. "BUT I'M NOT IN THE WATER, SIR."
Irate Owner (more irate). "CONFOUND YOU, BUT YOU'VE JUST TAKEN A FISH OUT!"
Sharp Youth. "YES, SIR. THE FISH WAS TRESPASSING!"

QUITE A LITTLE (BANK) HOLIDAY.

(A Page from Nobody in Particular's Diary.)

Woke at three, and did not like to drop off again for fear I should oversleep myself. However, did, and consequently had to dress in ten minutes. No time for breakfast. Had to run to catch the train. Too early for omnibuses, and didn't see the pull of taking a cab. Got to the station just as they were closing the doors. However, managed to buy my ticket and scrambled into overcrowded compartment. Counted my change and found myself half-a-crown short. Must have left it in the pigeon-hole at the booking-office. However, might have been worse; might have lost half a sovereign. Still, just my luck. Irritated at seeing over-dressed foreigner smiling at my disappointment.



Sudden intrusion in overcrowded compartment resulted in unpleasant remarks about people who won't come in time, and will inconvenience everybody. Nobody makes room, and everybody glares at an elderly traveller, much encumbered with luggage, who tries to get in. Find standing for hours in a cramped position far from pleasant. But can't be helped. Train don't stop until we get to our journey's end. Wish they would open the windows, but they won't. Wish they wouldn't smoke, but they will. Get to Snaresborough at last. It isn't much of a town. In fact, it's more of a village than anything else. If you walk a hundred yards any way you come to flat country. The flat country consists chiefly of miles of fields. It's got an old church, but the church isn't open. Key with the Sexton. The Sexton can't be found, as he has gone to London for a holiday. He has taken the key with him.

Snaresborough much better in fine weather than in wet. To-day it rains. Ask old inhabitant if he thinks it will clear up by-and-by. No; he doesn't. When it rains at Snaresborough it generally keeps

at it for a week. It has been raining for the last four days, so it is likely to be fine by Wednesday. As this is Monday and I have to catch the 7.30 train to town, afraid I can't wait. I ask the old inhabitant if he knows of any place of interest in the neighbourhood. He scratches his head, looks at me for three minutes, and says, "Not that he's heard of." I am moving off, when he adds that perhaps I would like to go to "the top of St. Syce." On further inquiry I discover that St. Syce (pronounced "St. Syce") is a local hill of some celebrity. Is there anything to be seen when I reach the summit? "No, not that he's heard of." I enter the "Black Bear," and find it full of weary merry-makers. I ask if I can have anything to eat. Inattentive barmaid says "No," and gives a villager some beer. I repeat my question to a person who seems to be the landlord, and he says he will consult his missis. After consultation, he tells me that he thinks I can have some eggs and bacon in the course of "a couple of hours or so." I ask him how long it will take me to get to the summit of "St. Syce" and back; and he returns, "A couple of hours or so." This decides me to make the ascent.

I walk for about a mile and a half along an extremely muddy road, and then begin to climb. I get over a hedge, and enter a wood. I find myself much impeded by brambles. However, by plodding away in the rain I at length get to the summit. When I have arrived at my destination I find there is nothing particular to be seen except mist. I consult my watch, to learn that "the two hours or so" has been lengthened into about double that period. It occurs to me that by the time I get back the eggs and bacon should be ready.

Although my descent is now downhill, I don't progress very rapidly, as the clayey mud is thicker than ever. After another couple of hours' hard work I once more find myself in the village inn. I ask the inattentive barmaid if my dinner is ready. She replies (after a pause), "What dinner?" and gives a countryman a mug, presumably containing beer. I explain, "Eggs and bacon." She (again after a pause) replies, "What eggs and bacon?" and gives another countryman another mug, presumably containing beer. At this point the landlord, who has a gleam of intelligence, asks me, "Was I the gent who ordered something in the afternoon?" On hearing my affirmative, he adds, "Then your dinner was eaten by another gent. I thought as how there was something wrong somewhere." He seems amused, so does his missis, so does the inattentive barmaid. I would reply angrily, if a glance at the clock did not inform me that I have but ten minutes to catch my train back to town. I hurry away, and am forced into a carriage constructed to carry twelve passengers which is already crowded with fifteen. My appearance is greeted with disfavour. However, after I have been in the compartment for an hour or two, my presence is tolerated. I gain good-will by not objecting to the smoking of rank tobacco and the singing of oft-repeated comic songs. I reach the terminus cramped and weary, hungry and damp.

All the omnibuses have ceased running, and I can't find a cab. On my way home I come across my cousin in a mud-covered uniform, who has been enjoying a day with the Volunteers. I recount my adventures, laying stress upon the absence of food and the need for exertion.

"Ah," says he, in a faint voice; "you have had a better time of it than we have!"

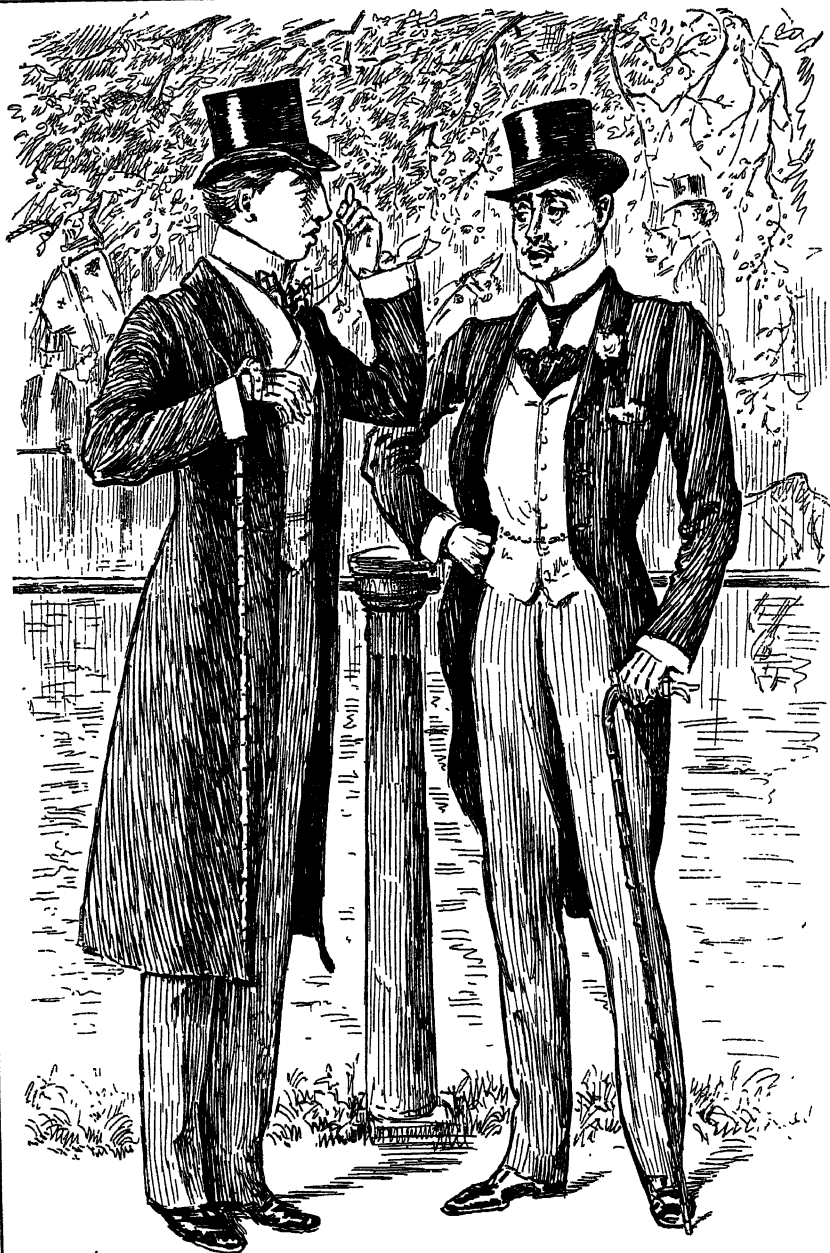
From this I take it that on the whole he envies me. I get home to bed, and just write this diary before putting out the light.

Take it all in all, I have enjoyed myself immensely. Such a perfect change! Feel so tired that I am sure I should fall asleep—even in a theatre!



Mrs. R. was in an omnibus lately. The streets were so badly paved, she says, that the osculations were most trying to elderly people, though the younger ladies did not seem to object to them.

MEM.—"The only way to get rid of 'Revolted Daughters' is to make them 'Revolted Mothers.'"



OUR DECADENTS.

First Effete One. "WHAT A SINGULAR NECKTIE YOU'VE GOT ON, CORRY!"

Second E. O. "HOW HORRID YOU ARE, LEXY! YOU NEVER LIKE ANYTHING I WEAR!"
[Sulks for the whole afternoon.]

WINNERS!

(With a Difference.)

OR, THE DURDANS AND THE DOLDRUMS.

First Winner. Ah! congratulate me, WILLY!
Such excitement may seem silly,
But the moment was most "thrilly," I
must own,
When *Ladas*, an easy winner, passed the
post; not a mere "skinner,"
But as fresh as a beginner, strong,
unblown!
My juvenile ambition seems approaching
full fruition;
I am Premier (a position you would
grace!)

Whilst my horse,—and this enhances the
delight that in me dances,—
Has the very best of chances for the
Race!

Second Winner. Humph! Congratulate you?
Just so! Win the Big Race? Well,
I trust so! [and dim.
But—excuse me!—heat and dust so tire
We are in—like Peer and Peasant—the
same *Stable*—which is pleasant—
But not in—not just at present—the same
swim.
You are truly vastly lucky, and deserve it,
for you're plucky;
But—my course to-day was mucky, my
good friend,

And although we just pulled through it,
it was awful work to do it;
Took me all my time to screw it at the
end.

First Winner. Very sorry, I am sure, WILL!
You've had plenty to endure, WILL!
But—well, Time will work a cure,
WILL, if you're steady.
If we cannot fly we'll trudge it! Bit
peacocky, your colt, *Budget*,
But has seen its worst, I judge it, WILL,
already.
You pulled it through most neatly. If it
did not win as sweetly
As *Ladas*, who spread completely all its
field, WILL;
Yet for all we're worth we'll back it; and
if pencillers attack it,
Why, let's boldly stand the racket, and
ne'er yield, WILL!

Second. Winner. Yes, we'll "face the
music," PRIMMY! But my head feels
a bit swimmy,
And—the Public is so whimsy, PRIM—
that's poz!
My *Budget* had the flavour of a "Popular
Pet"—sweet savour!—
But I fear 'tis scarce the Favourite it
was.
All the Bunges would play the knacker;
'midst the swells he's scarce a backer.
They will make the pace a cracker, PRIM,
you bet!
But in spite of Land and Liquor, I may
"go 'em just one" quicker,
And prove our nag a stickler, PRIMROSE,
get!

ON A BOGUS BOMB.

(A *Jeremiad* Against Practical Jokes.)

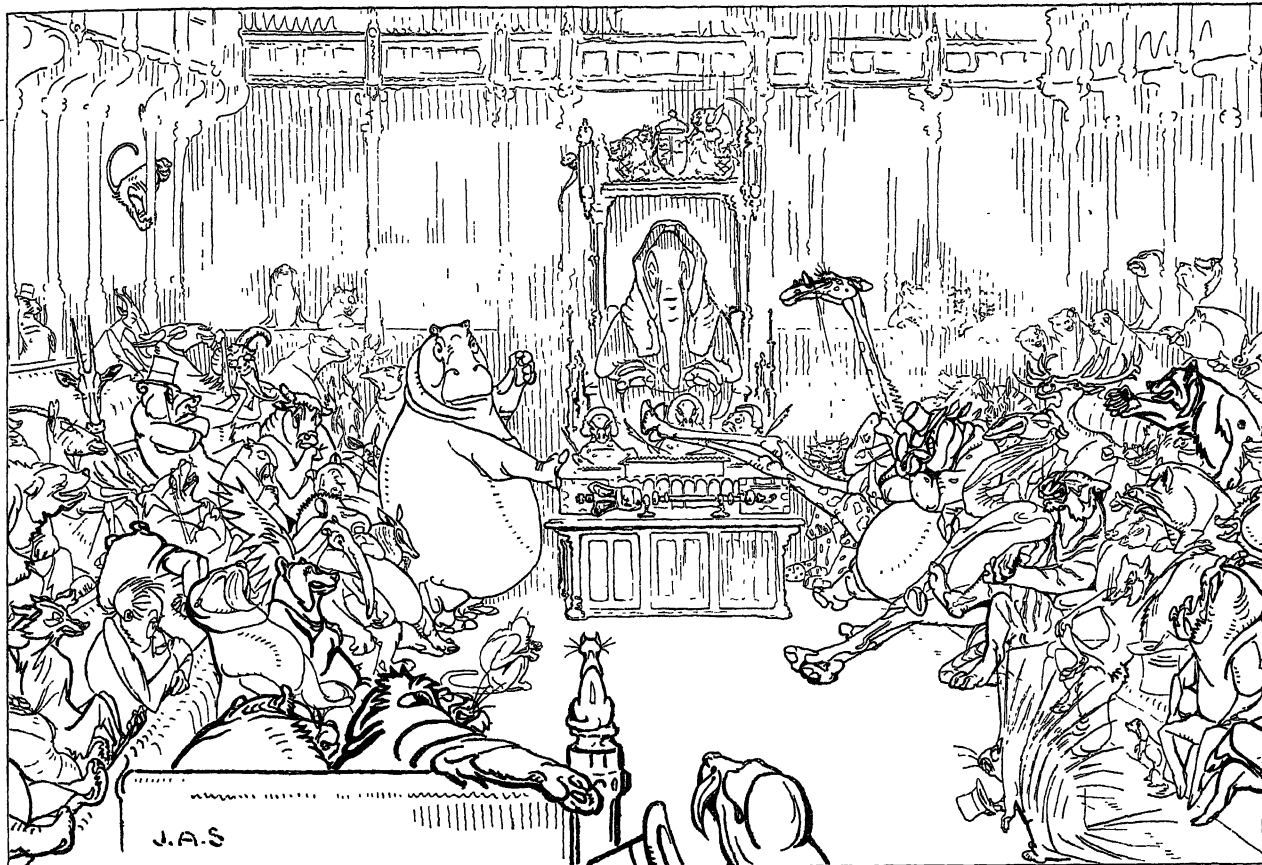
A PIECE of gas-pipe stuffed with pencil
scrapings!
True type of some contemporary jappings,
A coarse, crude, cruel sham, whose only aim
Is of all gentler feelings to "make game,"
To scare the timid and to scathe the kind,
And discommode the man of milder mind!
Practical Joke? A saint it might provoke
To hear such ruffian clowning called a *joke*.
Joke? Humour, most humane of human
gifts,
Thou wouldst bestow the briefest of short
shriffs
On the Yahoo, with bogus bomb or gun,
Who apes the fiend's delight, and calls it—
Fun!
Caliban's self is not so wholly vile
Till he developes brutehood's crown—the
smile;
The cad himself may 'scape clean manhood's
knuckle
Till bestial crassness apes the cynic chuckle.
Sober stupidity is not so foul;
Asinine gravity befits the jowl
Of blundering *Bottom*; but as endgels play
When the dull ass grows proud of his loud
bray, [staff
So civic sense should wield the avenging
What time blunt-witted brutes affect the
laugh.
False mirth, by dulness learnt in that strange
school [fool
The music-hall, but makes the sniggering
A nastier nuisance, since his roar is heard
But at the obscene, the cruel, the absurd.
A "sense of humour," of the baser sort,
That spies in cruelty the food of sport,
Is the brute's bane, and civilisation's curse.
Practical Joke? Fiend's laughter scarce s
worse.
Better Yahoos be grave, and CLOTENS sad,
His mirth's the crowning horror of the cad!



“ALL THE DIFFERENCE.”

R-S-B-RT (*jubilant*). “CONGRATULATE ME! *LADAS* WON EASILY, AND FIRST FAVOURITE FOR THE BIG RACE!”

H-RC-RT. “HUM! *BUDGET* JUST PULLED THROUGH—AND NOT THE FAVOURITE HE *WAS*.”



A MONSTER PARLIAMENTARY MEETING IN VACATION TIME.

LAYS FROM THE LINKS.

To a Parliamentary Candidate.

WERE you deaf and dumb and dotty, you might solve the question knotty

Of the way your country's suffrages to earn;
All you want's a wife who's pretty, and can sing a party ditty,
To secure your Parliamentary return.

You will find your new vocation is a lib'ral education,
Repatee, in all its branches, you will learn,
And a yawn you'll merely smother when you're told that "you're another"—

It is quite a Parliamentary return.

You may temper legislation with some harmless recreation,
For a foursome you should now and then adjourn;
Once a week yourself uprooting from you wonted seat, to Tooting
Take a third, or Parliamentary, return.

For the handicap you'll enter, of admiring gaze the centre—
'Tis for fame not handy capital you yearn—
And I hope that you may win it, and the House will make a minute
Of your record Parliamentary return.

On the Links, or when on duty in the House, *macte virtute!*
Till with pride your whole constituency burns:
By the "gods and little fishes" you've my very best good wishes—
Many happy Parliamentary returns!

"THE REFORM OF GENERAL AVERAGE."—Such is the weird heading of a recent newspaper paragraph. Who is General AVERAGE? And why should he be reformed? Or is it a burlesque on *The Silence of Dean Maitland*?

APPROPRIATE.—Health to the new married couple in a bumper of Château Margot!

DIARY OF AN INTELLIGENT CITIZEN.

Monday.—Read all the morning the fearful expenses incurred by the School Board. Fancy paying two millions a year to educate half a million of children! Seems monstrous. Does indeed. Must be careful to vote at the next election. Find that the contest is fixed for Saturday.

Tuesday.—Still getting up facts about the School Board. Not only two millions of money paid every year, but lots of it wasted. Really must vote on Saturday, and for the right men. The scandal has lasted too long, and all our fault. Why won't we vote? The matter is really in our own hands. And yet we won't move a step! Disgraceful!

Wednesday.—Looking up fresh statistics. Seems that in East Finsbury only 16,000 voted out of a possible 86,800, and much the same proportion was observed in East Lambeth, Chelsea, and Hackney. Really disgraceful! But at least I will do my duty on Saturday. Only wish others were like me.

Thursday.—More statistics. Fearful waste in all directions, and all sorts of nonsense. Some children overworked. Pupils ill from study, teachers not too well paid, and a great deal too much attention given to useless accomplishments and sectarian disagreements. However, wait till Saturday! I will be there, and I will vote, at any rate.

Friday.—Yes, to-morrow is the polling day. Well, I only hope everyone will behave like me.

Saturday.—As I thought it might rain, I did not go to the polling-place. Better luck next year—if I remember it.

"AH!" observed Mrs. R., speaking about a middle-aged gentleman of most exemplary character. "He wasn't always like this, I believe. I have heard that as a young man he was mixed up in all sorts of piccadillies."

PUGILISTIC EXERCISE IN THE BURLINGTON HOUSE P.R.(A).—Polishing off the Entire Academy in several rounds.

THE GREAT TROUSER TEST;

Or, Patriotism and Pants.

["To turn up the ends of the trousers on a muddy day is the mark of the 'abhorred Anglomaniac.'"]—*Daily News on American Anglomaniac.*

HOHO! for some Tyrtaeus-rousers
To warm their un-patriot blood,
Who turn up the ends of their trousers
To save Yankee shoddy from mud!
He the depth of depravity reaches,
His cup of disgrace is brim-full,
Who, simply to spare his best breeches,
Will mimic the *modes* of JOHN BULL!
What matter the spots and the splashes
That soil Yankee doodledum's pants,
Whilst bristles can brush, whilst soap
washes,
And bootblacks will do what one
wants?
Far better go dirty and draggled.
Frayed, fringed out, and plastered
with slime,
Than draw down the tongues that have
waggled
Against Anglomaniac crime!
Philadelphia's patriot matron*
Will pound the poor-spirited dude,
Who, of Masherdom's manners the
patron,
With Bond Street ambition imbued,
Will turn up his trouser-ends tamely,
To look like a guy or a crank,
And not through the sludge-swamp
right gamely
Tramp on like a true-blooded Yank!

* Mrs. STEVENSON, President of the Philadelphia Civic Club.

WHY is it that a first-rate operative tenor is a most useful man to be employed in a lighthouse or at an Eiffel watch-tower?—Because, if there is any danger, he can *always* go up to C. (N.B.—Except when he has a bad cold.)



A NEW NAVAL GRIEVANCE.

Jack Tar (reading the Budget Speech). "BLOWED IF THIS 'ERE LANDLUBBER AIN'T A-GOIN' TO BUILD THEM NEW IRONCLADS OUT O' THE SINKING FUND!"

IN LADÆ LAUDEM.

Who names this colt? What eponym
Stands sponsor for his morals?
I, LADAS, large and lithe of limb,
Lord of a hundred laurels!
On whom the loud Olympic ring,
Ignoring local squabbles
And every other mortal thing,
Sat tight, and planked their obols.

Parsley and olive, palm and bay—
Without exaggeration
I take it that I bore away
A positive plantation;
Till Elis saw me pass the post
By just a bare priority,
And send my gallant, breathless ghost
To join the great majority.

He, too, has joined their fighting
ranks,
The heir to my tradition;
All on the downs his glossy flanks
Defy the Opposition;
Sound as his owner's chosen make
Of Government despatch-box,
Exploding prophecies that stake
Their safety on a *Matchbox*.

As MYRON set me up in bronze,
To make my parish vainer,
May he through fortune's pros and
cons
Set up (in tin) his trainer!
So may he, like the knowing ox,
Adorn his master's crib and
Avoiding spavins on his hocks
Take back the Turf's blue riband!

Go on, my noble king of steeds!
Go on, *virtute macte*!
Prime minister to all their needs
Who went and freely backed 'ee;
And if there's really something in
Success that fans infection,
Who knows but what a triple win
Will turn the next election?

ROBERT ON THE GRAND TOWER BRIDGE!

I DON'T exactly know how it came about, but I ain't bin at all well lately. I can't say as I've bin a hindulging more than usual, tho we most suttently has bin rayther a going it, thanks to the amost boundless generosity of our right honnerabel and most liberal LORD MARE. I'm promised a reglar holly-day about the hend of nex month, when the Prince and Princess of WALES is a comming into the City, with their usual kindness, to hopen our grand Tower Bridge, which one of the principal makers on it tells me is about the grandest Tower Bridge in the world, and will cost the grand old Copperashun jest about a hole million of money! He also tells me that so wonderfully is the Bridge made, that when any ship, however big it may be, wants to pass thro it, all the Pilot has to do is to blow his wissal and the Bridge will open of itself in two minutes and a harf! The poor Bridge Committee seems to be allers at work about it, and well deserves their bits of luncheon, and I supposes as it was a sort of small reward for my xtra trouble about them, that I was most kindly allowed to see the butiful gold Badges as is a being made for the Committee to wear when the Prince and Princess comes, and werry werry splendid they is. Why so werry particular is the Committee that they has achshally had the Invitashun Cards speshally printed for the ocasion, so that all the many wissitors on the grand day may have a memoreal to keep to allers remind em of it.

What the distinguist owners will be that will be heaped by the royal Prince and Princess on the LORD MARE, and the Sherrifs, and the Chairman, and the hard working Committee, in course nobody yet knos, but as their royal Hignesses acts in the name of Her Majesty the QUEEN, in course they will be simply staggerers.

I remembers werry well going to see the werry fust stone of the Bridge laid, ever so many years ago, and not one of us ever thought as how as we should live to see it finished, and lots of clever fellers, as they thought themselves, all prosefied as it woud never be big enuff or igh enuff to let a great big ship go thro it without a breaking of it; and I well remembers how artly some on em larfed when they was told that it woudn't take above 2 or 3 minnets to hopen or shut it again! But they don't larf now, but beleeves what

they are told by our grate Engineer, like all good Cristiens ort to do, speshally if a Royal Prince and Princess comes and shows em all as there really ain't not nothink for to be afraid on.

Strange to say, I hears from one of the men as how as the Guverner of the Tower, which is close by, is that gelous of the Bridge, that he has applied to the Dook of CAMBRIDGE to make the Copperashun alter the name of it, and call it the Tems Bridge, or sum such common name, but the Dook, like the reel gent as he is, has refused to do so, and says it's a werry good name for it considering its great hight and its grand size.

The Copperashun, with its usual ginerosity, don't mean to charge not nothink to go over it or to go under it, tho it will cost em jest about a hole round million, which clever BROWN tells me is jest about a thowsend thowsend soverains! And if that ain't about enuff for our Bridge, I should like to know what is, speshally as I'm told that it is more than all the other five London Bridges cost put together!

But that's just like the jolly old Copperashun, when they makes up their mind to do a big thing they does it thoroly, and leaves others to foller their xampel, if they can.

ROBERT.

To W. Grace, Junior.

BRAVO, Sir! A hundred and twenty and six
Before they could find the right way to your sticks,
Should prove you a chip of—well, not "the old block,"
That would seem the free play of the Champion to mock.—
But a GRACE of the GRACES. 'Tis pleasant to see—
'Ere the elder has passed—a young "W. G."!

QUITE NATURAL.—One of the workmen engaged on the restoration of an old abbey was scraping away at the whitewash in one particular spot. "Rather hard on the wall," quoth a jocose visitor. "Wall likes being scratched," retorted the workman; "'cos I'm told as there's a niche in it."

"NO FLOWERS!"

[A French specialist, M. JOAL, says that the smell of flowers is injurious to the voice. He knows operatic singers who have completely lost their voices through their passion for certain flowers.]

Oh, fling no wreaths of roses
Before the Queens of Song!
For what delights their noses
May do their throats much
wrong.

Toss no bouquets Titanic
Down at the Diva's feet!
You'll put her in a panic,
And spoil her accents sweet.
Far better salt or borax;
Egg-flip more stay affords
To the sweet Tenor's thorax,
The Basso's vocal chords.
A barrel of choice oysters
Drop on the stage to her
Whose grand mellifluous voice
stirs

Your soul, with Music's stir.
A gift of stout, in bottle,
The footlights may adorn;
But every lyric throttle
A floral gift should scorn.
In times remote, and Persian,
The Bulbul loved the Rose;
Now at her pet aversion
Philomel cocks her nose!

APPROPRIATE.—The subject of "Church Patronage" in the *Daily News* last week drew an epistle from PAUL—i.e. from H. W. PAUL.



TEMPERANCE LOGIC.

"ALL I CAN SAY IS, I'VE SMOKED AND DRUNK FREELY ALL MY LIFE; AND HERE I AM AT EIGHTY, AS WELL AS—"

"AH! BUT WHO KNOWS BUT YE MIGHT BE A HUNDRED BY THIS TOIME, IF YE'D ONLY BEEN A TOTAL ABSTAINER, SORR!"

TWOPENCE ALL THE WAY.

You are somewhat tired, you say,
And the streets are gritty.
This is twopence all the way,
Streatham to the City.
Omnibuses aren't so cheap,
Or so pleasant either—
So we climb the staircase steep
Of the tram, together.

All the other fares their own
Business are immersed in.
You have on the very gown
That I saw you first in—
Something soft and spring-
like, that
Suits the sunny weather.
There are roses in your hat—
On the tram together!

If we two were rich and free,
Many a time we ponder,
How beside the surging sea
Musing we would wander,
Or by shadowy mountain mere,
Moorland flushed with
heather— [dear,
Yet, our hearts are light, my
On the tram together!

AVERAGE.—It is announced that The Gallery Club is to be opened for the season, when the exhibition entitled "Fair Women" will be on view. Of course, nothing superlative can be expected of this picture show, as at its best it can be only "a Very Fair Collection."

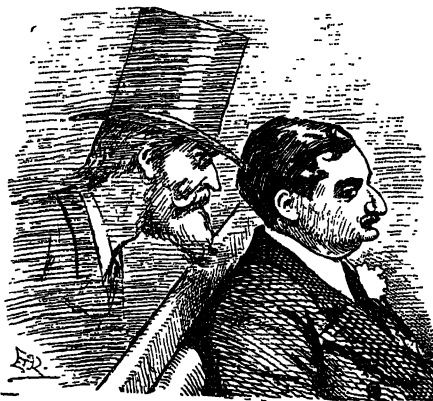
ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday Night, May 7.—At a time when the Episcopal Bench in the House of Lords is the mark of much contumely, it must be matter of keen satisfaction to Bishops and Archbishops to feel they have still left one faithful friend. To the Episcopal Bench DENMAN is what the Minstrel Boy was to the Land of Song.

"Though all the world betrays thee
One sword at least thy right shall guard
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

He broke out to-night at quite unexpected time. HOOD on his feet



PROMPTINGS.

J-hn R-dm-nd and his Chief.

been interrupted in such tragic fashion. The tall figure of the venerable peer, crowned with plum-colour skull-cap of faded hue; the pale, worn, but still handsome face; the pathetic shabbiness of the dress; the outstretched hand; the fixed glance; the horror of tone in the muffled voice; the suddenness and unexpectedness of

the interruption—all combined to chill the blood. No one spoke; Lord HOOD resumed his seat; so upset could not for some minutes continue his discourse. DENMAN sorrowfully gazed for a moment round the silent House, and stalked forth—ghost of a great name, heritor of a mighty reputation.

A dull night in Commons; goose-stepping round Budget. Just as House rose came news from Hackney.

"We've got FLETCHER MOULTON in with majority of 192," said CAUSTON, rubbing his hands with cheerfulness that no circumstances can daunt.

"Don't you think you might put it in another way?" PLUNKET asked, with his sweetest smile. "Your majority is reduced by more than a thousand. Wouldn't it be more correct to say, FLETCHER is in, but Liberal majority is MOULTON?"

CAUSTON hopes to have repartee ready in course of a few days.

Business done.—Second reading Budget Bill debated.

Tuesday.—Difficult to imagine anything more dolorous than House to-night. Opposition have come to conclusion that nothing less than three days' talk round Budget will meet just expectations of the country. Accordingly, settled before debate on second reading opened yesterday, that division should not be taken till Thursday. All very well if in meantime House were shut up, SPEAKER and officials enjoying much-needed rest, and Members off for holiday. That, of course, would never do. Appearances (and talk) must be kept up.



The Noble Savage and Prince Arthur.

So here we are, mercifully only a few of us, watching the dreary game. List of speakers drawn up long enough to keep things going till Thursday night. No lack of volunteers for speech-making. Only stipulate they shall not be expected to remain to hear others. SQUIRE of MALWOOD behaves with great heroism. Has fortified himself with stock of foolscap paper sewn at the corner. On this he, with ostentatious benignity, takes notes. As each sheet is filled he turns it over, and, holding it between finger and thumb, lets it hang forlornly flapping, whilst, with crossed hands and look of sainted resignation, he sits and waits for the next speaker.

This turns out to be that other great SQUIRE the Man from Blankney. At White's and at Newmarket there is a general impression that on finance, as on any other question, the SQUIRE of BLANKNEY could give a stone to the SQUIRE of MALWOOD and beat him. CHARLIN himself suspects there is something in this, and justifies the assertion in a prodigiously learned speech. What he most bitterly protests against is "the dumb silence" on the Treasury Bench.

I did not hear it myself; but 'tis a blessed phrase, its coming making stronger than ever the yearning for the spread of silence, dumb or otherwise, over the mechanism of the talking machine.

Business done.—None.

Friday, 1 A.M.—Everything comes to the man who waits, even the end of the dreariest debate of modern times. Responsibilities of leadership imposed on PRINCE ARTHUR duty of making long speech by way of summing up Budget discussion from Opposition side. Ordeal too much even for his gay courage. Stumbled heavily amid dry phrases belonging to the Probate Court; couldn't always hit on the right one; had spent much time on distasteful lesson; got it off pretty well by heart; but, not being quite clear to himself, case, naturally, not pellucid for audience. Still they sat it through, buoyed up by expectation of the end.

SQUIRE of MALWOOD at least understood his case. Got it all at his finger ends. Had, for greater accuracy, set it forth in series of sewed volumes of manuscript. Volume I., Wine and Spirit Duties; Vol. II., Graduated Death Duties; Vol. III., Income Tax; Vol. IV., Bang JOKIM about the Head.

Though there was evidence in the delight with which the SQUIRE took up Vol. IV. that this was specially designed for the comfort and consolation of JOKIM, refutation of the financial heresies of that eminent man pretty frequently cropped up in preceding volumes. "My master," "my teacher," said the SQUIRE in severest irony, looking across the table to see how JOKIM took his punishment. House, now crowded, roused at last. Cheers and counter cheers stirred the heavy atmosphere. "Now, Sir, I venture to say, if I may use a vulgar expression—" observed the SQUIRE. "Oh! oh!" cried the gentlemen in the corner behind Front Opposition Bench, terribly shocked. "If I may—" "No! no!" They would not have it on any account; SQUIRE persisted. When it turned out that his vulgar expression was nothing more than the taunt that Members opposite were "beginning to see it is not safe to face the music," unmistakable evidence of disappointment. Thought it was going to be much worse than that.

Business done.—Budget read second time by majority of fourteen in House of 602 Members. Thereupon gratefully adjourned for Whitsun holidays.

WANTED! for "The Frozen Pole"—An ice hair-dresser.

YVETTE GUILBERT.

Mlle. YVETTE GUILBERT has appeared at the Empire, and astonished the Imperials. In view of certain recent anti-artistic proceedings in the North, against which Sir FREDERIC, P.R.A., and other eminent Academicians, righteously protested, the following version of her famous "*Vierges!*" is respectfully dedicated to the Queen of the Café Concert, with many apologies for its innumerable imperfections.

L'âme candide et les traits durs,
Ils marchent les yeux vers l'azur
A Glasgow.

Les affich's mises sur leurs murs
Ont peu de charm's mais ell's sont pur's
(Parlé) Pour sûr, A Glasgow.



Sont-ils stupides ces Anglais!
Pour eux tout est très-shocking, mais
A Glasgow

Encore plus les Écossais
Sont des imbéciles niais.
(Parlé) C'est gai A Glasgow!

Ils défendent tous les desseins
Où l'on peut voir les bras, le sein,
A Glasgow.

Jamais nus; même dans un bain
Sont-ils tout habillés enfin?
(Parlé) Matin! A Glasgow.

Portez des lunett's; l'œil nu
Est absolument défendu
A Glasgow.

Des corps nus ils n'ont jamais vus
Là, où leurs raisonn'ments sont plus
(Parlé) Cornus! A Glasgow.

TO NELLA.

On her Apologising for Bad Spelling.

My lady, spell *ad libitum*, in spite
Of mouldy MAJOR, LINDLEY MURRAY trite;
Whate'er you pen to me will still excel
Aught that the wisest sage or bard can tell:
Write how you will to me, but only write!

Let not pedantic rule wild fancy blight,
Nor Academe a new Corinna quell!
(Dispel such cares, such phantoms that affright,
My lay, dispel!)

There's witch'ry in the note you last indite—
"Believe me" (so your letter ends) seems right,
"Your's most sincerely," charms my heart
as well;

I, too, 'gainst orthographic laws rebel.
The reason why? I feel, in all its might,
My lady's spell!

HER RUDE REPLY.

No less surprise than merriment I feel
In puzzling out your passionate appeal:
'Tis you, I think, should now apologise,
For calling me "Corinna" in disguise,
And what you meant by "Academe" reveal!

I hoped my shocking hand would hide a deal
Of fancy spelling from your searching eyes:
Your glance, though, into "howlers" I'd
conceal No less, Sir, pries!

Goodbye! P. S. Don't grow quite imbecile
With agitating wildly for repeal
Of "orthographic laws," nor exercise
Your scanty wits with rondeaus overwise!
Here my "spell" ends—for ne'er could
rhyming zeal Know lesser prize!

"MATCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."

DEAR SIR,—We see that somebody has had the matchless effrontery to spread the report of a strike having taken place in our factory. Nothing of the sort. We don't strike except on our own box, and we have good matches for all our girls; likewise we employ match-making mothers, and, as the old song says, "We are a happy family, we are! we are!! we are!!!" And we are, my dear Mr. P.,

Yours delightedly,
BRYANT THE FIRST, AND MAY THE
FOURTEENTH.

EPITHALAMIUM.

TO THE HAPPY PAIR, ST. GEORGE'S, HANOVER
SQUARE, THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1894.

(By Mr. Punch, after Shakespeare.)

HONOUR, riches, marriage-blessing,
Long continuance, full possessing!
Juno's dower and Ceres' cargo,
As for Venus,—well, there's MARGOT!
Honeymoon a present heaven
Down in Somerset and Devon;
Happiness be your Heart's-Ten(n)ant,
Love your crown, and fame your pennant.
Manhood's prime and fortune's heyday;
May this memorable May day
Be delightful to remember,
When you touch your life's December.
Health to both! May trouble shun you!
Punch's blessing now is on you!

"WHEN persons go to a party to enjoy themselves, I don't like every gentleman present to be finding fault with something or other," observed Mrs. R. with an air of deer annoyance. "And I can't help remarking this, because I heard the other day that a large party recently given consisted entirely of ladies and their cavillers."

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.)

No. III.—FROM THE HON. VICTOR MAYDEW, CRANWELL PARK, SUFFOLK, TO LADY MABEL HUNTER, PENTLAND HALL, HANTS.

DEAR LADY MABEL, December 16, 189—.

If it were not for Sunday mornings, I really believe country-house parties as an institution would perish. I mean, of course, Sunday mornings spent in calm meditation, gentle reading, or the writing of letters. If one is whirled away by a stern domestic decree, assisted by a barouche or family omnibus, to the parish church, the usefulness of the day is gone, for the two happy morning hours, so peaceful, so restoring, frequently so admirable for the making up of arrears, fly from you irretrievably. To have seen the little apple-faced boys who compose the parish choir, and to have listened to twenty minutes of reproof and exhortation from the Reverend THOMAS SPARKES; to have sat in a pew fashioned on the model of a loose box—these, dear Lady MABEL, are not sufficient consolations. The apple-faced ones may please the eye trained to bucolic sights, but they sing horribly out of tune; I remember TOMMY SPARKES at Cambridge as a warning rather than a fitting warner; and my nature is not sufficiently equine for an ancient pew.

This is merely another way of saying that I have not gone to church, though Mrs. BLAGDEN and her daughters, together with all save one of the women guests, and two, actually two, of the men besides our host, who has to keep up his character as an M.P. and a supporter of charities and churches, are at this moment safe in the big pew. Mrs. BLAGDEN is not the soul of refinement, but she is a nice, comfortable, unpretentious, motherly woman. I like her much better than her rather aspiring girls, who have airs and graces and wish to be thought dreadfully smart. Dear Mrs. BLAGDEN, as she passed through the hall, looked like a stout morning meteor—so greatly did she gleam with brilliant silk, so flashing was the sweep of her skirts. She shook a dumpy, good-natured forefinger at me, and announced roguishly that I was a bad man, but her tone was not meant to carry conviction. Still, there is a delicate suggestion of flattery in the mere accusation of devilry—even when it rests on no firmer foundation than absence from Sunday morning service.

We have had two good days at the pheasants, though we have of course shot no hens. On Friday we got 250 pheasants, five brace of partridges, four woodcock, 40 hares, and 163 rabbits. Yesterday's bag was 274 pheasants, two woodcock, 27 hares, and 206 rabbits. That is a fair total for eight guns, two of whom were much worse shots even than I am on my bad days. Our party consists of Captain and Mrs. MAXWELL (without the CRAIK sister I am thankful to say), HENRY BERKELEY, who brought his pretty daughter LUCY—do you know her? fair, fresh, and well-figured, with a charming smile, and most attractive ways—my brother HAROLD, your Cousin Miss BRUCE, MANTON of the F. O., and myself. That gives us five guns; the Baron PAUL DE CHAUMONT is the sixth, Mr. BLAGDEN himself makes a seventh, and the eighth was on Friday a Hussar, who drove over in the tallest dog-cart I have ever seen. Yesterday ALAN CROWTHORPE turned up, to my great delight. I had not seen him for more than five years, and I'm afraid I missed more than one good chance while we were exchanging reminiscences which carried us back through Cambridge to Eton, and beyond into the region of preparatory schools.

Our dinners have been immense. I must say the BLAGDENS know how to do things well, for everything was of the best, and yet there was no unnecessary ostentation—except, perhaps, in the gorgeously gold-laced lackeys whose solemn presence tempered even the electric light, and made one feel how infinitely contemptible an unliviered life must appear to these resplendent beings. Last night we had an Archdeacon at dinner—WARBURTON is his name—a most pleasant, humorous old gentleman, with the courtliest manners. To hear him

discussing modern women with Mrs. MAXWELL was delightful. "And is it really believed by refined and cultivated women that life in London becomes insupportable without frequent visits to Variety shows—that, I believe, is the correct term, is it not?" Thus did he pose Mrs. MAXWELL, but she retorted in her flat, uncomprehending way, that she didn't see why women shouldn't go if men went and found it amusing.

"But do they?" said the Archdeacon. "Many of them have told me that music-halls, and the theatres that ape them, are a mere desolate region of dullness and ennui."

At this poor little Mrs. MAXWELL could only stare, and the honours of the encounter remained with the Church.

PAUL DE CHAUMONT is a capital fellow, a real sportsman, a good companion, and a gentleman to his finger-tips. Only a Frenchman could be so utterly unlike the beefy Briton's ordinary conception of a Frenchman. He is more vivacious than the average Englishman, and talks better English—that's all the difference I can see. Mr. BLAGDEN was trying to convince him last night that the Riviera of France could not possibly have justice done to it by the Republican Government of France, and that the best thing to be done would be to hand over the region to England to be administered. The pleasantries—for that kind of thing passes for pleasantries with a man of Mr. BLAGDEN's stamp—was particularly misplaced, as the DE CHAUMONTS have not only always been distinguished for patriotism and courage, but have for some years now been warm supporters of the Republic. But DE CHAUMONT took it with a perfect tact.

"No," he said; "I cannot agree with you. We are not ready for the strong meat of your British institutions. We do best in our own way, call it frivolous and sometimes childish if you like, but it is at least a happier existence for those who are not of the rich classes. Besides," he added with a smile, "the careless inhabitants of that region could never be got to see the importance of a Diocesan Reform Bill; they would not vote for it. Therefore, I think, we will leave them under the easy disadvantages of their present government." This was a delicate rapier-thrust at Mr. BLAGDEN, who bores not only the House, but his acquaintances to death about his ridiculous Diocesan Reform Bill.

There is an epidemic of marriage engagements far more violent and deadly than the influenza. The last to go has been poor FRANK HATTERSLEY, who announces his defeat from the County Wicklow—a veteran who has escaped unharmed through a score of battles struck down, as it were, in a wretched border foray. Miss BRUCE has, I think, written to you herself, so I do not charge myself with any messages from her. Every word you said about her is true. Can she and such girls as Miss CRAIK, or the stupid, affected BLAGDEN couple really belong to the same order of creation? No, a thousand times no.

Please give my kindest and most affectionate regards to Lady FENDHORN. How happy she must be at Pentland with you and her grandchildren. My love to HARRY and MAB. I am leaving this on Wednesday. As I shall probably not see you before Christmas, I must content myself with this written wish that it may be a very happy one for you and yours.

They are returning from church—flushed, triumphant, superior. In ten minutes we shall be visiting the horses. The model farm will occupy the afternoon. Farewell. I must collect my thoughts so as to meet coachman and grooms on an equal footing.

Yours very sincerely,
VICTOR MAYDEW.

By OUR OWN SCHOOL-BOY.—He was asked to give the exact rendering in English of the phrase "tertium quid." He boldly translated it "a third sovereign."

Mrs. R. is very proud of her nephew. He is a rising Junior at the Bar. "One of these days," says Mrs. R., "he will stand on the binnacle of fame."



* She shook a dumpy, good-natured forefinger at me."



THE VISION AND THE VOICE.

La République. "OH! THAT I HAD ANOTHER HEROINE TO COME TO MY RESCUE!"
Jeanne d'Arc. "WHAT YOU WANT IS A HERO!"

THE VISION AND THE VOICE;

OR, FRANCE'S DREAM OF THE MAID OF ORLEANS.

A Dramatic Fragment.

["God's mother deigned to appear to me,
And in a vision full of majesty
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity,"

*Joan of Arc in First Part of King Henry
the Sixth, Act I., Sc. 2.*

"France wants a CORDEN much more than she
wants a revived Joan of Arc."—*Daily News*.]

La République (log.). Alas! the sun of fortune,
honour, fame,
Shines on poor France no longer; sombre
night,
Haunted by hosts obscene of ravening
things,
A carrion-hunting crew, o'ershadows me,
And in its darkness I seem doomed to fall
Like HEROD, vermin-stricken!

[*A light shines, wherein shapeth the
shade of the Maid of Orleans.*

Jeanne d'Arc. Say not so!

The France I lived and died for, and
which, late,

Doth me high honour, shall not set me up
A sainted shrine, yet sink herself in slime,
Like some dark Dagon-idol overthrown
In a morass, prone midst the rotting reeds,
Face-buried in the mud-flats, a mere
haunt

For foul and creeping creatures.

La République (reverently). Holy Maid!
Heroic Champion! Hope lives in thy voice,
And inspiration in thy high regard.

Jeanne d'Arc. Let inspiration then quicken
high hope,

And shame despair!

La République. Alas! France sees no more
Thy Vision, Maid, nor hears thy Voices!
Now

Our visions are of vile and venal gain,
The voices that seduce us are the cries
Of hucksters, not of heroes; jangling
shrieks [creeds,
Of warring factions and wild-wrestling
Unchivalrous swash-bucklers snatch the
sword [name,

That BAYARD stainless bare; e'en Glory's
Is sullied with the gold taint. Glorious
Maid!

Our sole reveilles are the Bourse's shouts,
Our pæans ring from the polluted lips
Of *Café-Chantant* heroes and *cocottes*,
Our loudest litanies are godless hymns
To knave-success and witching wantonness,
Songs in the service of our chosen cult
Of Mammon and of Ashtaroth.

Jeanne d'Arc. Too true!
And yet despair not, seeing that my day
Was a worse hell of cruelty and lust,
And coward greed, and superstition foul.
My Dauphin a voluptuous weakling was,
His court a coarse Gehenna, and his camp
A congregation of ferocious curs
And valiant villains; with BOULANGER's
brag,

And HIRSCH's greed, and LESSEPS's frailty.
With apish fraud, and ant-like pettiness,
Tigerish hate, grasshopper flightiness
My age was rife,—no Honour, Firmness,
Faith! [Sorels.

Your Burgundys, your Reigniers, your
Your blatant Rabagas, your light *Cigales*.
Say, are they worse than mine?

La République. But France had you!
With Patriotism and with Purity,
In one heroic form, for inspiration,
What might I do? Oh, for a Heroine
Like you, Oh, Maid! [is now

Jeanne d'Arc (gravely). Nay, France's need
A Hero—and a Man! [*The Vision fades.*

ANY ONE CAN LOOK LIKE A
GENTLEMAN

BY DEALING WITH

**BENJAMIN ZACHARIAH
& SON**ECONOMY
&
STYLE**BILLING AND COOING.**

(An Idyll of the Street.)

' OMNE TULIT PUNCTUM QUI MISCUIT UTILE DULCI.'

**LOOKING A CLERICAL GIFT-HORSE
IN THE MOUTH.**

(By Hodge.)

["We cannot but look on these gifts (ancient
Church endowments) as the heritage of the poor."
—*Episcopal Manifesto on Welsh Disestablishment.*]

"HERITAGE of the poor," they says!

Well, I be poor enow,
That I be free to pray and praise,
Cooms nateral-loike, somehow.
But the most o' the "heritage" I can see,
For my poor body or soul,
Is a free seat, fur from "the quality,"
And a—very—occasional "dole."

"ASTLEY'S," OR A NEW VERSION OF "THE
RING AND THE BOOK."—Sir JOHN ASTLEY's
personal recollections of the sporting world is
beforehand an assured success. "But," quoth
the Baron DE BOOK-WORMS, who has not yet
perused the *magnum opus*,—and 'tisan *opus* for
which a "*magnum*" would be an excellent
preparation,—"strange that Sir JOHN, 'the
Mate,' who has been a good sportsman all his
life, should now become a Bookmaker!" We
trust that the result to the sportive Bart will
be a big cheque—mate!

Mrs. R. has been reading *The Aristocrat of
the Breakfast Table*. She admits that it is, as
might be expected, genteel. But, on the whole,
she prefers *Two or Three Men in a Boat*.

FUMOSA INFORMIS.

I LOATHE the name of marriage,
For home no jot I care,
But I love the smoking-carriage,
For I am not wanted there.
I love to spoil man's selfish ease,
To oust him from his place,
And crush his futile courtesies
With hard, inquiring face.

I treat him as scarce human,
I snub him when I can,
For though a soul-freed woman,
I ne'er can be a man.
And that's what sets me up in
arms,
When pipes aglow I see.
That though I sink all woman's
charms,
A man I cannot be.

Not that I'd be the creature
At any price, oh, no!
Who poses as my teacher,
My sex's lifelong foe!
Not that he interferes with me,
The coward, I'd like to see him,
And yet I hate him bitterly,
Because I cannot be him.

In mind and form I'm hard as
nails,
Diplomas I've a score;
And all this choicest pleasure fails
For casual man does more.
He knows a lot, yet strives to
please,
Wears carelessly his bays
And thinks no more of high
degrees
Than I of gracious ways.

And he would put me on the
shelf!
Thinks me a doll, and shows it!
Would smoke, and travel by
himself!
Not if CASSANDRA knows it.
No! Man's superiority
Is separation's sequel;
Away with fulsome chivalry,
And make the sexes equal!



AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION.

First Footman. "ULLO, JAMES! WHAT, 'AVE YOU LEFT THE
EARL OF STONYBROKE?"

Second Footman. "YES, WILLIAM. I'M LIVING WITH THE HON-
RABEL DOCKET, A CITY TOFF."

First Footman. "AND 'OW DOES IT SUIT YER?"

Second Footman. "WELL, 'TAINT QUITE THE QUALITY AS I'VE
BEEN HACCUSTOMED TO; BUT WHEN HOUR HELDEST SON, LORD DASH-
LEIGH, WENT INTO THE CITY AS A STOCKBROKER, I SEED AS 'OW WE
ALL 'AD TO COME TO IT. SO 'ERE I AM!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Mr Baronite's opportunities of reading a three-volume novel are rare, and precious accordingly. It is a terrible thing conscientiously to commence the long journey and to find the pathway dreary and the country fruitless. BLACKWOOD's name on the back of a novel is a sure sign that the attempt is worth making. The old Edinburgh house still possesses the magnetic influence which, through nearly a century, has drawn towards it new writers of desirable kind. *Red Cap and Blue Jacket*, by GEORGE DUNN, just issued, does not fulfil the most generous expectation. There are about it indications of the young and unaccustomed hand. It requires the blithe courage of youth to go back to Paris in the Reign of Terror for chapters in a domestic novel. The first volume conveys the pleasing impression that the reader is in for a really good thing. But when he gets to Paris he shares the desire of *Andrew Prosser* and his fellow-adventurers, and wishes he were back again. Mr. DUNN's plot is of the good old melodramatic style. Everything fits in *à merveille*, as ROBESPIERRE used to say. You turn a corner and there you are; in most unexpected company, but amid the very circumstances necessary to carry on the story. Still, Mr. DUNN's literary style is excellent, and he has a subtle humour occasionally refreshing. He will do much better than this. He may have been christened ANDREW, but he is certainly not yet DUNN.

THE BARON DE B.-W.

MOTTO FOR ANTI-NEGRO ROWDIES "DOWN SOUTH."—Give them a Lynch and they will make a H-l.

DE LUNATICO INQUIRENDO.

(Simple Questions and Answers for the Use of Students at Law.)

Question. Suppose that a man is suspected of being insane, and consequently is unfit to manage his own affairs, what is the proper thing to do?

Answer. To commence legal proceedings to test his sanity.

Q. What does this entail?

A. The instruction of at least a couple of sets of solicitors.

Q. And what are the consequences of these instructions?

A. The preparations of briefs, proofs, and the engagement of a strong bar of counsel.

Q. And are there any further expenses?

A. Why, certainly; the cost of the production of witnesses must be provided for, and many other necessary expenses must be incurred.

Q. What next will happen?

A. The case will be heard before the proper authority, and a nearly double jury.

Q. And will there be a large number of witnesses?

A. On both sides. And, consequently, the case will consume a large amount of time.

Q. And will the counsel receive refreshers, and the solicitors gather additional costs?

A. Undoubtedly, and this is a part of the system.

Q. And when the case has been thrashed out by the examination of witnesses for the prosecution and the defence, may not the Jury take it into their heads to clear the Court and examine the alleged lunatic without assistance, and for themselves?

A. Certainly; and this examination may lead to a prompt decision.

Q. And will not this prompt decision be entirely independent of the evidence that has been adduced? A. Entirely.

Q. Then will not the whole of the proceeding anterior to this action of the jury seem absolutely superfluous?

A. Why, certainly. That stands to reason.

Q. Then why not have the examination first, and therefore dispense with the unnecessary and expensive preliminaries?

A. Because such a course would be inappropriate to proceedings so closely associated with insanity!

TO PHYLLIS, HER PICTURE.

PHYLLIS is my only fair,
Seated primly in a pew;
None with her can well compare
In the South Room at the New.

If with a frown
I cast me down,
PHYLLIS sweetly
Smiles, and neatly
Argues that the Show is not,
After all, such deadly rot,

There she sits, and nearly nods

To the critic as he halts;

She should be "A Gift for
Gods,"

Sooner than the thing by
SCHMAITZ.

Think it no harm,

Nor take alarm,

Though the poet

Seem to go it

Rather strong; she's but a maid;
I am forty in the shade.

And, in case you think it is
Personal to mention names,
There's a pair of PHYLLISES
Painted in a pair of frames;

Showing so well,

I cannot tell

Which of the parties

Queen of my heart is;

For with either I could stay
If the other were away.

DEFINE "A Stage Coach"? Oh yes, certainly! "A teacher of dramatic art."

(COVENT) GARDEN PARTIES.



The Opera-goer's Diary.—Whit Monday.—Opening night of Opera. Sir DRURIOLANUS cares not a whit—Monday or any other day—when the Opera Season commences, as long as the date is as early as possible, in order to give him time to produce his "whole bag of tricks." So Whit Monday night resulted in about as full a house as any Covent-Gardener could possibly have expected to see. An enthusiastic reception was given to PUCCINI's opera *Manon Lescaut*, performed by the company got together by "the celebrated Milanese publisher, Signor RICORDI,"—a pleasant fact which must be Ricordi'd here. Singers all good, and opera pleasing; but, considering chance offered by the story and great opportunities, it is certainly lacking in dramatic power. Of course MASSENET had previously taken all the dramatic points of the story, so there wasn't much left. Signorina OLGA OLGHINA (quite poetic this name) good as *Manon*, and Signor BRUDUSCHI, a prettily-voiced lover, as *Des Grieux*. Little Signor PINI-CORSI looked (as GARRICK did when in a passion) quite six feet high, owing to his excellent performance of *Lescaut*, a part in which there are very small chances of doing anything.

The hits of the Opera are the concerted pieces. The *Intermezzo*—no modern opera now perfect without an *Intermezzo*—is meant to be as descriptive as was Lord BURLEIGH's portentous shake of the head; and very necessary information is given in the book. The composer was called at the end of every act, and came on joining hands with the singers, "all in a row," as if their original idea had been to dance in a circle, singing, "Here we go round the mulberry bush," which, if Sir AUGUSTUS had "taken the fure" in the centre, would have been a pretty and exhilarating sight. Opera over about ten minutes to midnight. Congratulations all round; and Sir DRURIOLANUS, watching the proceedings from a stall, as if he had nothing on earth to do with the entertainment, but had just dropped in as one of the general public, was of course recognised, and ovationed.

Tuesday.—*Faust*. Reaction after excitement of opening night. *Habitué* requires something startling in *Faust*, and on this occasion *habitué* doomed to disappointment. Mlle. SIMMONET as *Marguerite* rather like "negus" at a children's party, "sweet but not strong." PLANÇON capital as the French *Mephisto*, and M. ALBERS an excellent *Valentine*. In orchestra, BEVIGNANI buoyant; and on stage, Chorus capital!

Wednesday.—Real treat. JULIA RAVOGLI as *Orpheus* ("with his loot" *Eurydice* whom he loots from Hades, only to see her expire on a Bank holiday) perfect in acting and singing. After last song, "*Eurydice*" curtain up and down several times, audience enthu-

siastic and JULIA joyous! But for the play-bill, who could possibly guess that JULIA is playing a male part? This talented artiste might as well play *Orpheus* in a modern dressing-gown and sandals. Decidedly over-draped. Beaming BEVIGNANI being gaily deposed, up comes MERRY MANCINELLI to conduct the *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

Treat number two. JULIA as *Orfeo* is orf (heigho!), and CALVÉ the Conscientious is on as *Santuzza*. Grand, magnificent. Not a quiet moment; always acting, and always doing something which assists the drama. She is ably seconded by Signori DE LUCIA and ANCONA and Mlle. PAULINE JORAN, and by the *utilissima dulcissima Fraulein BAUERMEISTER-SINGER*. Still, this opera is specially CALVÉ, and when advertised Sir DRURIOLANUS would do well to slightly change the title and call it *Calvé-leria Rusticana*.



Santuzza letting the Cat out of the Bag.

Still, this opera is specially CALVÉ, and when advertised Sir DRURIOLANUS would do well to slightly change the title and call it *Calvé-leria Rusticana*.

Thursday.—That charming light French comic opera *Philemon et Baucis*, followed by *Paghacci*, wherein Madame SIGEBD ARNOLDSON is bewitching as the volatile but unfortunate *Nedda*, and Mr. RICHARD GREEN good as ever in the character of the seductive villager who plunges into the "vortex," and takes a *Nedda* into a sea of troubles. *Paghacci*, excellent as it is, is not to be compared with *Rusticana*, so I will not compare it. Each of these two operas holds the audience entranced until the very last note.

Friday.—Strike of Cabmen had nothing to do with the hit of

Carmen made by Madame CALVÉ. She is marvellous in it. Only two things wanting, that she should be able to play the castanets and to dance a bolero, or a fandango, or something with some genuine go in it, just to suggest the idea of captivating José. Whatever fascinations the *Carmen* of Madame CALVÉ has for José, certainly her dancing and her playing at playing the castanets couldn't have had much extra effect on the already enamoured soldier. There is, just now, no *Carmen* but CALVÉ, and great ought to be the Profit! M. ALBERS came out strong as *Escamillo*, and our dear old "*Toréador contentio*" obtained such an *encore* as has been rarely heard since it was first sung and wildly re-demanded over and over again.

Saturday.—First night of *Falstaff*. Great success undoubtedly scored. Not time to do more than give a sketch of Falstaffo Robusto, leaving details for a future occasion.

Sir DRURIOLANUS with a portion of operatic troupe appearing to-night at Windsor Castle before HER MAJESTY. But *The Merry Wives of Windsor* are in town.



Falstaff, or a big (K)night at the Opera?



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Angelina (to her newly-betrothed). "OH, EDWIN, THERE'S SUCH A GOOD-LOOKING GIRL JUST BEHIND YOU! DO LOOK!"
Edwin. "AH, I'VE NO EYES FOR GOOD LOOKS NOW, DARLING!"

FALSTAFF'S FIX.

Falstaff Sir W. H.-RC.-RT.
Hostess Quickly Mistress BUNG.

[*Hostess (log).*] "I have borne, and borne, and borne: and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing; unless a woman should be made an ass, and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. . . . Thou hast eaten me out of house and home; thou hast put all my substance into that fat wallet of thine:—but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights, like the mare."—*Second Part of King Henry the Fourth, Act II., Sc. 1.*

WOE's thee, Fat JACK! When shrews unpack
 Their hearts with words, like angry *Hamlet*,
 Soft answer hath small power o'er wrath,
 Though mild it be as vernal lamblet.
 Termagant tongue hath Mistress BUNG,
 Her tone is shrill, her temper prickly.
 Modern "Sir JOHN," far art thou gone
 In the black books of "Hostess QUICKLY."

The Witler's Trade is all arrayed
 Against thee, JOHN! An evil omen!
 'Tis ill to cope with those who tope;
 Brewers and Bungs are fearsome foemen.
 If Honest JACK had taxed the Sack
 They vended at Eastcheap's "Old Boar's Head,"

Dame QUICKLY's tongue yet one more wrong
 Had added to the list aforesaid.

JACK, have a care, lest *Fang and Snare*
 Against your *corpus* "enter action."
 You've many foes. Each "malmsey-nose
 Knave, *Bardolph*" 's of the opposing fac-
 tion.

Friends of the Pump with you may jump;
 But will *their* backing in the quarrel

Allay your fear of Giant Beer,
 Or give you victory o'er the Barrel.

Fat JACK, in this you'll surely miss
 Your old pals, *Pistol*, *Poins*, and *Peto*;
 Friends of the Cup, they turned you up
 When you began to toy with Veto.
 And for Dame Q., think you that you
 Will coax her on your knee to clamber,
 "By sea-coal fire," in smart attire,
 "At Whitsun, in her Dolphin Chamber"?"

Alas Fat JACK, the love of Sack
 Is not confined to toping Tories.
 Whiskey? E'en Pat would fain keep *that*,
 Untaxed, among the Green Isle's Glories.
 And faith that tongue of Mistress BUNG
 (Or QUICKLY) fires the country quicker
 Than your best speech, for it can reach
 Wherever there be lips and liquor.

Falstaff made shift—he had the gift
 Of coaxing—the loud Dame to soften.
 But Mistress BUNG that wallet hung
 At your plump side hath plumped too
 often—
 Or so she thinks—and fancy shrinks
 From picturing her dissatisfaction,
 If you should say, in *Falstaff's* way,
 "Go, wash thy face, and draw thy
 action!"

Hath she not borne, and borne, and borne
 Burdens—in barrel and in bottle—
 Taxes on Liquor, piled up quicker
 Than liquor poured down Fat JACK's
 throttle?
 Her substance *still* that wallet fill?
 Taxes *still* swell, tanner by tanner?
 Nay! I'll give tongue, shrieks Mistress
 BUNG,
 "And haunt thee in true nightmare
 manner!"

STIRRING OUR STUMPS.

OF Cricket and the M. C. C.
 To sing is now the time;
 For what would Spring, in England, be
 Without a little rime?



Oh, why, Australia-
 lians, come you
 not
 To test our slog-
 ging worth,
 From Melbourne,
 Sydney, Ade-
 laide,
 From Brisbane and
 from Perth?

"You're coming
 soon?" And
 you are here,

South Africa's sons? 'Tis well!
 We hope in both to find a foe
 Emu-lous, Cape-able!

"The Play's the thing!"—it's sure to have
 A very lengthened run;
 Your bats may even "make a hit"
 Before the game's begun!

If to the Oval you do wend,
 You'll find that all is Square;
 And when you feel disposed for Lord's,
 Your Peers will meet you there.

Though moving fixtures in this land
 Is not by Law approved,
 Should County matches clash with yours,
 Those fixtures may be moved.

So, Southern kinsmen, pray believe
 A welcome waits for you;
 You'll have some pleasant innings, and
 A pleasant outing too!



FALSTAFF'S FIX.

Hostess Quickly *MISTRESS BUNG.*

Falstaff *H-RO-RT.*

HOSTESS QUICKLY. "THOU HAST EATEN ME OUT OF HOUSE AND HOME; THOU HAST PUT ALL MY SUBSTANCE INTO THAT FAT WALLET OF THINE:—BUT I WILL HAVE SOME OF IT OUT AGAIN, OR I WILL RIDE THEE O' NIGHTS, LIKE THE MARE!"—*Shakspeare.*

THE CAB-HIRERS VADE MECUM.

Question. Why do you take a cab?

Answer. Because it is my custom.

Q. Would you not do just as well without one?

A. Certainly; for I could either walk, which would be better for my health, or take an omnibus, which would be better for my pocket.

Q. But is not a cab a necessity at a railway station when a weary traveller arrives weighted with luggage?

A. Certainly not, for nowadays railway companies are accustomed to provide their own conveyances, which are just as convenient as four-wheelers.

Q. What is your opinion of cabmen?

A. That they are well able to look after their own interests.

Q. Then you have not much sympathy with the recent strike?

A. Not much, as cabmen seem always fairly prosperous and quite equal to obtaining the living wage.

Q. Has a cab strike any advantages?

A. Considering that about half the street accidents are "running down" cases, the chances are that a cab strike is a boon and blessing to the coroner.

Q. Do you know of any further advantage?



THE TREATMENT OF TROUSERS.

"YES, AN IDEA I GOT IN THE COUNTRY. QUITE AS SERVICEABLE, DON'T YOU KNOW, AND EVER SO MUCH MORE PICTURESQUE."

A. That the chance of the spreading of infection is lessened.

Q. But is not the cab strike very inconvenient?

A. Scarcely, as the supply is always equal to the demand.

Q. Then who suffers when the cabmen strike?

A. Presumably the cabmen's wives and children.

Q. And how does the strike affect the public generally?

A. By teaching them how to do without them.

Q. Is this satisfactory?

A. To the public, possibly, yes; but to the cabmen distinctly no.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know you have a feeling heart, and I want to appeal to you. Cannot something be done for the Cycles? Poor things! I understand they are now nearly always (pneumatic) tired.

Yours, &c.,

ONE WHO IS OFTEN
TYRED HIMSELF.

MUSICAL QUERY.—"MONS. RISLER (of Paris)" was advertised last week to give two pianoforte recitals. A correspondent wants to know which RISLER it is? Is it "RISLER JEUNE" or "RISLER AÎNÉ"?

MRS. R. says she has been advised to read a new book called *Marsala*. It is by the author of that very clever work, *Robert Elsie*, which was much talked of when it came out.

A BALLADE OF THE NEW MANHOOD.

By an Unregenerate Male.

"Madame GRAND is going to take *Caliban* in hand, and make a new man of him. But the present generation is past praying for. Man has been allowed to act on his own 'worst impulses.' His education has been carefully planned to make him morally a weak-willed, inconsistent creature. . . . It is the next generation which is to have 'proper principles' spunked into it in the nursery."—*Full Mail Gazette*, May 16.]

YES, it pains me indeed to relate
To the rising male genus the news—
At the terrible thought of their fate
They may shiver and shake in their shoes!
For from one of the monthly reviews
It appears they'll be taken in hand
By the New Womanhood, that pursues
The programme of grave Madame GRAND!

Poor youths! at an imminent date
All the foibles of man they're to lose;
If one ventures to lie in bed late,
Or latchkeys and "language" to use,
Or play penny nap, or amuse
His weak wits with haught else that is banned,
He'll be spanked till for pardon he sues—
Tis the fiat of firm Madame GRAND!

Still, there's one fact, I'm happy to state,
That some consolation endues!
To reform each grown-up reprobate
Is too hard—'tis enough to abuse!
So we men will go on as we choose,
And unlimited *Caudle* we'll stand,
And with chastened amusement peruse
The attacks of irate Madame GRAND.

ENVOI.

Mr. Punch, pray do not refuse
To spread through the length of the land,
Your decided dissent from the views,
And the plans of severe SARAH GRAND!



"Maid in Germany."

"DULCE RIDENTEM LALAGEN AMABO."

My love no rhymer could relate
In metrical professions,
Nor gauge by coldly accurate
Numerical expressions,
So passionate it is and strong . . .
And yet . . . can anything be wrong?

I learn—the best authorities
Consistently inform me—

That if malignant fates should please
With evil luck to storm me,
I ought to scorn them all the while,
Content with CHLOË's charming smile.

Yet, while admitting, after all,
The troubles daily sent us
Are not the kind one well can call,
With truthfulness, momentous,
I find annoyance still in these
Let CHLOË giggle as she please!

When I have hooked the wily trout,
And find that I've forgotten
The net, and fail to pull him out
Because the tackle's rotten;
Or when, with my accustomed luck
I score the ignominious "duck";

Or when, "all square and one to play,"
My ball is bunkered badly,
As much as ever, truth to say,
I rate misfortune madly,
And CHLOË, though my future wife,
Would smile—at peril of her life.

The cause of this I cannot state,
Alternately one fancies
That men are now degenerate
From heroes of romances,
Or that such griefs as we endure
No smiles are competent to cure!

THE DRINK FOR THE SEASON.—The great rival to Apollinaris, Carlsbad, and all other waters, is *Esther Waters*. Must be taken in one gulp, being decidedly strong Waters. Those who have tasted it ask for Moore.



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

A NOCTURNE WHICH WOULD SEEM TO SHOW THAT "RESIDENTIAL FLATS" WERE NOT WHOLLY UNKNOWN EVEN IN PRIMEVAL TIMES!

THE BUDGET AND THE BAR PROSPECTS.

DEAR SIR,—The Harcourt Budget (a capital name, by the way, for a new illustrated weekly paper) seems to be a great success. The small income-tax payer rejoices in the fact that he will pay less next year under an eightpenny tax than he did last year under a sevenpenny, and the City Clerk has, I understand, already celebrated the occasion by buying a new hat, and (I hope) his wife a new bonnet, though my information on the latter point is, I am sorry to say, not so

specific. As to the beer and spirit tax, it would be absurd to suppose that, whatever duty was put upon these necessities of existence, we should drink any the less. The brewers and publicans have, as I gather from the reports I see in the Press, turned the occasion to profit by increasing their percentage of gain from the modest 100 per cent. to a percentage of four figures.

It would be insincere, however, to say that these were the reasons which induce me to agree that this Budget has placed its author in the very first rank of CHANCELLORS OF

THE EXCHEQUER. It is one criticism on the Budget (intended curiously enough, I believe, to be an unfavourable criticism), which I noticed fell from the lips of some M.P. or other, that has appealed to me, and, I venture to add, to every man, silk or stuff, at the Bar. "The consequence of the Death Duties scheme," said the critic, "will be that all wills will have to be made over again." Could anything ever dreamt of, ever pictured in the wildest flights of a luxuriant imagination, look more like the realisation of a lawyer's paradise? Solicitors will have to do hurriedly that which should be done calmly and considerately. *Bis dat qui cito dat* is a capital maxim, and the legal interpretation of it is that a lawyer makes twice as much out of a hurriedly made will as out of one made with befitting consideration. Where the barrister comes in will be to conduct the cases in Court when these wills come to be contested. One Man's Death Duty will be another man's living. The Chancery Courts will be absolutely flooded with work, and additional judges will not merely be agitated for, but will become a necessity to which no respecting LORD CHANCELLOR can possibly fail to yield. In that day my friend BRIEFLESS and myself will, no doubt, add ourselves to that "Collection of English Silks," which has as its permanent exhibition ground the front rows of our Courts.

Now there are many lawyers in the House, and their votes cannot fail to influence the prospects of the Budget. After what I have already said, I need say no more. Charity begins at home. *Verbum sap.*

Yours proverbially,

L. ERNED COUNSEL.

102, Temple Gardens, E.C.

STANZAS.

(Written on Reflection, Near the Round Pond.)

SWEET the month of May, and your birthday sweetest

Day to me, who send you no word or token;
Yet I wish you well in the very neatest
Phrases unspoken!

Though to-day with you I shall have no meeting—

Mistress Fate makes many a wanton blunder—

Conscious you may be of my silent greeting,
Are you, I wonder?

Sweet the day! With garland of song I wreath it

In the tongue I used to be rather pat in,
And your name—I dare not in English breathe it—

Whisper in Latin.

Here afar from rush of the roaring traffic,
'Neath the chestnut shade in a dream divinely

Wrapt, to you I murmur a tender Sapphic Stanza caninely.

*Mille—felicis reditus diei
Candido semper lapide et notandi
Dent tibi Parca, tibi dent quotannis
Gaudia—mille.*

"LIVING PICTURES."—Specimens of these may be seen every day, anywhere, walking, riding, driving, all more or less well painted. An ancient lady of sixty very much got up should receive the heraldic title of "*Rouge Dragon*."

MOTTO ON THE CAB STRIKE.—"None but the brave can get the fare."

LETTER TO A DÉBUTANTE.

MY DEAR GLADYS,—So you have come to London to spend your first season with the LYON TAYMERS.

I shall be very glad to give you all the hints I can.

As you have, fortunately, no convictions, no opinions, hardly any ideas, and no decided tastes, it will be the easiest thing in the world for you to become extremely popular. You have merely to fall in with the notions of other people, and echo the phrases you hear. Do not make the mistake of trying to take a line of your own.

You say you are rather at a loss for the small change of conversation, and you want to know (for instance) what to say to an Author whose books you have not read, an Artist whose pictures you have not seen, a Composer, or an Explorer, of whom you have never heard.

Generalise. Be cautious. Do not plunge hastily into some rash assumption which you may afterwards regret—a recklessness that leads to such dangers as that of telling Mr. WHISTLER that "*Bubbles*" is your favourite of his pictures, or of congratulating Mr. OSCAR WILDE on the success of "*Dodo*." Say, vaguely, "I am so interested in your work, Mr. So-and-so," and leave him to give information about it. You will soon learn how to make people tell you what they suppose you already know.

When you meet a writer, and you are not sure whether he is the author of a burlesque, or of serious articles for an important review, a safe general remark for a young girl is, "I am so afraid of you, Mr. So-and-so; I hear you are so dreadfully clever!" This is one of those unanswerable speeches that for the moment may cast a slight gloom over the conversation, but Mr. So-and-so will presently revive, and it is just possible that you may find out from his remarks whether he is funny or serious. If you do not, it does not matter.

You may discuss (and warmly) a book you have not read, with anyone but the author. "The book of the season" is read less than any other book, because the remarks in vogue are so easily caught up and repeated. Say that when you have once put it down you could never take it up again. To the author, say frankly you have not been able to get it, there is such a rush for it; and do not ask him to tell you "what gave him the idea," nor how long it took him to write.

At private views, say to serious people, "What a dreadful crush! I hate these things! I shall come another day, quietly, to look at the pictures."

To the flippant, complain that there are so many pictures that you cannot see the people, and ask to have GLADSTONE pointed out to you, or CISSIE LOFTUS.

Remember that "argument is the last refuge of the intellectually destitute."

Never contradict anyone, except yourself. Never correct people about dates, or names, or any trifle. Never be positive or well-informed, or have heard a story before.

Never call people names in their presence, such as "the great Impressionist," or Symbolist, or New Humourist. They are always irritated by the string that ties the label on.

Adapt yourself.

If you meet the sort of person (you will) who says that all he cares about is to bathe his head in God's beautiful sunlight, you may tell him that you are very highly strung, and "neurasthenic." He will probably lend you LE GALLIENNE'S Poems, and tell people you are quite charming.

To the sportsman, laugh at insomnia, and be interested in golf.



PROFESSIONAL SCORN.

Joshua (the new Gardener). "WHO SOWED THEM PEAS, MISS MAUD?"

Miss Maud. "I'M ALMOST AFRAID I DID, JOSHUA!"

Joshua. "AH, I THOUGHT THEY LOOKED AS IF SOMEONE HAD DONE IT 'ISSELF!"

By following the line of conduct I have indicated, you will get a general reputation of being a particularly nice girl, with a great deal more in her than any one would suppose.

Later on, if a little flirtation should begin, you had better write to me again, telling me all about him. Love to Lady TAYMER.

Believe me, Your loving MARJORIE.

A POPULAR PROFESSOR.

[Professor HENRY MORLEY, the great populariser of sound and cheap English Literature, died on May 14, in his 72nd year, at Carisbrooke.]

JOHN BULL is not sweet on the type of "Professor,"

But good HENRY MORLEY was happy possessor

Of JOHN BULL's respect, JOHN BULL, Junior's, love.

He made Good Letters Cheap! 'Tis a title above

Many Dryasdust dignities told in strung letters.

Ah! many who felt Iron Fortune's stern fetters

In days ante-Morleyish, look on the rows

Of cheap Classics, in musical verse and sound prose,

Which bear the well-known editorial "H. M.,"

And sigh, "If my youth-time had only known them,

These threepenny treasures, and sixpenny glories,

These histories, treatises, poems, and stories,

Which cost in my time a small fortune, what thanks

And what joys would have swelled o'er their neat-rang'd ranks!"

Ah! studious boys must feel gratitude, surely,

To have lived in the times of the good HENRY MORLEY!

Mlle. DUSE played last Friday night at Windsor before Her Majesty the QUEEN. The talented Italian actress did her spitting gaily in an hour and a half's farce, instead of appearing in one of her longer pieces and in one of her finer characters. It was DUSE very much reduced for the occasion.

GOOD EXAMPLE OF BEING "BROUGHT UP BY HAND."—A letter to me on the first floor by the servant.



SETTLED.

Gallant Young Butcher (to former flame). "HULLO, JENNY! WHERE ARE YOU LIVING NOW?"
Jenny (with proper pride). "WELL—I AIN'T LIVING NOWHERES. I'M MARRIED!"

LE CHEF-D'ŒUVRE DE VISTLAIRE.

Wednesday.—Fired by the enthusiasm of some English critics, resolve to run over to Paris to see the wonderful WHISTLER in the New Salon. Understand that it excels anything done by VELASQUEZ or TITIAN. As for such old-fashioned men as REYNOLDS or GAINSBOROUGH, they are simply forgotten. True art is so elevating. Therefore run over.

Thursday.—Delightful in Paris. Brilliant blue sky, glorious sunshine; animation, movement everywhere. Glorious sunshine a trifle hot. Can't possibly go to see the WHISTLER to-day in that great greenhouse on the Champ de Mars. Sit in the Avenue du Bois and look at all the pretty Parisiennes. By chance meet that charming little Comtesse, who is so gay and delightful. Shall do the New Salon to-morrow.

Friday.—Sky bluer. Sunshine brighter and warmer. Unfortunate. Did really want to see the *chef-d'œuvre* of modern times. Art is so ennobling! But on a day like this, and in a greenhouse! Stroll along the Avenue des Acacias and watch the pretty little *dames bicyclistes* in their knickerbockers. Meet the Comtesse again. WHISTLER must wait.

Saturday.—Sky if possible bluer. Sunshine decidedly warmer. Begin to get anxious about that Salon. Must do it somehow. But *ars longa* in a conservatory in this weather would make *vita* very *brevi* indeed. Can't do it. Take one of those comfortable little *fiacres* and drive to the Bois, and have *déjeuner* in the open air with the Comtesse and some friends. Resolve firmly that, whatever the weather may be, will do the New Salon to-morrow.

Sunday.—Last day here. By Jove, it is warm! How delightful it will be to go out to St. Germain, or somewhere, and— Oh, hang it! There's that sublime WHISTLER. Must really see it. Give up trip to country air and, in frock coat and top hat, drive to New Salon. Roasted on the way. But at least in fresh air. Inside Salon, baked—without fresh air. Sun blazing on glass roof. Crowds

of bourgeois *endimanchés*. Pull myself together and, in the interests of immortal art, resolve to find that WHISTLER. These alphabetical catalogues maddening. Never know what room anything is in. Walk round gasping. That's a funny figure anyhow. No. 1186. Look it out. Hullo! What? Stagger to a seat. "1186. *Noir et argent—portrait du comte Robert de Montesquiou-Fézensac.*"

O WHISTLER, what a masterpiece you've given to the universe, This portrait of the Comte ROBERT DE MONTESQUIOU-FÉZENSAC! No human being could describe, in any paltry, puny verse, That baggy suit. *En frac?* Not quite. Perhaps the painter says *en sac*!

Well! I'm—I'm—hanged! So he ought to be! So he is,—at least, hung. Which is more remarkable. Fly precipitately. Resolve to abandon immortal art, and henceforth to collect those contemptible mezzotints after the feeble portraits by that poor, foolish old gentleman, Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS. I shall be satisfied to take a back seat with him.

THE NEW WOMAN.

(A New Nursery Rhyme. For Child-men.)

["OUIDA" says "the New Woman" is an unmitigated bore. "SARAH GRAND" declares that Man, morally, "is in his infancy," and that "now Woman holds out a strong hand to the Child-man, and insists upon helping him up" by "spanking proper principles into him in the nursery."]

THERE is a New Woman, and what do you think?
She lives upon nothing but Foolscap and Ink!
But, though Foolscap and Ink form the whole of her diet,
This nagging New Woman can never be quiet!

MRS. R. says there is such a fuss made now about cyclists. She saw an hotel one day called "The Cyclists' Rest," and now she is told there is a flower called after them—the Cyclemen.



No. 1186.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.)

No. IV.—FROM MISS BRUCE, CRANWELL PARK, SUFFOLK, TO LADY MABEL HUNTER, PENTLAND HALL, HANTS.

MY DEAREST MAB, December 15, 189—.

Such a disappointment not getting to you and dear Pentland! I did so look forward to it, and then to think that this tiresome visit should clash—yes, tiresome, because it kept me from you. Though in itself, I am bound to say, it is not at all bad! The *BLAGDEN* girls, whom I haven't seen since we were at St. Salvator's together, are kind enough when you don't interfere with any of their little plans, and Mrs. *BLAGDEN* is a dear, the image of your old *JACKIE* (my best respects to the estimable Mrs. *JACKSON*, by the way), only saved from vulgarity by absolute unpretentiousness.

The house party is very cheery; I like Mr. *MAYDEW* immensely; we have long talks about you, and he's never tired of hearing about our funny time in Eastneuk, when I acted as nurse for those two pets during *JACKIE*'s holidays, and we all shared the "front parlour," where you used to work at your Greek with the classical mistress from St. Salvator's, while the chicks and I watched the golfers at the last hole from that delightful bow-window. Fancy Mr. *MAYDEW* never having been at Eastneuk, nowadays when it is overrun by everybody, and almost turned into a watering-place, instead of a dignified university town, known only to a few elect spirits like yourself, and quiet residents like ourselves, besides its own professors and students—as was the case before this dreadful "Golf boom," and before our special Poet had written so much and so delightfully about it. Mr. *MAYDEW* says he means to go next September, if you are there to do the honours of the dear old place; and M. DE *CHAUMONT* wants to come too, if only to see "this interesting new development, the pioneer of great public schools for girls, with a similar education and physical training to that which boys get at Eton and Harrow, only of course far superior in every way. . . . I think I must tell my brother, who is Anglo-mane, to send his little girl to your St. Salvator's." . . . They are always teasing the *BLAGDENS* and me about St. Salvator's since they got hold of a number of our school magazine, and read about the cricket-scores and the Lacrosse team and the house shield and house colours! They pretend to be very much shocked at the girls always wearing gymnastic suits in the playground, and very much amused at the Latin and Greek; but, as I tell them, they need not be jocular over that, considering that one of our St. Salvator girls got a First-class at Oxford or Cambridge, I forget which, when not a man did!

I don't think much Latin and Greek has stuck to the *BLAGDENS* and me, but then we were good at games; *BELLA BLAGDEN* was the best Captain of the Eleven we ever had. She is now Captain of the Ladies Golf Club near here, by the way; such a good course, dozens of clubs used, and then, the uniform! green skirt to the ankles, yellow boots and gaiters, green Tam o' Shanter, scarlet coat and brass buttons!! Imagine this on our modest Ladies' Links at Eastneuk, where we sally forth humbly with our "putter." It's rather a joke

—the Men's Club here don't allow women on to their Links, of course; while the men are honorary and valued members of the Ladies Club, equally of course! *BELLA BLAGDEN* and I are going to initiate Mr. *MAYDEW* and the Baron *PAUL DE CHAUMONT* into the mysteries of golf to-morrow. I like both men so much, the Baron plays Chopin and Schumann as I thought only you could, and he is so intelligent and responsive—"gey quick at the uptak," as we say over the border. To hear him returning Mr. *BLAGDEN*'s elephantine chaff with what Mr. *MAYDEW* calls "delicate rapier thrusts" is delightful, very. I can't stand Papa *BLAGDEN*; he revels in platitudes till I feel I could shriek. What *ROLLO* would call "an apostle of the obvious;" and oh, so self-satisfied and ostentatious. Ugh!

I never staid in this sort of country-house before; mother thought it was just to be a quiet time in the country with my "old school-friend," and so did I; whereas it's quite a party, and— Well, I've come to the conclusion that I am dreadfully old-fashioned, and behind the times, for *LUCY BERKELEY*, who is staying here, says this is quite a hum-drum house compared to the ordinary run; and yet some of the "goings on" would make mother and Aunt *JEAN*'s hair stand on end. We certainly don't have what *LUCY* graphically calls "Passage Fun" (think of it, *MABEL*!) after the household is supposed to be wrapped in slumber; nor are the cigarettes passed round to men and women alike at the table after dessert; but the *BLAGDEN* girls and Mrs. *MAXWELL* certainly are beyond me. I can't cope with them when they make allusions and tell stories. I hate it. Mrs. *MAXWELL* laughs, and says, "Oh, I minded it, too, once; but you'll soon get used to it. The best way for a girl is just to make an idiot face, and pretend not to understand." Well I don't understand; but I feel it would be dreadful if I did, and that makes me wretched, and crimson; and then Captain *MAXWELL* always manages to get opposite to me and stare, with a kind of amused grin that makes me long to slap him with my open hand. He is a horror, but Mr. *MANTON*, of the Foreign Office, is worse; he looks like a June oyster, and talks in a little mincing, falsetto voice, that would make *ROLLO* or one of the boys at home kick him. Mrs. *MAXWELL* says he's "a dear thing," and Captain *MAYDEW*, who's awfully amusing and cheery, says he's "a minx." He talks about his emotions as if they were dresses. "I felt a pink joy," he said the other night, "and after the drab misery, shot with purple patches of despair, it seemed almost a crimson rapture."

Oh, I wish you could have seen Mr. *MAYDEW*'s face—it looked more aquiline than ever, and that sort of clean-shaved curl of the lip . . . if Mr. *MANTON* were not so absurdly tiny and sickly, I think he would have punched his head. He had another "crimson rapture" last night when *LUCY BERKELEY* and Mrs. *MAXWELL* did a skirt dance in rainbow accordion skirts—it really was pretty; but then *BELLA* and *DOR BLAGDEN* came on in black dancing skirts and did a sort of stamping and kicking dance. Dreadful! I can't imagine how nice old Mrs. *BLAGDEN* could allow it! but I don't think she has any authority over them. Do, do write to me soon, or if you are too busy with all your guests, ask dear Aunt *JEAN* to write me one of her delightful letters; nobody writes any like them. Fond love to her, and kiss my two darlings; you know how much love to take for yourself, from your own BETTY.

P.S.—How is *ROLLO*?

"Like a June Oyster."

OPERATIC NOTES.

General Reflection. — *Falstaff* must be heard again. Not to be dismissed at a sitting, especially if it is to be a standing dish at Covent Garden.

Friday. — *Faust*, "in Italian." Sometimes we get it in French; sometimes a little mixed. House good. *Marguerite*, Mlle. *NUOVINA*, with dark hair, pretty fair. Peculiar *GIULIA RAVOGGI* particularly good as *Siebel*, and, in the song, vociferously encored. *PLANCON*'s *Mephisto* as good as they make 'em." *ANCONA* a valiant *Valentina*. *SIGNOR DE LUCIA* passable as *Faust*, but not *Faust-rate*; a trifle too

small for the gay and gallant rejuvenated Professor, and not up to his own height in *Paghacci*.

Sir *DEURIOIANUS* hard at work rehearsing seven operas, of which four are brand new. *L'Attaque de Moulin* will offer a great chance to "the wind" in the orchestra. The prize-fighting drama did not make a hit at Drury Lane, but there is every chance for the "merry Mill" at the Opera.

Impromptu by an Insomniac.

(In the small hours, after long sleeplessness.)

AH! Labour—that slumbers—may say its long say
On the boon—or the bane—of an Eight Hours Day;
But what I should hail with ecstatic delight
Would be, oh, sweet Somnus! a sound Eight Hours Night!

MEMORABLE.—Mr. *FRANKS*, C.B., of the British Museum, and Mr. *E. W. HAMILTON*, C.B., of the Treasury, will remember May 26 this year as conferring upon them additional *Bath-day* Honours.





A LICENSING QUESTION; OR, BUNG AND BADGE.

Brother Bung. "AH! MY BOY, THEY 'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU A DOSE O' MY PHYSIC. THERE'S TOO MANY OF YOU; TOO MUCH QUANTITY, TOO LITTLE QUALITY; AND THE PUBLIC 'LL HAVE TO PUT ITS *WETO* ON IT."

CAB! CAB! CAB! OR THE LATEST LICENSING QUESTION.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

AIR—"Trab! Trab! Trab!"

Cabby (to Sympathetic Brother Bung):—

I GOES out a cab-driving,
And off the long day through,
In spite of all contriving,
I scarcely make a do.

A Hansom Cab I've got,
A handsome horse to trot.

*Cab! Cab! Cab! If I
can live*

I wish I may be shot!

Now if you'll hear my ditty,
I'll tell you how I'm done,
And sure my case you'll pity;
Cab-driving is poor fun.
I ply from Holborn 'Ill,
Perhaps to Pentonville.

*Cab! Cab! Cab! Not
half a chance*

To show my pace and skill!

My yard money's not kivered
When home 'tis time to go.
I'm tired, and chilly-livered,
With twenty miles or so.

My horse is nearly spent!

Hillo! 'Ere comes a gent!

*Cab? Cab? Cab? All a
mistake!*

The tuppenny bus he meant!

No luck! I cannot hook him.
My horse, as you'll suppose,
Is baked! Long crawls half
cook him;

So to the yard we goes,

With sixteen bob or so.

'Tis rayther hard, yer know.

Cab! Cab! Cab! Boss

sacks the lot,

And I crawls home to Bow!

I do not like to grumble,
But can't stand it no more.

That's why I strike! You "tumble"?

I know. Strikes is a bore,

Says every gent who's rode.

Cantankerous? That be blowed!

Cab! Cab! Cab! You try a crawl

From Bow to Edgware Road!

Brother Bung to Cabby:—

Of course it is waxatious,

And altered ought to be;

But *how*, my boy? Good gracious!

That's where you can't agree.

I hold that London Town

With Cabs is overdone.

Cab! Cab! Cab! Why three dash

up

When fare requires but one!

Far fewer Cabs, and better,

Would better pay—don't grin!

But in your "shelter" ponder

The cure. You want more tin,

The Boss says he can't spare

Another "bob"! I swear

Good cabs—and fewer licences,

Would suit him, you, and—fare!

A new "Licensing Question"

You're raising, mate, past doubt.

(You'll pardon the suggestion!)

They want to weed us out.

Us Bungs, with Option, Weto!

The parallel's complete, oh!

Cab! Cab! Cab! A sim'lar dose

Will do you chaps a treat, oh!

[Left liquoring.]



PASSIONATE FEMALE LITERARY TYPES.

THE NEW SCHOOL.

*Mrs. Blyth (newly married). "I WONDER YOU NEVER MARRIED, MISS
QUILPSON!"*

*Miss Quilpson (Author of "Caliban Dethroned," &c., &c.). "WHAT? I
MARRY! I BE A MAN'S PLAYTHING! NO, THANK YOU!"*

LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

I.—PIT ENTRANCE, LYCEUM.

TIGHTLY packed, an hour and a quarter
Inconvenienced by this "mortal coil,"
Gasping like a fish just out of water,
Feeling like a sardine out of oil;

Here I stand before the threshold sighing,
And the minutes—don't exactly fly;
"Pleasant places!" Here my lines are lying—
Someone's eating peppermints hard by:

Vain to ask a burly country cousin,
"Twixt him and the door securely rammed,
Not to shove enough for half a dozen,
He but grins, and answers, "You be
jammed!"

But at last—'tis not in vain I've waited—
Ope the portals fly, an end to pain;
And I feel, like *Faust*, rejuvenated,
In the pleasant Pit I breathe again!

Colourable.

THE G. O. M. of New Zealand,
At eighty unchangeably young,
Once more in our ancient, free, land
Is present, in person and tongue.
Oh, patriots hearty, superior to party,
Don't let him again go away!
Sure Red, Blue, and Buff have raised
shindy enough;
Let's try for a change (Sir GEORGE)
GREY!

PROSE POEMS.

No novel or romance I need,
Each has its imperfection,
Far more attractive tales I read
Within that charming section
Which every newspaper pre-
sents
As "Agony" advertisements!

Within that column
"HARRY's" fate
Is put at "FLO's" decision,
Of whom—it seems precipi-
tate—
He's only once had vision,
Since when the tender feeling's
grown
Through messages like these
alone.

Yet still his love is real, I
think,
Or else his wealth immense
is,
For never does a sentence
shrink
To lessen his expenses—
A noble soul, he scorns to
keep
To "dear," and other words
as cheap.

From polysyllables each day
The hero never flinches,
Although of course he has to
pay

The manager by "inches;"
So that his flowery tropes must
come
In time to quite a decent sum.

Still, doubtless, he will feel
repaid

When, joyfully complacent,
His name and hers he sees
displayed

Within that list adjacent;

His letters will have ceased; instead
We'll read the fact that he is wed!

Strange paradox! Although at times
Excusably one fancies
That Love has fled to other climes,
So trite are our romances,
It lives! It thrives, in this our age,
Within the daily paper's page!

QUEER QUERIES.—USEFUL DISCOVERY.

—I should be glad to know what is the best
way to approach the War Office with a valu-
able invention? It is a bulletproof coat on
an entirely new principle, far better and
heavier than DOWE's. I have tried it on a
cat in our back-yard with really surprising
results, and now I want to try it on the
Secretary for War in his back-yard. But it
seems difficult to interest him in the idea.
Indeed, on the last of my daily visits to the
War Office a policeman was summoned to
remove me! Perhaps the fact that I went in
my patent Impregnable Suiting mounted on
the back of an elephant—which is the only
animal that seems able to bear the weight—
may have had something to do with my
reception, especially as a large and disorderly
crowd will accompany me. Why not form a
trades Union of Inventors and other Claim-
ants on Government? Then we might all go
in force to wait on the Officials! If a Fund
is raised, I shall be happy to take charge of
it, and subscribe myself—ARMOUR-PLATED.

MRS. R. says she is told that in France
books are hawked about for sale by the "coal-
porters!" This seems to her very strange.

THE TRAVELLER'S VADE MECUM.

(Composed for the Use of those
who Smoke.)

Question. What are the privileges of a lady?

Answer. To do everything she pleases.

Q. Are there any drawbacks to this position?

A. Certainly not; because while a woman can claim equality with man she can still obtain superiority by appealing to his chivalry.

Q. What is the strength of woman?

A. The weakness of man.

Q. Is this truism of benefit, for instance, to a lady on a journey?

A. Unquestionably, as no man of right feeling would forget the deference due to the weak from the strong.

Q. Then a man and woman are absolutely equal in theory?

A. Absolutely.

Q. Supposing there were only one chair and two candidates for it of different sexes—who would possess it?

A. Why the woman, of course, at the earnest invitation of the man.

Q. Has a woman a right to enter a smoking-carriage?

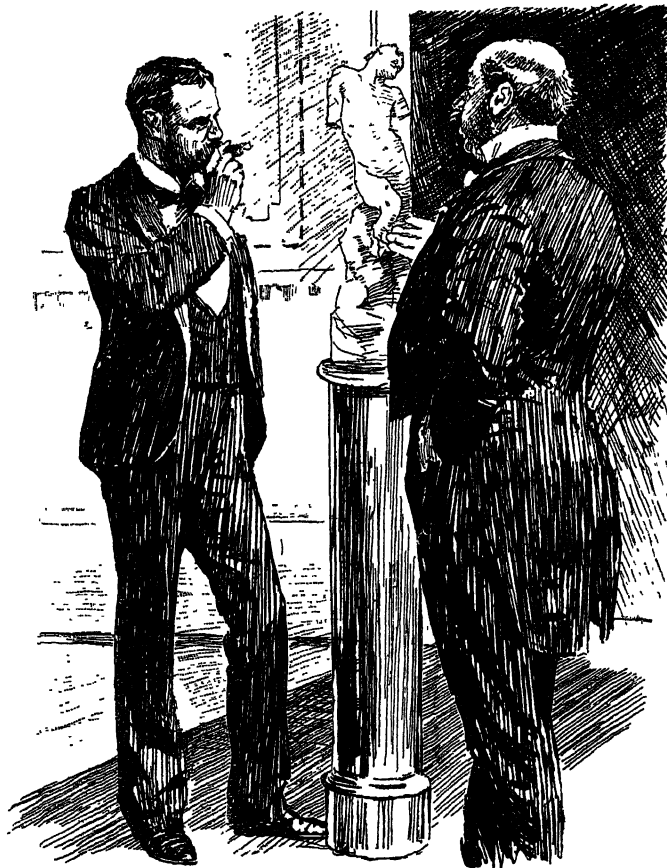
A. Yes; although it may be as well for her to accustom herself to cigarettes.

Q. But suppose she objects to cigarettes?

A. Then she should try cigars.

Q. But let us presume that she likes tobacco in no form.

A. Then she had better



AMBIGUOUS.

Cressus Mecenas Brown. "NOW LOOK HERE. I BOUGHT THIS STATUO THE OTHER DAY. I FLATTER MYSELF IT'S ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE. THERE ISN'T ANOTHER ONE LIKE IT IN THE WORLD!"

His Admirer. "DEAR ME! HOW FORTUNATE!"

avoid places in which smoking is permitted.

Q. But supposing she insists upon entering a smoking-carriage.

A. Well then she must make up her mind to accept the inevitable.

Q. And what may that be?

A. Homage to nicotina.

Q. Do you mean smoking?

A. I do, but prefer the other way of putting it.

Q. But suppose a lady, after forcing herself into a smoking-carriage, coughs, and exhibits other signs of distress.

A. Express sympathy whilst puffing your cigar.

Q. Then you would not desist?

A. Certainly not, for smoke is the friend of man, and is far too precious to be cancelled for the joy of receiving a woman's smiles, to say nothing of her frown.

Q. Then what is the probable ending of a woman's protest raised in a compartment devoted to use of pipes and cigars?

A. Why, smoke to be sure.

Q. Then what should a woman remember before uttering such a protest?

A. That the worm will turn, and so, on rare occasions, will the smoker.

Mrs. R. knows something about ecclesiastical matters. She said, "The other day I heard of some of our clergy appearing at church 'dressed in cossacks.' I suppose this was in imitation of the Russian clergy."

A FAIR UNKNOWN.

THE little dark curls stray out below
The little red hood on your brow of snow,
And what is your name I do not know;
But I know you are pretty and brave and
You dainty little Red Riding-Hood. [good,

I might find out, for the world is small,
And even the Bladud fancy ball,
That looks like a living kaleidoscope,
Is studded with those fix'd stars of hope
Who know the who and the what and where
Of plain and ancient, of young and fair.

But I will not learn. For your face and
grace

Shall never be bound by the commonplace,
The definite house in crescent or square,
And life with its social wear and tear.

But here, with your pretty, homely gown,
Your mitten'd arms and your stockings brown
You are far away in the fairy wood
Of ages ago, Red Riding-Hood!
Ah, were you alone in the forest wide
I'd be a gaunt, grey wolf at your side,
And your steadfast eyes would show no fear
For I would not hurt you, or eat you dear,
But take you safely the wild wood through,
A lovelier Una's guardian true.

The Militant Daughters, of Key and Club,
Whose crown is swagger, whose wit a snub,
They wilt like ghosts at the eye of day
In the simple charm of your sweet array.
And yours is the soul that makes men fight
For the cause that is yours—for the cause of
right.

And the decadent herd may moan and rave,
And leave the temple to dig the grave,



But life will blossom, while maids like you
Will keep men noble and straight and true.
So I won't escape from the waltz I hate
With that unconvivial heavy-weight.

And duty-dances I'll gaily do
All for the love of unknown you.
And here you come on a warrior's arm,
With a little flush for an added charm.
And merrily off you go to sup
While my penalty waltz is striking up.
Good-bye! To duty I firmly go—
And what is your name I shall never know;
But life is no longer a wolfish wood,
But a shrine for you, little Red Riding-Hood.

ALL IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS FAIR.

THE Flower Show in the Temple Gardens a great success, despite the rain on the first day, evidently designed as a compliment to our future reigener—we mean ruler—the Duke of York, who opened the Show, and afterwards lunched with the Benchers of the Inner Temple (so called because they look after the Inner Man). Pretty flowers, pretty frocks, pretty faces, combined to make up a function which was more than pretty interesting. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN came to see the orchids, and was heard to murmur, at the sight of the magnificent roses, "Yes, it's ROSEBERRY, ROSEBERRY, ROSEBERRY, all the way." Naturally plenty of lawyers, who brought their wives and sweethearts, and contrived to assume an air of proprietorship. Altogether a Summery-Flowery-Showy Success.

NEWS THAT CANNOT AT PRESENT BE PUBLISHED ABOUT HERR DOWE'S CUIRASS.—"The Latest Bullet-in!"

THE OPERA-GLASS.

HERE I sit, profoundly sad,
It would make the meekest
mad;
Though my eyesight is not bad,
Can I see
From the balcony's last row?
Pretty girls go to and fro
On the stage, but they bring no
Joy to me.

They are pretty I am sure,
Yet I silently endure
Woe for which there seems no
cure;

I have left
My binoculars behind,
Grievous is my state of mind,
Of these maiden's charms I find
I'm bereft.

One seems quite divinely
fair,
In the distance over there,
Lovely face and golden hair
Catch my eye;
Graceful figure, slender waist,
Dress, though scanty, *chic* in
taste,
Limbs so elegantly placed,
I descry.

If I had my glass to see
All her charms, how nice for
me!

What a duffer I must be!

I forgot
Automatic cases fall
Open when you place a small
Sum—a shilling, that is all—
In the slot.



A STRIKING ATTITUDE.

PATIENCE ON A TRUNK WAITING FOR A CAB.

How I rush to one of these,
Past the other people's knees!
Though they frown with looks
that freeze,

I don't care;
For my brain is in a whirl,
I shall see that lovely girl,
That bright jewel, peerless
pearl.

Over there!

Fit the focus to the view;
Hang this glass, it's far from
new!

How I fumble with the screw;
Is it smashed?

That's the charmer. No, it's
not,
Some old woman I have got.
Yes, it is, though. Oh! Great
Scott!

Well, I'm dashed!

I am staggered at the sight.
Why, the woman is a fright!
Distance lent enchantment—
quite

Hid the paint.
Black above, beneath each eye!
Golden hair—a wig, or dye!
Slender waist—stays! "Oh!"

I cry,
Feeling faint.

Then the glass falls with a
crash

On the floor, a total smash;
From the hateful place I dash;

As I pass,
An attendant stops the way,
With a civil air, to say, [pay
"There's ten shillings, Sir, to
For the glass."

AT THE NEW GALLERY.

As an Impressionable, am easily affected by omens; a sneeze in my right ear, a vulture lighting on my left arm, compel me to laughter or tears for entire day. Judge of my feelings on entering this Gallery when I detected inauspicious raven seated to my left on terra-cotta of Minerva, as in EDGAR POE's story. This is No. 412, and may be named *The Dissolute Bird*; or, *the Raven on the Bust*. Unmanned by this, was further detected by No. 6 (*"After Music"*). Time of day is P.M., or *Post Musicam*, and a coolness has sprung up between the two players, due to absence of clothes and fact that one of them has been playing flat; though we shall never know which.

If I were lady in "*A Gift for the Gods*" (No. 47), should never think of walking backwards to temple down those perilous steps.

In No. 57 we have Mr. DONALDSON's "*Medieval Miracle Play*." Have myself studied DONALDSON on Greek Theatre, and hope archæology of picture is more correct. Had I been of the period, should have used strong language about head-gear of ladies in front row of stalls.

As for boy in "*The White Cow*" (No. 109), I know that boy: he comes from the New English Art Club; was hay-harvesting there when I saw him, and showed perfect fever for it. Have myself been victim of hay-fever, and worn just this expression. Looking at "*Ariadne*" (No. 114), can half guess why she was deserted in favour of the second Mrs. Bacchus. By happy touch of colour, artist shows her marooned on desolate island.

Am arrested by a series of archaic works.

"*The Burning of King Hakon*" shows us inflammatory old gentleman putting out to sea, with painted shields and dead horse, beyond possible reach of fire-brigade; sail up, with "prehistoric peep" on it; one porpoise, two whales, and five seals, to say nothing of gulls, float round, awaiting eventualities. Have idea that seditious allegory

underlies this work. President, with row of pictures by Academicians all round him, is being sacrificed on altar of New English Art; specimen of whose devices floats boldly on ship's canvas. To talk of burning, besides that of his Majesty, there is the conflagration of "*Mrs. Reginald Smith*" (No. 201), who is seen standing in grate, about to commit arson *de se*. Should have expected Mr.

COLLIER to better understand igneous character of coal.

Second example of archaic period is "*The Mermaids' Rock*" (No. 199). Gentle-hearted Naiads act as buffer between ship's ram and nasty bit of reef. Kindly purpose lost on antediluvian mariners, who look possessed. However, have been in boat myself, and know that one does not under these conditions look one's best. Third of series is same artist's "*Strangers on a Strange Shore*." Seem so, certainly; anyhow, do not appear to be at home with their ship. Bo'sen on poop seen leaning on figure-head, and nipping beak of prehistoric bird, while he signals to another stranger, half-a-brick's-throw off. Break forthwith into rhyme as follows:—

On, on, my bold seaworthy punt!
Run up before the wind!
With a well-tanned pinafore in front,
And a semaphore behind.

Cannot overlook balcony. Many interesting things happen "In a balcony." For instance, "*The Commemoration of Adonis*." Have witnessed a "Commem." often in remote period when I was a young Adonis; but do not remember my friends' sisters and cousins wearing quite the costume here depicted. Am getting a little tired of Mr. SCHMALZ's new dark model of the many names. Her left profile is called "*Lucile*" (No. 347). At a three-quarter view, answers to "*Janette*" (No. 343). To right is known as "*Nina*" (No. 143), and at full length poses as "*A Gift for the Gods*" (No. 47), which is short for Theodora. By any other name she would do as well; perhaps better.



No. 33. A Lift on with her new Cover-coat.



A BORN LEGISLATOR.

"DO YOU OFTEN ATTEND THE SITTINGS IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS, DUKE?"
 "I DID ONCE, IF I REMEMBER—TO VOTE AGAINST SOME MEASURE OF MR. GLADSTONE'S
 —BUT I CAUGHT A BAD COLD THERE, SO I NEVER WENT AGAIN!"

LYING IN WAIT.

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,"
Pope on "Atticus."

"A determination to worry the Government as much as possible by snatch divisions at unexpected moments."—*"Lobby Gossip" on intentions of the Opposition.*

First Robber. He comes! And he carries the swag!

By Jingo! a thundering Budget!

Just one job in his midriff, or scrag,

Will give him his gruel I judge it.

Second R. Hist! Don't let him hear what we're at!

Jove! doesn't heswell, strut, and swagger?

That paunch, so aggressively fat,
 Is tempting—at least to *my* dagger!

Third R. Stay! Do not precipitate be!

You, JOE, are in such a dashed hurry!

A job's always neater, d'ye see,

If you don't floor your man in a flurry.

Second R. Yah, JOACHIM, you are so slow!

My snickersee yearns to be yerking.

To spifflicate foes at a go

Is my favourite method of working.

First R. Yes, Brummy, that's all very fine;

But you're sometimes too fast, I've a

notion.

And this time I rather incline

To the course recommended by G-SCH-N!

Second R. What rubbish! Dead men tell no tales.

Let us all down on him!—like a blizzard!
 The swaggiest swashbuckler fails

With six inches of steel in his gizzard!

Third R. To "down" him were easy enough,
 And collar his swag,—there's enough on

us!

But, when we have "landed" the "stuff,"

Suppose we are caught *with the stuff on*

us?

First R. Precisely! Sharp eyes are about;

His bashing might cause a big bobbery.

Let's track him, until we've no doubt

What to do with the fruits of our—

robbery!

Third R. That's right, ARTHUR! Watch

him, and worry!

We'll ease him at last of his sum, lads!

But snickersee him in a hurry?

Not yet! But a time will soon come,

lads! *[Left lurking.]*

AFTER THE BANQUET.

SCENE—*The Smoking-room of a Club. Naval Host and Guest discovered exchanging Confidences.*

Host. I cannot sufficiently express my admiration for your President.

Guest. And I say ditto as regards your Queen.

H. Your statesmen are wonderful fellows.

G. And so are your ministers.

H. No one can equal your LONGFELLOW.

G. And there never will be found a superior to your TENNYSON.

H. And your soldiers and sailors are the bravest in the world.

G. And your sailors and soldiers have no competitors in the universe.

H. And cousins never cease to be brothers.

G. And blood is thicker than water.

H. And there is no finer tune in the history of music than "*Hail Columbia*."

G. Except "*Rule Britannia*," which beats it hollow.

H. And the American Eagle is the grandest bird known to heraldry.

G. And the British Lion can whip the rest of the brute creation menageried in the College of Arms.

H. And both sides of the Atlantic can read SHAKESPEARE.

G. Yes, either in the native American or with the English accent.

H. So here's, Sir, to the Star-spangled Banner!

G. And three cheers for the Union Jack!

[Scene closes in upon a night of amity that, it is hoped, will bear the morning's reflection.]

TO ALTHEA CHAPERONED.

Good qualities she's noted for,

We call her when we speak of her

An excellent or worthy or

An estimable character.

And yet I know, when she draws near,

It grows as heavy as a stone,

The erst enchanted atmosphere.

I cannot stand your Chaperon!

A subtle, strange paralysis

Ever about her seems to spread.

Fast fleet away all dreams of bliss,

The heart of love sinks down like lead.

ALTHERA, would we walked to-day

In some dim forest, green and lone—

Immeasurably far away

For ever from the Chaperon!

CHANGE OF SEAT.—Should the G. O. M. give up his present constituency, and subsequently re-enter the House, of course he will do so as the successful Member for Eye.



LYING IN WAIT.

"Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike."

GOSCHEN (*in stage-whisper*). "NOT YET!—A TIME WILL COME!"

"GOT HIS MONEY ON" AT THE GARRICK.

THERE'S something attractive in the title of *Money*. It looks well. Bills are always a difficulty, but when every bill, that is every playbill, is more than covered by *Money*, the result ought to be satisfactory to the monied management. Therefore may the omen be good for the Garrick Theatre, where, as all theatre-goers are by this time aware, *Money*, BULWER LYTTON'S comedy, has been revived. I should like to have seen it in "the costume of the



ANXIOUS MOMENT.

Sir John Wheezy (to Lady Franklin-Bancroft). "Well,—um—here we are again, with *Money*."

Lady Franklin-Bancroft. "Yes—and 'What will we do with it?'"

period" to which it belonged; but *Dis aliter visum*, and so *Money* (as far as costume goes) has been changed, and brought "up to date" with a few touchings-up of the dialogue, a little introduction here, and a considerable omission there, with the result that the old wine doesn't burst the new bottles, but, being adroitly mixed, and craftily qualified, is offered as a very pleasant beverage to the public.

Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON deserves all praise for making that hitherto insufferable prig *Evelyn* acceptable, and, as far as such a character possibly can be, interesting. Miss KATE ROYCE does the same with that melancholy *Clara Douglas*. ARTHUR CECIL is a Bab-Ballady sort of *Graves*, but the scene between him and Mrs. BANCROFT as *Lady Franklin*, of course, goes immensely.

How doth the little Mrs. B.

An audience delight!

She helps to "make" so merrilee

HARE'S *Money* everynight.

As for Sir JOHN HARE as *Mr. Vesey*, no, Mr. JOHN HARE—quite white HARE—as *Sir John Vesey*, he is admirable. True comedy, every bit of it. Mr. BOURCHIER as *Lord Glossmore*, and Mr. KEMBLE as *Stout*, who might be a typical County Councillor, are capital; but *Captain Deadly Smooth* must have disappointed Mr. BROOKFIELD.

To adapt an ancient proverb, we hope that "*Money makes the Hare to grow*," and that at the end of the run, by the time the Pinerian, or the Grundian, or the Jonesian piece be ready, the manager and lessee, two single gentlemen rolled into one, will find that *Money* has gone well, and that there is a handsome profit left. So during this run of the revival the Garrick may be temporarily named *Le Théâtre de la Monnaie*.

QUEER QUERIES.

HONOURS FOR WORKMEN.—Is it true that a knighthood has just been given to a common pitman connected with a colliery in the North? If so, it is far the best thing Lord ROSEBERRY has done yet. Why should not every navvy have a handle to his name? I would give every workman a C.B. at once, and the best workers in each trade a K.C.B. This would really be something like "the dignity of labour." At the same time of course I hold that all titles are wretched shams, and should be instantly abolished. P.S.—A friend tells me that it is a Mr. PITMAN who has been knighted, and not a

collier, and that he is a man "who has never gone down a pit in his life, unless when they were short-handed." Can it really be the case that the Government has thus gone out of its way to honour a person who must evidently be some mere aristocratic loafer? The true facts would oblige
GENUINE DEMOCRAT.

SUGAR AND MUSCLES.—I saw in the papers some fellow said the best way to divilope the mussles was to eat lots of sugar. I think it must be true because he was a Doctor. I want to divilope my mussles, awfully, because I want to win the mile at our school, and lick that beastly bully SNOOKS SENIOR. So I tried eating half-a-crown's worth of Barley Sugar straight off at our Tuck Shop. It didn't make me a bit more muskular, it only made me sick, and SNOOKS boxed my ears for being a "sneak and a pig." Please will someone say what sweets have most sugar in them? I like toffy awfully—would toffy do? How much of it should I have to eat to be able to kick SNOOKS SENIOR all round our playground?—AUGUSTUS.

THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN.

["A bond of affection existed between the navies of England and America, and they were always glad to reciprocate the good feeling exhibited towards them by the British Navy. Nobody had said a word on behalf of JACK, the man behind the gun; but he was as good as he ever was, and blood was the thing that told."—Rear-Admiral Erben, in response to the toast of "The United States Navy" at the Banquet given at St. James's Hall to the Officers of the U.S. Cruiser "Chicago."]

Mr. Punch loquitur:—

GOOD ERBEN, good! You've hit my mood,
And also hit the mark.
Punch loves all craft, afore and aft,
Right down from Noah's Ark.
A ship to him means pluck, smart trim,
Loyalty, love, and fun;
But, Sir, you bet, he'll not forget
"The Man behind the Gun!"

Thanks, Admiral E., for teaching P.
That neat and telling phrase!
He joins full heart, for his poor part,
In all that mutual praise
Poured freely out 'twixt sailors stout,
But that which "cops the bun"
Is your sound crack about brave JACK,
"The Man behind the Gun!"

Yes; he's the chap who, hap what hap,
Will keep our Flags afloat.
JOHN, JONATHAN (each sailorman
Is "JACK" aboard a boat!)
Briton or Yank, whate'er his rank,
All know what *has* been done,
'Neath Cross or Star, by plain Jack Tar,
"The Man behind the Gun!"

Yes; guns grow big, and build and rig
Are changed since NELSON's time.
Huge iron pots and spanking shots
Spoil beauty and floor rhyme.
But when we close with fighting foes,
We'll find, ere all is done,
We'll still depend on our old friend,
"The Man behind the Gun!"

Captain MAHAN* is just the man
To prove that ERBEN's right.
Iron or oak, ships are "no joke,"
But "flesh and blood" must fight.
Your "hundred tonner" is a stunner;
Yet fights will still be won,
If won they are, by stout Jack Tar,
"The Man behind the Gun!"

Fair breezes waft your U.S. craft,
(Cruiser *Chicago*,) still!
Valour and wit still keep us knit
In brotherly goodwill!
MAHAN, let's liquor! Blood is thicker
Than water. So my son,
A bumper brim all round to him—
"The Man behind the Gun!"

* Author of *The Influence of Sea Power on History*, and other masterly naval works.



SUGGESTION FOR A PARLIAMENTARY BANK-HOLIDAY.

THE ALHAMBRA'S SHOOTING CASE.

As to Herr Dowe's coat, it is proved beyond *Herr Dowe's* that the bullet-proof garment is bullet-proof.

Therefore, the whole affair is not "All my (or anyone else's) Eye and Captain (LEON) MARTIN."

It is certain that, as hitherto at the Alhambra the great attraction has been the *the Ballets*, now it will be *The Ballets*.

Happy Thought.—Why, to start this shooting, did they not mix Ballet and Bullet, and have had a Dramatic Ballet, introducing Herr Dowe as *Zamiel* not casting the bullet, or "casting" the piece (the fowling-piece), but making the shirt of Bullet-proof Mail?

The wearer of one of Herr Dowe's coats may be bullet-proof; but will even the least susceptible of men, if thus *en-dowed*, be proof against the charms of the ballet?

The above are questions which occur to your cousin German

COUNT HOW DE DOWE.

EXTRACT FROM AN IRISH EMIGRANT'S LETTER.—"My dear boy, I'm doing well, but I'm always looking forward to coming back."

FANCY PORTRAIT.



SIR EDWIN MIKARNOLDO.

A Real Good Jap saluting the Rising Sun.

"We admire the secret of that delicate artistic gift . . . which makes you the Greeks of Asia. . . . It is impossible that a splendid future should not lie before the Empire of the Rising Sun."—Extract from Speech made by Sir Edwin Arnold at the Japanese Society Banquet at the Hôtel Métropole, Monday, May 21.]

FARE'S FAIR!

(BY A FARE WHO WISHES TO BE FAIR.)

AIR—"Comin' thro' the Rye."

If a Cabby meet a Cabby
Having a fair try,
Need a Cabby hit a Cabby
Hotly in the eye?

Every Cabby has fair freedom,

For a fare to ply.

If "Union" Cabby smites
his mate,

Why, run him in, say I!

If a Bobby see a Cabby
Troubling of the town,
Let that Bobby pull that
Cabby

From his high perch
down!

Every Cabby with a license,
Has full right to ply,
And tyranny in freedom's
name

Is simply "all my eye."

JOAN LA PUCELLE.—It is said that this heroine is to be canonised. Quite befitting a military heroine that everything should be according to cannon law. At present, so it is stated in the *Weekly Register*, "The Maid" has only achieved the title of "Venerable." This may be an ecclesiastically polite way of putting it, but it does sound uncommonly like calling her "The Venerable JOAN; or, Old Maid of Orleans!" No pleasanter person than an old maid, but still, somehow, it is not the rôle associated with the modest but militant JOAN.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 21.—A pleased smile lighted up HIBBERT's grave face when he took his seat on Treasury Bench at half-past three, and looked round on empty benches. Whitsuntide holidays over; work begins again to-day; Civil Service Estimates first order; axiom of long standing at Treasury that the fewer Members present the more votes. Exceedingly few Members on view at this moment; *argal*, there should be votes by the handful. No sign of activity on Front Opposition Bench. PRINCE ARTHUR comes not, nor JOKIM either.

As usual in such circumstances, JEMMY LOWTHER to the fore. Drops into seat of absent Leader, and endows Front Bench with imposing air of respectability and responsibility. He may have something to say on the successive votes, HIBBERT musingly admits, but will be satisfied when he has shown new generation of Members how their elders used to speak.

Whilst the Financial Secretary looked on content, a tall figure strode up the almost empty House; seated itself at corner of second bench above gangway. This was ROBERT WILLIAM HANBURY.

"Um!" said HIBBERT, slightly contracting his brows.

Five minutes later there rolled up the passage a short, stout gentleman, with one hand in trowsers pocket. Looked as if he had got a coin there he was intent upon depositing in the National Penny Bank. This was GEORGE CHRISTOPHER TROUT BARTLEY.

"Ah!" said HIBBERT, the pleased look that had erewhile illumined his kindly face giving place to one of uneasiness.

The moments sped. Preliminary business rattled through at exhilarating speed. Ten minutes sufficed to pass second reading of Bill accelerating Registration of Parochial Electors. Only four o'clock. Yet a little while, and SPEAKER would be got out of Chair, and the rattling through of votes might commence. House still almost empty. HIBBERT looking round to assure himself, his

eye fell on sprightly figure smartly advancing, diffusing subtle aroma of the briny ocean, impelling suggestion of the whistle of the wind in the shrouds, the surge of the sea at the bows.

It was CAP'EN TOMMY BOWLES.

"Oh!" groaned HIBBERT, sitting limp on Treasury Bench with hands fallen hopeless at his side, the ashy paleness of despair gathering over his expressive countenance.

Felt all was over; dream of placid evening with its piled-up votes vanished. Nor was his sorrow lightened as the slow hours sped. HANBURY speedily led off; BARTLEY blandly backed up his objections; CAP'EN TOMMY filled up any occasional interval; whilst from the other side ALPHEUS CLEOPHAS MORTON benevolently dropped "h's" over the group, threatening to bury it in the agglomeration.

Business done.—Eight hours talk and three votes.

Tuesday.—Exhilarating night making speeches round second reading Scotch Local Government Bill. Sort of night w/ BURNS, only none of us, not even THE MACGREGOR, dropped into poetry. That eminent Scot did not, indeed, even succeed in carrying out his fixed intention of contributing a short stave in prose. This was frustrated by interposition of that envious Southron the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. On an occasion like present, when interests of Scotland absorb attention, THE MACGREGOR very properly thinks it his duty to assume judicial attitude. Let others, in whatever part of the House they sit, from whatever district of the kingdom they hail, freely state their views. THE MACGREGOR, enthroned above Gangway, with arm carelessly thrown over back of Bench, and air of supernatural wisdom lightening his countenance, and appreciably illumining Members in immediate vicinity, carefully listens. When others have made an end of speaking, and the question is about to be put, THE MACGREGOR slowly rises, and, nodding encouragingly towards the Chair, observes, "Mr. SPEAKER, one or two ideas occur to me."

This, or some cognate phrase, invariably acts as cue for the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. To-night it was close on midnight when THE MACGREGOR consented to give listening Senate advantage of his

knowledge and cogitations. Had been some talk earlier in sitting of carrying Debate on to second night. But, as DONALD MACFARLANE admits, Scotch Members are, after all, almost human. A dour race, unaccustomed to yield to circumstance, not a man among them would have raised his voice if its utterance would have secured avoidance of another such night. They would have doggedly pressed on, and some might have survived a second night. Nevertheless, if a Minister insisted on bringing the dreary business to conclusion, it was not for them to fly in face of Providence.

The SQUIRE's quick eye glancing round took in the situation. THE MACGREGOR, having slowly swung himself into position, had just opened his mouth when the SQUIRE (so to speak) put his foot in it. In other words, he moved the Closure.

"I consider that very shabby conduct," said THE MACGREGOR, and wrapping his tartan round him, relapsed into a statuesque silence more impressive than other people's word.

That nothing should be lacking to completion of Scottish character of night ROBERT THRESHIE REID, commonly called BOB, sat on the Treasury Bench filling his new character as Solicitor-General. Everyone glad to see him there. BOB as popular in the House of Commons as "BOBS" is in the Army. Only, LOCKWOOD says, as far as the Scotch night was concerned, BOB is an imposter.

"ROBERT THRESHIE," says FRANK, Q.C., "is no Scotsman at all. He was really born at Corfu, and to this day, when neither Court nor House is sitting, he has the Corfu bell rung at home every night at eight o'clock."

But that's only professional jealousy.

Business done.—Scotch Local Government Bill read a second time.

Thursday.—Tide suddenly returned; filled every nook and cranny of House. When MUNDELLA rose to explain reasons for resigning Presidency Board of Trade, not anywhere an empty seat; a throng at the bar; a crowd in the side galleries.

Task undertaken by MUNDELLA one that tries a man. He came well out of ordeal; said the right thing in the right way. House felt that here was a good man struggling with adversity. That it was undeserved, had swooped down and, temporarily, blighted an honourable career when it seemed to have reached its serenest heights, made the calamity none the less hard to bear. MUNDELLA comported himself with a dignity that commanded respect of House, with some notes of pathos in his voice that touched its always generous heart. He rose amid a sympathetic cheer from his political friends. He sat down amid a burst of cheering in which both sides joined.

Budget hitherto acted as wet blanket. Whenever it has been the

order of the day, melancholy has marked the House for its own. To-night average struck. LUBBOCK commissioned to lead heavy brigade in renewed charge on motion to go into Committee. General commanding had reckoned without the naval contingent. LUBBOCK hardly opened fire when the CAP'EN steamed up, and took charge of the order of battle. The CAP'EN spends his nights and days with ERSKINE MAY. That eminent authority's *Parliamentary Procedure* is his pillow by night, his light refreshment by day. Ever he overhauls the wollum, and from time to time makes a note, to SQUIRE OF MALWOOD's discomfiture. Just when Ministers, after long struggling, think they have piloted a bill into harbour, the CAP'EN appears in the offing, runs up the black flag, and rams home "a point of order, Sir."

To-night he has dominated the scene. Difficult to decide whether more terrible in morning dress, with volumes of books on Constitutional Law under either arm, or after dinner, with a white shirt front that made FIELD green with envy; in his button-hole, the red flower of sanguinary intent. Committee got altogether out of hand. SQUIRE could not lead it, nor could PRINCE ARTHUR restrain it. The CAP'EN appeared after dinner with fresh Amendment. MELLOR, wringing his hands in despair, brought unwonted tears to hardened eyes by his protest against custom of abruptly thrusting upon him not always legibly-written Amendments, and expecting him, amid conflicting duties of Chair, to decide on their bearing upon the Bill, and upon a hundred collateral Amendments. PRINCE ARTHUR besought CAP'EN to withdraw his Amendment in favour of one standing in name of DICK WEBSTER. Not he. Greatest respect for ex-Attorney-General; but really knew more about this business than that eminent authority. Then blameless BARTLEY interfered; motions for progress hotly made. SQUIRE cuts up rough. Cheers, and counter cheers; divisions, and more divisions; and no progress made. *Business done.*—Got into Committee on Budget Bill.

Friday.—House hears to-day, with keen pleasure, that everything is going on well with Mr. G. after the operation on his eyes. Not been seen in House since he quitted it, nearly three months ago, flinging down his gauntlet to the House of Lords.

Ask for this Great Deliverer now, and find him eyeless in Gaza. In his darkened room Mr. G., hearing echo of tumult at Westminster, may, peradventure, conclude that there are worse conditions even than his. He has tried being Leader of House of Commons with fractious following in the rear, and reckless obstruction in the front. He has also suffered from failing eyesight. Having tried both he may well prefer cataract.

Business done.—Vote on account.

ANGELO TO EDWINA.

(On the Tattooed Wedding Ring.)

[A lady writes to the *Pall Mall Gazette* of May 23, suggesting that the wedding-ring should be tattooed round the third finger of both contracting parties, as a permanent record of marriage. "The operation of tattooing could, with all reverence, be performed by an expert in the vestry after the Church service. . . . This custom will help to insure peace, respect, and happiness to many homes and hearts."]



My own one, my loviest love,
I write just a line to prepare you;
Please read what is written above—
I hope what it says will not scare you!

My dovey, pray don't be "afraid
With any amazement," or falter
Next Tuesday, when, darling, arrayed
As a bride you are led to the altar!

Nor think, if I don't have the ring,

That our marriage a failure will verge on!
No, sweetest, instead I shall bring,
As "best man," a young friend who's a surgeon.

While he marks us with circle of blue,
If you like, he'll no doubt chloroform us—
We're the first wedded pair to tattoo,
And we'll make a sensation enormous!

In the vestry, perhaps, 'twere as well
To go through this manicure-ordeal;
Besides ('tis a secret I tell),
We can there take, if nervous, a cordial!

Thus with fingers that tingle and smart
Our mutual wedlock we'll make fast;
And *won't* it be nice when we start
Shaking everyone's hands at the breakfast!

Thence we'll go to the dentist, my pet,
Then on to be well vaccinated—
Altogether we'll never forget
The day when, tattooed, we were mated!



"STRIKES ON THE BOX."

HERR DOWE'S CUIRASS.

AN awkward name for British lips
Is that of this inventor;
Pronunciation often trips
The very wisest mentor.
Some say in simple English now,
Like Arab slave boat, Mr. DOWE.

This is conclusive but in part,
As witness "bow"—saluting—
Compared with "bow" that shoots a dart.
He who defies all shooting
Is called by some, yet they
should know,
Like baker's bread paste,
Mr. DOWE.

But others would be crushed
With shame, [ping;
If they were caught thus trip-
The dissyllabic German name,
Is not like Arab shipping,
Or dough; pronunciation
showy
Makes this, like heavy
cake, Herr DOWE.

But even these are thought
to be
Quite wrong by others, wiser,
Who know that W is V
Where rules the *Deutsche Kaiser*.
They call this foreigner come over,
Just like the Channel port, Herr DOWE.

When Germans come, I would submit,
With strange, new things to show one,
They ought to have a name like SCHMIDT,
For that could puzzle no one.
There's some confusion, you'll allow,
Between Dough, Doughy, Dover, Dhov



MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.)

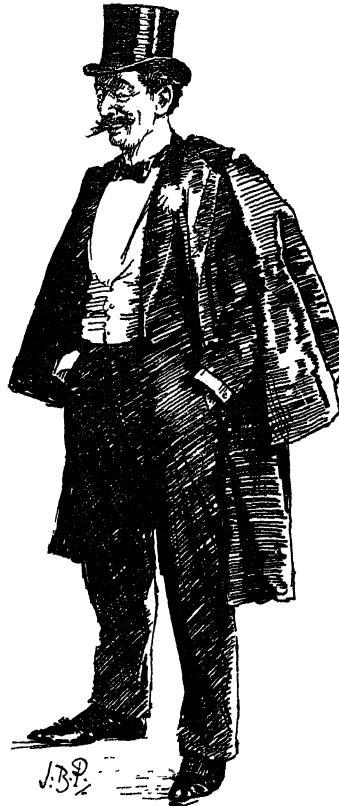
No. V.—FROM CAPTAIN THE HON. HAROLD MAYDEW, NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB, TO THE HON. VICTOR MAYDEW, HOTEL MEURICE, PARIS.

MY DEAR OLD CHAP,

January 4th, 189—.

I went round to your diggings to-day to have a talk with you, and was told you had gone off to Paris two days ago. I hadn't a notion you were going. Why didn't you tell me? I should have enjoyed nothing better than to go with you. Look here, VICTOR, you've been a rattling good brother to me, and you've helped me more than once when I was in a pretty big hole, so you mustn't be surprised if I come to you in my difficulties. It's the old story. I've been a fool, a tremendous fool, and now I'm brought up against a brick wall, and don't know how to get over it. I can see you start when you read this. "Why," you'll say to yourself, "the beggar hasn't been back more than a couple of months; he's scarcely had time to turn round, and here he is singing the old song which everybody thought he had forgotten." I give you my word I'm surprised myself when I think of it. Nobody was surer than I was that that blessed song had gone out of my head, words and music, never to come back again.

Well, to make a long story short, here's what has happened. It's money, of course—you'll have gathered that—but I tell you now, so that you may not think there's anything worse; though I'm hanged if I know what is worse than a money fix. When I left England I had a vague sort of notion I had got square, settled everything and everybody, and got my new leaf staring me in the face. Of course I hadn't. One never has. There's always some sentence in the old leaves that requires your attention, and you've got to turn back and go through it all again. Anyhow, letters and bills came popping in—some of them even got as far as Kashmir, where I couldn't even use them as pipe-lights, having lost one pipe and broken the other. However, they didn't trouble me much till I got back here two months ago. Then I began to reckon them up just for the fun of the thing, and found they mounted to what's called a respectable total—£550, not a penny less. Since then I've managed to heap up another £800, racing and card-playing, complicated



Moss Abrahams.

with MOSS ABRAHAMs, that infernal soapy-voiced, oily-faced, hypocritical little Jew money-tout. I daresay you know the beast: he's always pretending to be so extraordinary generous and agreeable, such a deuce of a gay, light-hearted, reckless plunger, that, by Jingo, he actually takes you in for a bit until you're in the beggar's clutches. Then the trouble begins. He's found out that my prospects aren't quite so good as he thought them, and he's beginning to show his teeth.

Of course he pretends that he himself wouldn't be disagreeable for millions, but that the matter has got partly out of his hands, and that he himself is any amount hard up, and doesn't know where to turn for money. You know the kind of game these chaps play. Anyhow, I'm pretty certain the brute won't renew even if I asked him—which I shan't. My dear old VICTOR, will you help a lame dog over a stile. I know I've no right to ask you, and if you say you can't do it—why I shall know you can't, and you needn't trouble to give me any reasons. But I don't want to ask the dear old Governor again. He's ill, and, if I can possibly help it, I don't want to make him worse with my follies. You'll say I ought to have thought of all that before. Quite true, so I ought, and nobody knows that now better than I do. But I tell you, VICTOR, I'm sick and tired of this business, of all the gang of silly, rowdy fools and painted women, and Jews and racing men and would-be smart people. I don't think it's a case of when the devil was sick, &c. I do really mean to chuck the whole concern, and never pick it up again. But you know what a fellow feels like when he's got a mill-stone round his neck in the shape of accumulated debts. He plunges, and naturally enough down he goes deeper and deeper.

There you are. If you can give me a lift I'm sure you will. I'm not going to spin long sentences about gratitude; and, in fact, you know that, come what may, nothing can ever alter our friendship.

It was awfully nice, seeing so much of you at the BLAGDENS. What a nice girl that LUCY BERKELEY is—so cheery and pleasant and bright! not to speak of her pretty face, which makes you feel as if you were standing under a clear blue sky. By Jove! when you meet a girl like that, you begin to recognise what horrors some of the rest are.

I hope you'll have a good time in Paris.

Ever your affectionate brother,

HAROLD.

THE CAB STRIKE.

(By a Pedestrian.)

ACROSS the streets I walk, serene,
No need to thread my way between
Those lines of crawlers, now unseen,
There isn't one.

No Sybaritic Hansoms make
One's walk neglected—great mistake—
No growlers all one's system shake,
There isn't one.

No rushing Hansoms threaten me
With instant death, no need to be
Afraid of them, so fast and free,
There isn't one.

Hullo! A drop of rain? The sky
Is black. I shall be drenched. But why?
I'll take a Hansom home. Not I!
There isn't one.

Q. WHO is likely to be less incommoded by a cab-strike than any one else? A. The angler.—Q. Because? A. Because he seldom goes out without a lot of "flies" and plenty of "bait."

COMPARATIVE.—For the Derby hope it will be an Ep-sommer day than it's been lately.

TO CHLORIS, ENRHEUMED.

AH, CHLORIS! see, the year's half-dead,
While weeping skies deplore
Those little shoes, too thin to tread
The Spring's enamelled floor.

For fell Catarrh, in Pluto's wake,
Whipp'd up his roaring steeds,
A fairer Proserpine to take
In no Sicilian meads.

The baffled tyrant, harsh and chill,
Your beauty cannot mar,
That beams with a pure splendour still
Like the white morning star.

His triumph fails, while calm and clear
Your brown eyes brighter shine,
Too proud to shed the unbidden tear,
No fretful Proserpine.

A court you hold for kith and kin,
Nor lack for courtly gown,
You pretty pearl half hidden in
A nest of eider down.

Ah, may your love's bright sunshine
spread
And chill disdain depart,
Now that the cold is in your head,
That erst was in your heart!

LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

II.—IN A FOUR-WHEELER.

SHAKE, shake, shake,
Oh! growler with ancient gee,
And I must, without prejudice, utter,
The thoughts that occur to me.

O well for the Hansom cabs
With their rubber smooth-going tyres!
O well for the Hansoms' springs,
And their horses are sometimes flyers!

And the stately buses roll
From the "Bank" to far Notting-hill;
But O for my liver you've shaken up,
And the consequent doctor's bill!

Growl, growl, growl,
Cabby, growl on your box full free;
But your caustic remarks on your "legal"
fare
Will not get a "rise" out of me.

Mrs. R. told a friend, "I met a very high legal authority at a party—a remarkably fine man, my dear. When I asked what he was, my host told me he was a 'puny Judge!' Well, he didn't look it. Six feet if he was an inch. But perhaps he referred to his intellect."



THE BUDGET BULLET-PROOF CUIRASS.

Herr Harcourt (exhibiting his new invention). "SHOOT AWAY, GENTLEMEN! IT MAKES NO IMPRESSION ON ME."



GIVING HIMSELF AWAY.

Weak-minded and Inexperienced Chappie (on Box-seat of Coach, to Coster with Donkey). "HE-HAW! HE-HAW!" Coster (Irish). "SHURE, THIN, YE SPAKE THE LANGUAGE TO PERFECTION, SOB!"

BEFORE THE RACE AND AFTER.

(A Parliamentary Fragment for the 6th of June, 1894.)

THEY were in consultation behind the Speaker's Chair, and it was three o'clock or thereabouts. They had their hands full of papers, and anxiety was on all their brows. It was a moment of intense interest, of overwhelming doubt.



"I can quite appreciate that infected cattle imported from abroad must be most injurious to the agricultural interest at home," said one of the Ministers; "but what has that to do with the chances of *Bullington* beyond that the first syllable of the name is distinctly suggestive of success."

"I do not believe in omens nor yet in coincidences," returned he who was responsible for the country's revenue; "but the fact that when Mr. Lowe was Chancellor of the Exchequer his financial arrangements were jeopardised by a strike of match girls, inclines me to believe that those who supported *Matchbox* in spite of all appearances did not act entirely unreasonably. That is my contention, and I have given the matter even more thought than I have disposed upon the Death Duties."

and I have given the matter even more thought than I have disposed upon the Death Duties."

"The cavalry manoeuvres this year, as I have already said, will be most interesting," put in a Minister of military appearance; "and as my department naturally deals with all matters equestrian, I cannot blame myself for having accorded to the claims of *Gallopings Dick* adequate attention."

"I fancy it will not be contested that since I have influenced the Irish Government from the lodge of the Chief Secretary," observed another; "that the Emerald Isle has had her fair share from the horn of plenty. So, without being superstitious, I can find apologies for the deep interest I took in *Hornbeam* at one period of its career."

The hands of the clocks slowly moved, at length a special messenger rushed up to them. "Who's won?" they cried with one voice.

The messenger gave the required information. Then there was a sigh of relief, and the Ministers returned to business with emotions of a varied character.

TO MELENDIA.

(A Regretful Reproach.)

A PRETTY dance was what I went to see;
'Twas in the mirthful capital of France,
And 'twas yourself who danced so charmingly
A pretty dance.

You took me blindly captive with your glance,
I was your slave, who'd boasted he was free,
Delighted when I made the least advance
In your sweet favours. How comes it to be
Your smiles have now made way for looks askance?
Oh, tell me this—were you just leading me
A pretty dance?

SOMETHING IN NAMES.—In conjunction with another defendant, one FRED STANTON, a Miss VERA HOPE, was charged at Bow Street, on remand, with obtaining money by falsely pretending to provide young women with theatrical engagements. Both "VERA" and "HOPE" are attractive names. "VERA" suggests "Veracity," and, without "Hope," how impossible would be everything in life! But, in this instance, "Hope" seems to have "told a flattering tale," and thereby bade farewell to joy!

MRS. R. thinks the tight Baring reins to be seen in London on the poor carriage-horses are most cruel. She does not know who Mr. BARING was, but he might easily have found a better employment for his time than inventing such senseless things, and giving his name to them. Mrs. R. says she often longs to write anomalous letters of protest to some of the people whose beautiful horses are so tightly gagged.

NEW BOOKS.—*A Grey Romance*, by Mrs. W. K. CLIFFORD, to be followed shortly by *A Blue Funk* and *A Brown Study*.

HARD CASE.—*Entry in Eminently Steady Person's Diary*.—"I shouldn't go to the Derby if I weren't driven to it." [And so he was, on a coach.]

PROPOSITIONS AND RIDERS.

If "the serious inconvenience" caused by closing the park thoroughfares to all vehicles but private carriages is, as the *Daily News* has informed us, now occupying the attention of the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS, could not this eminently practical official just carry the matter a trifle further and give even more deliberate



Mr. Punch remonstrates and suggests.

consideration (only not too "deliberate,"—say a week, and then let him act in accordance with *Mr. Punch's* wishes) to the rides and drives which ought to be made, for the benefit of equestrians and vehicularians, across Kensington Gardens, from south to north, i.e., from South Kensington to Bayswater. Rotten Row should be extended on the southern side of the Serpentine in a nor'-westerly direction, so that the jolly young Bayswatermen on their gallant hacks might have the advantage of a short cut into Rotten Row, under the shade of some of the finest old spreading trees that London can produce, and that Paris, with all its lovely Bois and its beautiful pale greeneries, cannot equal. These great improvements, as has been over and over again pointed out to "the authorities," could be effected without any danger to nursemaids and their charges, and without any sort of deprivation to the lounging or hurrying pedestrian. No! the parks can be opened to a motly, noisy, rampaging crowd, with carts and platforms that damage the grass and its own cause at the same time, but not an effort is made on behalf of the convenience, enjoyment, and healthful recreation of law-abiding citizens with a seat in the saddle, and, perhaps, in the House, who are loyal to QUEEN and country, who love their London, and who wish, by gentle equestrian exercise, to support, to the greatest possible advantage, their own British Constitution. Let us begin with such improvements as these in Kensington Gardens and Hyde Park, and then it will be time to consider what can be done in the same direction with the other Un-open Spaces.

AFTER GOLDSMITH.

WHEN lovely woman tries to volley,
But finds that men refuse to play,
What charm can soothe her melancholy?
What game can take her grief away?

The means her spirits to recover,
To still the jeers of those that scoff,
To fascinate the tardy lover,
And gain his favour is—to Golf.

Mrs. R. says she tasted an excellent soup lately, made with the young vegetables of the season; she fancies the name of it was "Hop-Scotch." At the same dinner there were some green grapes with a delicious perfume, called "Musk Rat," she believes.

"PLACE AUX DAMES."

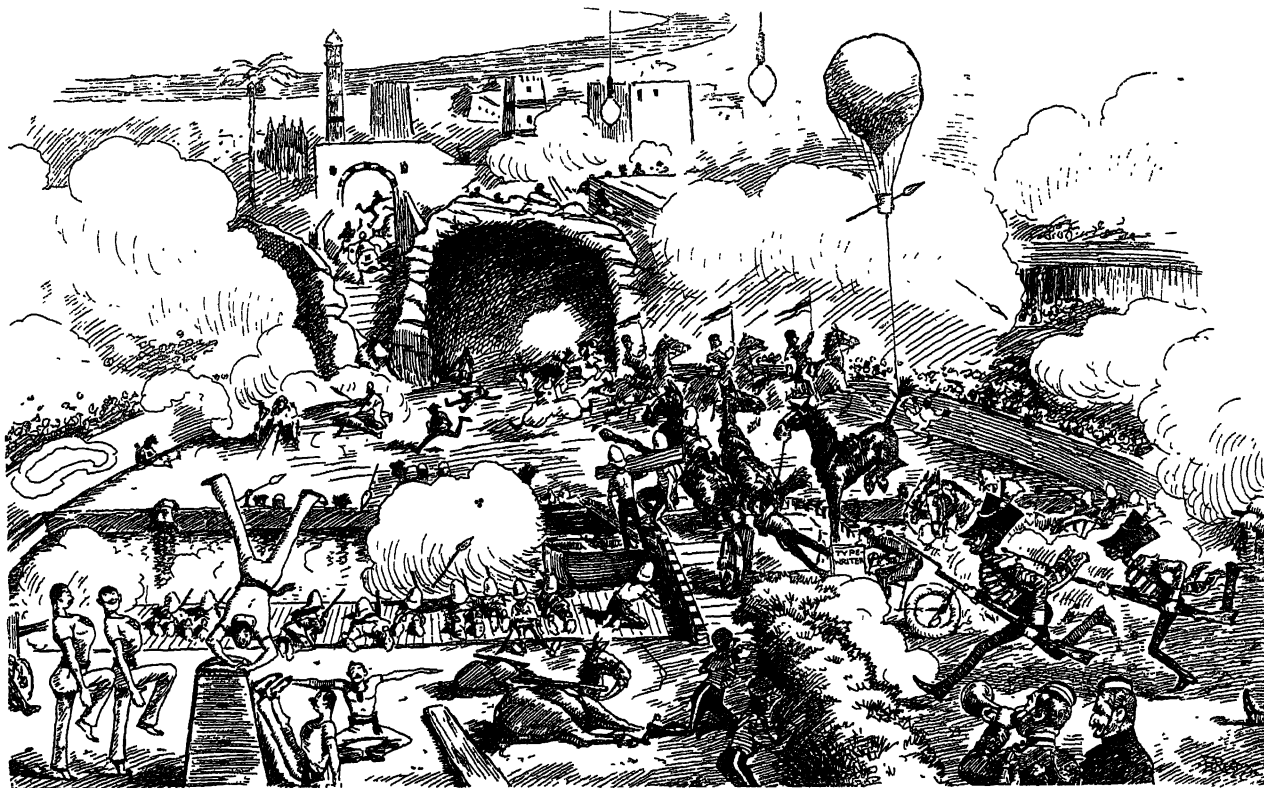
DEAR MR. PUNCH,—On Friday, the 1st of June, there was a dinner at which only literary ladies were allowed to be present. As every one was bound over to secrecy, of course I cannot divulge the topics of conversation that were discussed during the course of the evening. Those of your sex who have been privileged, on account of their extreme youth, or for other merits, to "join the ladies" at times when "the gentlemen have been left over their wine," may possibly be in a position to judge of the intense interest of the woman's talk on the occasion to which I am referring. It may be that the bills of the butcher, the baker, and the candlestick-maker came under review. It is not impossible that the merits of this person's gowns and that person's *toupés* found advocates both for the defence and the prosecution. It is not incredible that children's ailments were considered, and the difficulty of obtaining a satisfactory servant faced and mastered. Of course I cannot say whether cigarettes were admitted, nor can I tell you whether ginger beer was more popular than soda water, or champagne was preferred to lemonade. All these details must be reserved until the time arrives when one of the fair diners decides to publish her reminiscences. And this is not very likely to come off just at present, as everyone knows that the autobiographer commences his account of his career by giving the date of his birth, a proceeding that would certainly, and very properly, be unpopular amongst ladies. However, if I must not tell you anything about the matters upon which I have touched, or rather to which I have referred, I can make at least one admission, and, when I make it, I think I shall be supported by the vast majority of those who were present on Friday last. The Literary Ladies' Dinner of the 1st of June only needed one feature to be absolutely perfect—the presence of gentlemen.

Yours cordially,
A DAUGHTER OF EVE WHO REMEMBERS ADAM.



AN IRISH DIFFICULTY.

Pat ("the morning after," reading *Prescription*). "'DISSOLVE WAN OF THE POWDHERS IN HALF A TUMBLER OF WATHER, AN' TH' OTHER POWDHER IN ANOTHER HALF TUMBLER OF WATHER. MIX, AN' DHRINK WHOLE EFFERVESHIN.' WHAT'LL OI DO? WHOY THE DIV'L DIDN'T HE SAY WHICH OI WAS TO MIX FURST?"



THE BATTLE OF ISLINGTON.

Confused Impression on our Artist's brain of the Military Tournament, Agricultural Hall.

SHALL WOMEN WHEEL?

SIR.—Cycling is *the* sport for ladies! Take my own case. I was fading away, and could eat nothing. Five specialists had given me up. I bought a cycle as a last resource. In less than a fortnight I could eat four underdone chump chops for breakfast! In a month I could floor a coal-heaver. I now weigh sixteen stone, and have had to have a specially strong machine made for me. Formerly I was a martyr to rheumatism. I've conquered rheumatics by pneumatics. Ta, ta! Off for a spin.

A SPINSTER.

SIR.—The other day I mastered my natural shyness enough to mount a "bike" (that's what my brothers call it). My trial trip was horribly eventful! I ran over a small boy near Richmond. I fancy he was badly hurt, but I do so hate a row that I didn't stop to find out. Then, in going down a steep hill the brake (or is it break?) wouldn't act, and I ran into a policeman at the bottom, and upset him. It upset *me*, too, very much, because he took my name and address, and is going to summon me for "furious riding"! And I am afraid to go at six miles an hour! No, cycles are *not* the machines for

NO ROADSTER.



THE WORD IN SEASON?

Countryman. "BE OI ROIGHT FOR EPSOM, MAISTER!"
 Minister Stiggins (who never misses his opportunity). "EPSOM? YOUNG MAN! YOUNG MAN! KNOW YE NOT THAT YOU ARE ON THE WAY TO TOPHET?"
 Countryman. "AH! DENGED IF OI DIDN'T THINK OI'D TOOK A WRONG TURN SOMEWHERE!"

SIR.—Cycling is *delicious*—but what do the doctors mean by calling it hard exercise? I always ride on a tandem with dear FRED; and it is just like being in an arm-chair, and I often take out a novel and read it. I don't work the pedals much, except now and then, when going down hill, as I think the action rather unlady-like. FRED, however, works all the time. He says he thinks he will get me a tricycle all to myself some day, as I should enjoy it more. It certainly is annoying to hear the way he pants on the tandem; but then men are so inconsiderate. Even a mere twenty-mile ride with me seems to tire him dreadfully, which just shows what lazy, self-indulgent lives men must lead! I'm going to make FRED take me from Land's End to John o' Groat's in our summer holidays. He'll have to break the record, or something.

Yours,
 FEMALE FLYER.

"AUTHOR'S GRIEVANCES."

FOR an eminent writer to receive gratis from a distinguished publishing firm a copy of their popular magazine, specially labelled "Complimentary," and, on opening it, to find a severe criticism on his most recent work.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

"HA, HA! HE, HE! YOU DID MAKE AN ASS OF YOURSELF! I HEARD MISS BROWN ASK YOU WHETHER YOU LIKED BOTTICELLI!"
 "WELL, WHERE'S THE FUN? I SAID I PREFERRED CHIANTI!"
 "HA, HA! THAT'S JUST THE JOKE! BOTTICELLI ISN'T A WINE, YOU JUGGINS! BOTTICELLI'S A CHEESE!"

THE CONSISTENT CYNIC'S VADE MECUM.

(Specially prepared for the Derby Day.)

Question. What is your opinion of the Derby?

Answer. That it is an intensely over-rated race; immeasurably inferior to many others with but a tithe of its popularity.

Q. What do you think of people who take the trouble to see it decided at Epsom?

A. That they must be suffering from temporary insanity.

Q. But is it not pleasant to go down to the races by road?

A. Unquestionably no. If it rains the discomfort is sufficiently marked, and if it is fine the dust is insupportable. Besides, the humours of the streets have departed. The drive down is as cheerless as a journey to a suburban cemetery.

Q. Then you prefer travelling on the railway?

A. On the contrary; on account of the immense crowds, who fight for admission at the doors of the carriages, I can scarcely imagine a less agreeable route.

Q. But you cannot go by water, and if you charter a balloon it runs into money—am I not correct in the assumption?

A. Yes; and therefore I shrink from visiting Epsom when the road is dismal, the trains are inconvenient, the river is impossible, and the atmosphere is (after taking everything into consideration) impracticable.

Q. And what do you think of "a Derby snack"?

A. Merely a premium upon indigestion.

Q. And are you opposed to the consumption of "a Derby luncheon"?

A. On behalf of the non-medical public "Yes"; on behalf of the doctors I can imagine nothing more beneficial to the financial side of their profession.

Q. But surely you see no harm in the club sweep?

A. On the contrary, it is a snare to the thoughtless, a lure to the extravagant, and a disappointment to almost everyone.

Q. But if in the drawing you find yourself in the possession of the first favourite, would not such an occurrence cause a modification in your opinions?

A. No; because principles are not affected by events; and it might happen too that the favourite might be scratched at the last moment.

Q. Then, if you were an employer, you would give no holiday to your subordinates on the Derby Day?

A. Certainly not. On the contrary, I would take care that even customary leave should, on that particular occasion, be abolished.

Q. And you approve of the House of Commons meeting on the 6th of June, Derby Day or no?

A. Most assuredly; and it seems to me an absolute scandal that the House of Lords does not follow the example set in another and a better place.

Q. And it is your deliberate opinion—

A. I beg pardon, but I have no more time to answer questions.

Q. Why not?

A. Because, in company with a numerous party of fellow-travellers, I have to catch a train to Epsom.

FROM OUR LITTEBY BASKET.—The *Athenaeum* says that Messrs. OSGOOD & Co. are going to re-issue Mr. HARDY'S novels. We believe the idea is to bring them out, so many at a time, every Christmas, under the title of "The Hardy Annuals." *The Gardeners' Chronicle* ought to have had the monopoly of these.

THE AGE OF COCKSURENESS.

(After Thackeray's "Age of Wisdom.")

[Dr. JESSOP says, "I never knew a man of fifty years who was ever argued into anything."]

Ho, modern page, with a wish to win
 To novel notions the public ear,
 You move the young with your decadent din;
 This is the way all boys begin—
 Wait till you come to Fifty Year.

Curly locks cover changeable brains,
 New-fangled notions they court and cheer;
 Impressionist pictures and symbolist strains,
 Novels that sniff of the shambles and drains,—
 Wait till you come to Fifty Year.

Fifty times over let Fools' Day pass,
 Jubilee season the brain doth clear—
 Then you know that a boy is an ass,
 You will not change creed, party, or glass,
 Once you have come to Fifty Year.

Pledge me round, I bid ye declare,
 Cocksure codgers whose beards grow grey,
 Is there an argument, false or fair,
 Will make you budge by the breadth of a hair
 From the ood old faith, and the dear old way?

The readiest lips that ever have glosed,
 The keenest logic that ever hath shone,
 May argue and reason, but you'll have closed
 Incredulous ears, and nodded, and dozed,
 Ere their polemic is finished and done.

The Age is crowded with theories queer,
 How I'd have welcomed them thirty years syne!
 They argue and worry; but I sit here,
 Quiet and cocksure at Fifty Year,
 Cocking a snook at their callow shine!



IN THE PADDOCK.

MR. P. "TAKING A LITTLE HOLIDAY, MY LORD?"

LORD R-S-B-RY. "HOLIDAY! I'M DOWN HERE HARD AT WORK FOR THE GOOD OF THE 'PARTY'!
HOPE HARCOURT'S ATTENDING TO BUSINESS AT WESTMINSTER!!"

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Tuesday and Friday.—Two single nights rolled into one very fat Knight—*Falstaff*. *Falstaff*, personally, is sufficient to fill several stalls, yet this present deponent, having seen *Falstaff's* not a few, is unable to call to mind any one of them, save MARK LEMON, who did not look just exactly what he was, a stuffed figure. The stage *Falstaff's* portliness is always unreal, his swagger is conventional, his voice is forced: neither singer, nor actor, can ever be SHAKESPEARE'S *Sir John Falstaff*; and though Signor VERDI may stuff him with notes, yet the fact remains that *Falstaff* is a very heavy person, and that the best scenes in VERDI'S Opera are just those in which either the Fat Knight doesn't appear at all, or is only of about the same use as is a football in a scrimmage, and is being hustled about here, shoved away there, and finally jammed into the notable buck-basket, to disappear over the balcony and fall splosh into the river below. As said game of football cannot get along without the object of the kicks, so 'tis with the dramatic portion of the Opera of *Falstaff*, for its principal character is to the other *dramatis personæ* what the football is to the players. Much of the music is delightful, but

of SHAKESPEARE'S creation. Why should this Op-erratic *Falstaff* "give" at the knees, and shuffle in his walk?

Sir DRURIOLANUS has done everything for the Opera, and the last scene is most effective. By the way, as the masquerade in the Forest was got up at a few hours' notice by *Mistresses Ford, Page, and Quickly*, what a very extensive circle of female acquaintances they must have had in the town and immediate neighbourhood of Windsor to enable them to assemble so large a party at such very short notice! And how fortunate that all these ladies, presumably merry wives, merry cousins, merry nieces, merry sisters, and merry aunts, belonging to highly respectable burghers' families in and about Windsor, happened, not only to be all disengaged, but also to possess, ready for use, *these very fairy dresses*, without which the whole idea might have resulted in a sad *fiasco* for the Merry Wives. If ENRY HAUTHOR JONES hadn't thought of it first, SHAKESPEARE might have called his play *The Masqueraders*.

Thursday.—Madame ADINI made her first appearance here as *Valentine*, not *Marguerite's* brother, but the heroine of the *Huguenots*. Much applauded. Her duet with *Marcel* acclaimed enthusiastically. JUPITER PLANÇON (uncommonly like Plain-song in



"REVERENZA!"

rarely catching; not from beginning to end is there a phrase in it so immediately taking as is that well-known one in the overture to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. There is a taking Nonette in the first Act; but, to sum up, the Second Scenes of both Acts take first places, and the Opera is more a success for the orchestra than for the singers as either vocalists or actors. Occasionally it occurred to me what either of our two humeristical composers, yeleft SULLIVAN or SOLOMON, might have done with this subject. SULLIVAN-cum-SOLOMON would have made a magnificent work of it. The orchestration is full of VERDI'S fun, and this brought to my mind the work of both our English composers. Signora GIULIA RAVOGLI, as *Dame Quickly*, with little to do or to sing, makes so much of it, that when she is on the stage, the time passes Quickly, and the Opera "goes." The eccentric characters, *Dr. Caius, Bardolph, Pistol*, well played and sung by Messrs. ARMANDI, PELAGALLI-ROSETTI, and ARIMONDI, are capitally made up. Signor PESSINA makes quite an Italian *Falstaff*, with such airs,—more or less taking,—graces and pantomimic action as are not associated with the English idea

English), as *Marcel*, excellent and not to be bettered. Mlle. SIMONNER also first-rate in the part of *Marguerite*, not of *Faust* but of France, *La Reine Marguerite*, who appears like a brilliant musical firework in the second Act, and then goes out with a bang and is heard no more. But for the time she is Queen of song. Altogether a fine performance of the *Huguenots*, difficult to beat.

Saturday.—Grand night. House choke full, in spite of continued cab strike. "Royalties," amounting to a considerable sum, thoroughly appreciating Madame MELBA making her first appearance this season as a French-speaking *Marguerite* to Signor DE LUCIA'S Italian *Faust*. Her jewel song a gem, but not a brilliant. When ended, floral compliments handed in. JUPITER PLANÇON admirable as *Mephistopheles*, sometimes doing it in Italian, sometimes in French, suiting his conversation to his company. Signor ANCONA doing well and dying nobly as *Valentine*. Walpurgis-night Act introduced; ballet music beautiful, and PALLADINO playful. BEVIGNANI beaming in orchestra, DRURIOLANUS delighted, Everybody enthusiastic!

THE BRAZEN MEAN.

"[Mediocrity has multiplied of late like carrion-flies."—"Ouida" in the "Pall Mall Magazine" for June.]

WHAT can we do? Since a novelist teaches us

That mediocrity's simply a crime,
How can we pass, as she warmly beseeches us,
From the ridiculous to the sublime?

If she will but condescend of her charity
Hints on the way it is managed to give,
Then will we all, with the utmost hilarity,
Live as her heroes and heroines live.

Then shall we lounge in luxurious leisure in
Rooms that are rich in each costly device,
Then shall enjoy an unlimited pleasure in
Smoking Havannahs of fabulous price.

If we play cricket, with marvellous steadiness
Centuries we shall compile as we please,
LASKEE at chess we shall conquer with
readiness,
Pulverise ROBERTS at billiards with ease.

While if we take to poetic activity,
Critics will reckon our cantos divine,
Or if we feel an artistic proclivity,
All of our pictures will be on the line.

Yes, could we reach to the proud elevation of
One of her heroes, there would not arise
Need for such lengthy and fierce castigation of
Base "Mediocrity's carrion-flies."

Cease, we beseech you, great censor, to jump
any
More on a failing we're eager to shun,
Fain would we imitate STRATHMORE and com-
pany
In their perfection—but how is it done?

AN "OPENING" FOR LORD ROSEBURY.—
"Mr. Chairman, Ladas, and Gentlemen."



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

EVEN THE "DERBY" HAD ITS PRIMEVAL COUNTERPART.

ROBERT AT RICHMOND.

I MANAGED somehow to get a trip up to Richmond last week, and if it hadn't bin for the heavy rain and the bitter cold wind as we had for a good part of the time, we should all have enjoyed it thoroughly, masters as well as waiters.

The principle thing as we went for to see was what I should call a reglar staggerer! Everybody as knos Richmond knos as well as I do that the one great nuisance of that truly rural place is the quantity of mud at low water, that is to say, when the tide has nearly all run away, and so sum wonderful clever feller has set to work for a year or so, and has acshally made a new Bridge, and a new Lock, and some new Slooses, I think they calls 'em, by which means all the Lassies of Richmond Hill, and all the jolly fellers as is allers a swearing as "they'd crowns resign to call 'em mine," is able at any time of the tide to find about six foot of water in any part of the river up there in which to row about!

The Sherriff gave a werry good dinner to his gests at the cillibrated "Stars and Garters," and I seed some of the Copperation swells at it, and they seemed to injoy themselves much as usual, and sum on 'em acshally gave me the same frendly nod of reckognission as usual, which



TOUCHING THE ANARCHISTS.

Cook. "LOR, MISS MARY! I WONDER THEY DON'T TREAT THEM WRETCHES LIKE THEY DO IN FRANCE, AND HAVE THEM GALANTINED!"

is allers welcome. I thinks from what I heard from sum of the natives, as how as there is sum amount of gelosy at Q on account of their mud being allowed to remain as before, without not no slooses for to regerate it, so I dare say as they will be trying their hands at a similer job next year, and then we may all have to go down to Q insted of up to Richmond, and I shant object for one.

As I was a coming out of Gildall the other day I was receeved with such a hawful noise as I arldy ever heard there, and on asking the lordly Beedal what it ment, he told me as how as the workmen was a making preperations for the Kristeen Young Mens Asosheation, about a thowsend of who was a going for to come there nex week to be receeved by the LORD MARE to supper et setterer! I wunders myself how his Lordship is able to distingwish them from other Young Men, unless it's by their remarkable fine happytites.

ROBERT.

LABOUR LOST.—In the latest number of *The Century Illustrated*, there is a short poem, entitled "Visible Sound." Surely it didn't require a poem to illustrate this idea when it can be seen any day at a fish-monger's. If "Visible Sound" isn't "Cod's Sound," we should like to know what is?

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, May 28.—Did everything to-night except get on with Budget Bill, which was pre-ordained business of sitting. First, there was a private Bill, which, in accordance with quaint procedure of House, rides roughshod over everything. When Japanese student of Parliamentary practice recently visited Westminster, he was much struck with this evidence of Western civilisation.

"You have," he said to Mr. MILMAN, who, he believes, wrote *The History of Greek Christianity* and *The Annals of St. Paul's*, "constant difficulty about important measures. Ministers have to apologise all round because they can't make way for particular Bills, however far-reaching may be their national or imperial interests. It's all for lack of time. A public Bill can come on only in certain order, and in particular circumstances. But if there arrives what you call a private Bill, to put up a parish pump, or divert a village sewer, it must needs be dealt with on any day the promoters fix, and takes precedence over everything, even your Budget Bill, or your several Disestablishment Bills. I like to talk of this freely to you, for it must be my only word on subject. If when I go back I were to report existence of such state of things in what you call the Mother of Parliaments, my narrative would be punctuated by fall of my head, struck off by a two-sworded man, and that would be what you call 'a full stop.'"

Budget Bill not reached till House been in session nearly five hours. Sat till half-past twelve, but did nothing. Only gleam of light

on doleful proceedings shed by HOME SECRETARY'S admission that time at hand when tyranny of the bicycle-bounder shall be curbed. New terror been added to London streets in shape of fiend gliding along on infernal-machine with india-rubber tires, turning round corners at speed of ten miles an hour, and vanishing out of sight when he has knocked some one down. Hope that amid his family cares ASQUITH won't forget this.

Business done.—None.

Tuesday.—SETON-KARR never so much surprised in his life. Some people have prepared scheme for carrying, not coals but, water to Newcastle. Seems in drought of last year, population of this thriving town threatened with water famine. For weeks had nothing to drink but champagne, chablis, and stout. Plenty of water in the River Rede. Proposed to take it. All very well, only scheme will interfere with convenience of the salmon, who riot in the Rede. SETON-KARR, late of the Northern Circuit, is trustee of one of the riparian owners. Petitioned against Bill when before Lords. Opposition unavailing. Much expected from Lords, but proved, as riparian owner bitterly said, "a broken Rede."

Now SETON-KARR, producing brief, addresses Commons at stupendous length, hoping to induce them to save the salmon. Budget Bill waiting; important Amendment and Division pending; but SETON-KARR, like the River Rede, flows on.

He chatters over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles;
He bubbles into eddying bays,
And babbles on the pebbles.

TIM HEALY made first attempt to dam him. Suddenly dropped rock in level flow of his argument in form of objection that, being pecuniarily interested in question, he was not



MARKING TIME.

Sir William. "Doesn't look well on the face of it; but we mustn't quite show all our hand yet!"

competent to advocate the cause in House of Commons. SETON-KARR, just about to land a fresh salmon in the way of concluding argument, sat down amazed at TIM's temerity. SPEAKER never taken aback, even by TIM HEALY, drew nice distinction. In circumstances, SETON-KARR was, he said, quite in order in pleading cause of his clients; but if Motion pressed to Division, he would not be able to vote.

Stream flowed on again; at last ran dry; whereupon *Rusticus Expectans* appeared in person of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, who forthwith belaboured the astonished fisherman with vigour that took away what was left of his breath. When recovered, he proposed to expend it in further speech. Called to order; Question put from Chair; SPEAKER declared Amendment negatived; SETON-KARR wildly clamoured for Division; Members near tried to stop him.

"I think the Ayes have it," said SPEAKER for third time, fixing the hapless fisherman with glittering eye. SETON-KARR feebly flapped his arms as a salmon landed on the bank of the rustling Rede shakes its fins in final protest against the whole proceeding. But no sound issued from his parched lips, and New-castle will have its water supply.

Dull hours of debate in Committee on Budget varied by bright flash cast over scene by PRINCE ARTHUR. Been absent during dinner-time, shut up in privacy of room. Comforted by a cursory chop, sustained by a flagon of the bubbling Salutaris, surrounded by musty treatises on Probate Duty, the Law of Succession, the range of Mortmain, the young but austere statesman passed a solitary hour. Came into House whilst COURTNEY was speaking; followed him with genial compliment upon exceptional power of his speech. The incentive of being at loggerheads with the party he formerly acted with usually sustained him. Now, enjoying the luxury of being at loggerheads with both parties, he surpassed himself. So did PRINCE ARTHUR, his brilliant speech, just crossing the limits of half an hour, infusing life into the saddening scene, causing the dead bones of the Budget debate to rattle into hilarious life. If preparation severe, the result more than repaid the stern self-sacrifice.

Business done.—Not much. Some hours in Committee on Budget.

Thursday.—To say that butter wouldn't melt in mouth of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD when, just now, he rose to move Resolution appropriating remaining time of Session for public business, would be quite inadequate representation of fact. Remark, moreover, irrelevant. Why *should* butter melt in any man's mouth, or why should it forbear? Apart from that not delectable illustration, there was dangerous benignity in SQUIRE's mood as he stood at the table. He had no complaint to make of the past, nor imputation to cast upon anyone's probable conduct in the future. Some people might be disposed to say hard things about a blameless Opposition. Not he. All he wanted was possession of the fragments of time hitherto left at disposition of private Members.

So apprehensive was the SQUIRE of importing any trace of truculence into his manner, that he dropped his voice to whisper that barely reached across the table. Members behind, more especially those below the Gangway, could not hear. Angry shouts of "Speak up!" ruffled the quiet scene. The SQUIRE's face, as he turned to face this tumult, was a study of meekness that might be done justice to only by an artist in stained glass, whose masterpiece is set in quiet nook of country church. For his part the SQUIRE could not understand any mood less placid than that of a lily-strewn pond, nor any impulse to raise the voice above that attuned to benediction.

"That's all very well," said Baron FERDY. "A voice soft and low is a beautiful thing in woman. In Leader of House of Commons it's a little embarrassing, especially for a modest man like me, who



NECESSITY THE MOTHER OF INVENTION.

(A Suggestion in view of another Cab Strike.)

instinctively takes his place on a back bench. Half the time when the SQUIRE is speaking at the table we in this part of House catch a word only here and there, and we can't afford to lose a syllable of his uttered speech."

A good deal in this. Since Session opened SQUIRE, as he describes himself, standing between rival friends and united foes, overwhelmed by the kindness of one and devoured by the other, has fallen into the habit of pitching his voice in a key that does not carry it further than across the table, leaving other parts of House distraught.

That however by the way. To-night the SQUIRE disarmed Opposition at the outset. Whole thing managed so well that debate closed before dinner, and the SQUIRE got all he asked.

Business done.—Remaining period of Session appropriated for public business.

Friday.—"Don't hear much now of ELLIS ASHMEAD-BARTLETT (Knight)" said WILFRID LAWSON, looking across at Front Opposition Bench. "But it's always a comfort to me to find him sitting there with arms folded, legs crossed, and on his face a look of grave suspicion of the Government."

"Why does he always sit with his legs crossed?" asked the Member for SARK, ever eager for information.

"'Tis a knightly attitude," said Sir WILFRID. "You'll see it on the tombs in ancient churches. It shows that he's

either been to the Crusades, or is going."

"I hope he hasn't been," said the Member for SARK, with a far-away look in his eyes.

Business done.—Assault on Matabele settlement repulsed by 218 votes against 52.

TO ANY BOY-POET OF THE DECADENCE.

(Showing curious reversal of epigram—"La nature l'a fait sanglier; la civilisation l'a réduit à l'état de cochon.")

BUT my good little man, you have made a mistake

If you really are pleased to suppose
That the Thames is alight with the lyrics you make;
We could all do the same if we chose.

From SOLOMON down, we may read, as we run,
Of the ways of a man and a maid;
There is nothing that's new to us under the sun,
And certainly not in the shade.

The erotic affairs that you fiddle aloud
Are as vulgar as coin of the mint;
And you merely distinguish yourself from the crowd
By the fact that you put 'em in print.

You're a 'prentice, my boy, in the primitive stage,
And you itch, like a boy, to confess:
When you know a bit more of the arts of the age
You will probably talk a bit less.

For your dull little vices we don't care a fig,
It is *this* that we deeply deplore;
You were cast for a common or usual pig,
But you play the invincible bore.

QUERY.—Is every Knight of the Bath bound to provide his own soap? Likewise towels?

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.)

NO. VI.—FROM THE HON. VICTOR MAYDEW TO HIS BROTHER, CAPTAIN THE HON. HAROLD MAYDEW, 24TH LANCERS, NAVAL AND MILITARY CLUB, LONDON.

MY DEAR HAROLD,

Hotel Meurice, Paris, Jan. 6, 189—.

I needn't tell you how sorry I am to hear of all your troubles. At the same time, I'm sincerely glad you wrote to me. Of course I will help you. I have written to JACQUES AND NEWBOLD to arrange everything for you up to £1500. If you will pay them a visit at their office in Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, E.C., and give them all the necessary information as to names, amounts, &c., you'll find they'll settle the whole business for you ever so much more quickly and cheaply than you could do it personally. Your debts "of honour" you will, I presume, like to settle yourself. I don't speak of those, but of the cigar gentlemen, the "bookies," and the Hebrew with the plural name of ABRAHAMS. Don't you try to deal with him. Leave that job to Mr. JACQUES, who knows a trick or two of fence, and can pink even so clever a swordsman with the most perfect neatness, propriety, and despatch. And, after all, ABRAHAMS is a "difficulty," for all his hair-oily affectation of *bonhomie*, and pretence at reckless spendthrift, dashing habits. When I see him driving about in his smart Victoria, drawn by two spanking bays,—well, no matter,—I am content to be afoot, and need I say, that, had I the honour of his personal acquaintance, I should salute him far more respectfully than do my Lord This and Sir Something That, who are so deeply indebted to him.

You'll find old JACQUES a first-class man. He's just as clever as a man can well be. He'll see through you, and sum you up, and jot down your little total on his mental tablets before you've been with him two minutes; and with all his cleverness he is simply one of the kindest and best men in the world. Books are his chief delight—books, and the society of his friends. If you want to know what laughter means, wait till you hear him tell a story. There's no effort about it. It begins quite quietly, and suddenly fixes your attention by a quaint inversion or a bright flash of the unexpected. Then, when he has got his hearers with him, away he goes, dragging them after him in the wildest gallops of a humorous fancy, until, with a masterstroke of memory (or invention), he plunges you, souse, head-over-ears into helpless laughter. When you've seen him, *tu m'en diras des nouvelles*.

My dear old HAROLD, when I started this letter, I meant to preach to you one of the very finest and most paternal sermons ever delivered, but the heads of the discourse seem to have escaped me. Still I can't let you off altogether. Hang it, man, you're no longer a mere boy. If the family Bible tells the truth, you've begun your twenty-ninth year, and if various public documents are to be believed you have already taken and given some hard knocks on behalf of your country in various African and Asiatic battlefields. Is a man like you, two fine, full-blooded, hearty, straight-forward unaffected yards of humanity, with a good position and a brilliant record to his name, is such a man to be for ever the boon companion of gamblers and fools, a mere mass of squeezable material ready for the money-lender's grasping fingers? My dear boy, if you were to be asked that question about anyone else you'd laugh in derision of the mere idea. You can laugh now, if you like, when I ask you the question about yourself—but when you have done laughing just pull yourself together and reflect. Heaven knows we're none of us perfect, not even the most middle-aged of us, but after all there are some follies that simply jump to the eyes and declare themselves as perfect follies, made *ad unguem*, as our old Head Master used to say. For a man like you to waste himself is one of

these smooth and completed follies. Besides, think of it, we haven't got by any means too many promising soldiers to be the Marlboroughs and the Wellingtons of the future. You are cut out by Nature to be a great soldier, a leader of men, to give a new and brilliant distinction to our name. Don't check yourself almost at the very start.

There, that's enough of preaching. Off goes the surplice, never, I hope, to be donned again before the same fraternal congregation of one. I shall be back in London in a week's time, and we will then have a great talk, and settle all that is outstanding in our own affairs and in those of the universe.

I have had a delightful time here. The weather has been bright, and positively warm, and I have gone my usual round of theatres and restaurants. PAUL DE CHAUMONT is here, and has done the honours of his beautiful city like the prince he is. There is something in Paris, in its broad and airy streets, in the brightness of its shop-windows, and, above all, in the cheerful and unaffected gaiety and good-humour of the people, rich and poor, which always acts on me like the sound of running water on a hot day—gives me a sense of refreshment and repose. These people don't hate us, whatever the blusterers on both sides may say or do. Who can be angry with them if they now and then resent our burly, over-fed, beef-and-beer assumption of an incontestable superiority? Don't we pay them back by our allusions to tiger-monkeys, and an immoral society and

literature? For myself, I can assure you that I never meet anywhere else with such simple courtesy and good-will from all as I do here. To be an Englishman seems to be a passport to their hospitality and friendship.

By the way, at the Palais Royal last night I saw Mr. and Mrs. VENABLES, both purple with laughter at one of the riskiest situations ever put upon the French stage. What pinks of solemn propriety are the VENABLES pair in London, how perfectly British, how outwardly respectable, how decorously dull are all their habits and their belongings. Only a fortnight ago VENABLES was made president of some league or other for elevating the moral standard of the lower classes. How furiously



"Purple with Laughter."

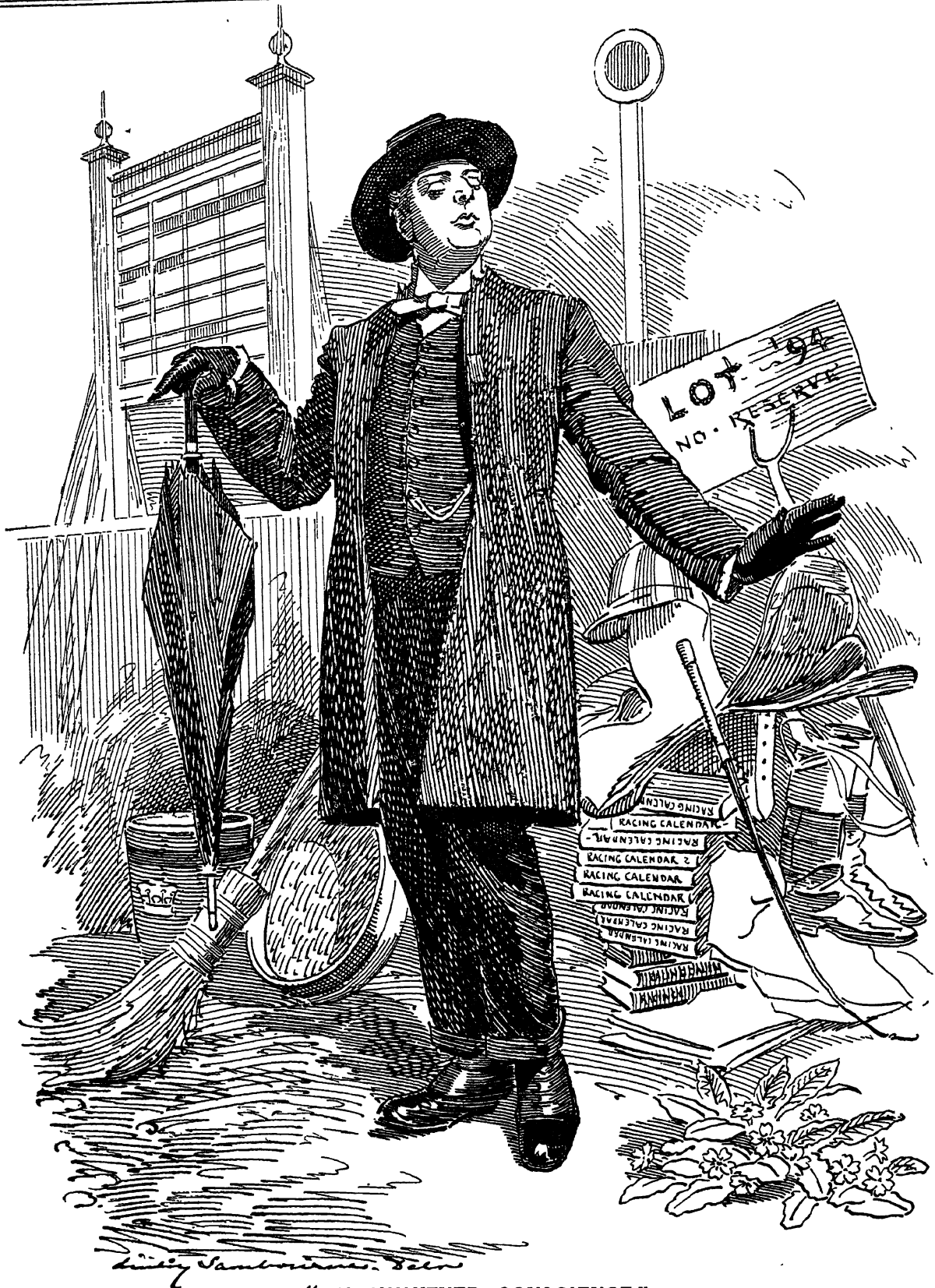
he inveighed on that occasion against "the licence which, like a cankerworm, has eaten its way into the heart of the French nation, has blasted their drama, destroyed their literature, and shaken the foundations of their social edifice." The metaphors were mixed, but they were received with tremendous applause by his fellow-leaguers. And now behold VENABLES paying his money like any Frenchman to see a Palais Royal farce, and laughing till I thought his white tie would be shaken off his collar. Well, well!

Farewell, my dear boy! Keep your pecker up!

Ever your affectionate brother, VICTOR.

MRS. R. ON THE OXFORD TROUBLE.—Mrs. R. on the Ch. Ch. disturbances is inclined to side with the College Dons in their recent treatment of the undergraduates accused of being riotous. "Of course," says our old friend, "I don't quite understand these matters, but when I hear of a set of young men, members of some Bullying Club, which name is enough to condemn them, getting together and painting, perhaps tarring and feathering too, a helpless fellow-student of the name of TOM QUAN, then I must say it seems to me time for the authorities to interfere. On the other hand, I must say that I think the custom, still permitted, of hunting undergraduates with trained bull-dogs seems to me to be a relic of barbarous times that ought to be discontinued."

MAXIMUMS AND MINIMUMS.—The Armour-plated-Bullet-proof Cuirass is resulting in "a pretty How-de-Dowe"! Some people are making queer-asses of themselves over the matter.

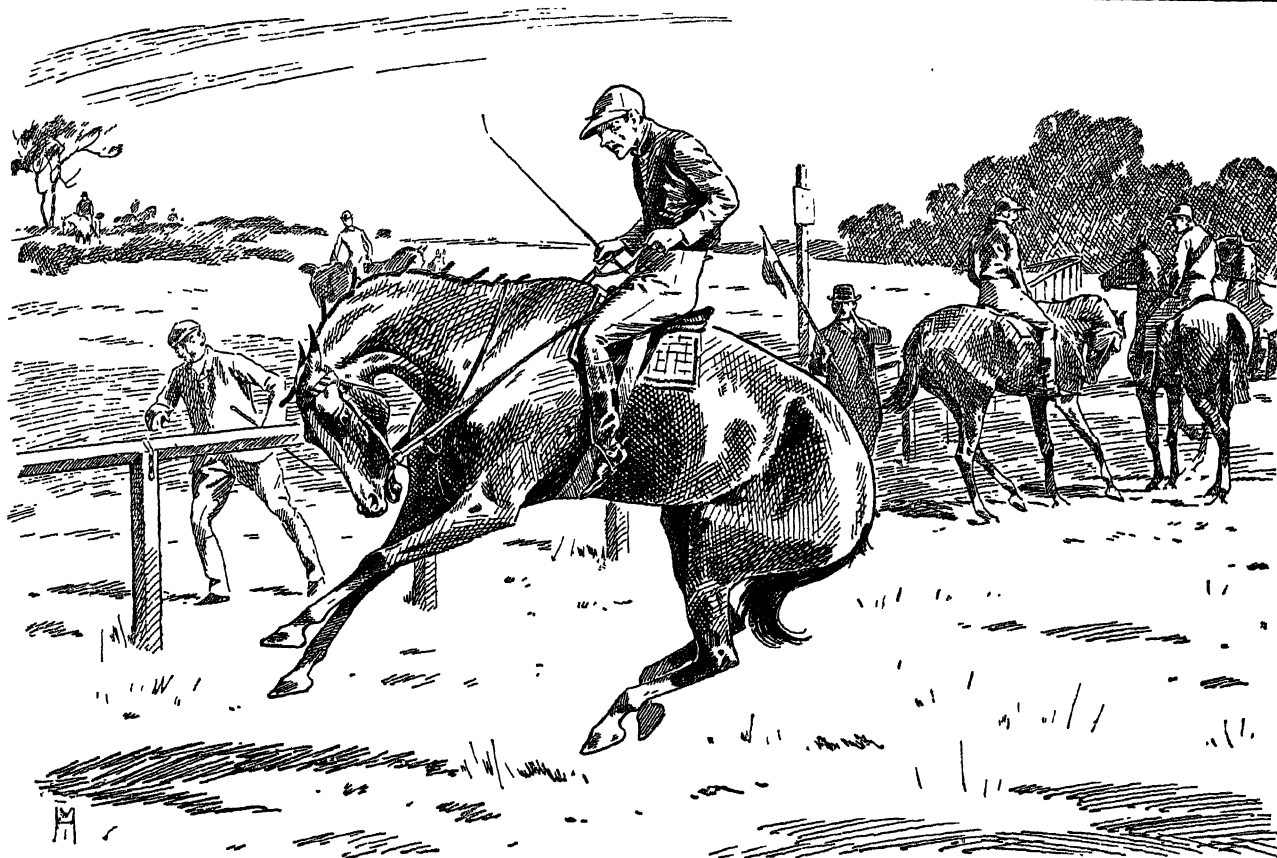


"AN AWAKENED CONSCIENCE."

(A highly improbable Anticipation.) Lord R-s-b-ry (off "the Primrose path," sings to a serious air)—

"I WAS ONCE 'NOT ASHAMED TO OWN A GOOD HORSE,'
"TWAS LADAS! HE WON ON THE DERBY COURSE!"

BUT NOW I'M CONVERTED, AND SEE THE SENSE
OF 'THE NON-GON-FOR-MIST CON-SCI-ENCE!'"



UPPISH!

Stable-Lad (on Outsider showing temper at the Post). "DID HEVER HANYBODY SEE THE LIKES O' SICH CONDUCT? WHERE'S YER MODESTY? WHY, ONE 'OULD THINK YER WAS THE BLOOMIN' FAIVRIT!"

A TALE FOR THE CABMEN.

(A Story to be Read at a Shelter Gathering.)

THERE was once a driver who had a cab and horse. And he used to take them out, and was very civil, and obtained many a fare. And he was pleased with the result. In those days omnibuses were costly, and the Metropolitan and District Railways were things of the future.

And, as the years passed, the cabman came to the conclusion that he would make more money by striking. So he left his cab in the yard, and put his horse in the stable. Then he looked at the Public.

"The Public will find it an awful nuisance," he observed; "and soon will be brought to their senses."

But the Public seemed disinclined to become rational. On the contrary, they expressed satisfaction that there should be so much less traffic in the streets, and rejoiced exceedingly.

Then the cabman, noticing that the Metropolitan and District Railways had become cheaper, raised his fares.

"That will bring the Public to their senses," he exclaimed.

"When they find that they cannot have my cab without paying more money there will be quite a competition to enter its doors."

But again the cabman was out in his reckoning. The Public refused to patronise cabs because these vehicles were dearer and underground railways cheaper.

"Ah, I know what I will do now," observed the cabman, when the omnibuses and tram-cars also lowered their fares; "I will raise my rate per mile even higher."

But once again the Public failed to see the necessity of the cabman's action. Then the driver of the horse in the cab became very melancholy, and asked an old friend for advice.

"Why, learn that demand commands supply, and that the more you try to charge the less you will surely get. Do not forget that two and two make four, and that anyone who says they are either three or five is a very faulty counsellor."

And the cabman (very properly) thanked Mr. Punch for his excellent advice, and attempted to follow it.

AT THE HAYMARKET.

(By an Ambitious Rhymester.)

AH! could I write in triplets
I'd hymn a Bunch of Violets.
Say shall I try? Yes! try! O let's!

In praise of Mistress TREE! O let's,
Play sweetly on the viol! let's
Sing * * (here dry up my triplets!)

QUEER QUERIES.

THE SILVER STREAK.—What is this ridiculous plan of a bridge across the Straits of Dover? Could anything be more absurd—unless it were the other schemes of a tunnel, a steam ferry, or a tubular railway? I am glad to see that the Prince of MONACO knocks the bridge idea into a cocked hat in this month's *Fortnightly*. He shows that an ironclad colliding with the bridge would break the bank, so to speak; and of course anybody on the bridge at the time would come a crouper,—a cropper, I mean. No; the only really practical scheme is one I have patented. What is the objection to the tunnel? That it goes underground. What to a ferry? That it goes on the water. Well, then, the only element left is the air, and my plan is to use that. All you have to do is to moor a sufficient number of captive balloons to buoys, connect the balloons with pulleys, and then you just step from one to another till you get across. What could be simpler? Now, will some millionaire kindly supply me with capital to carry out this design?—BALLOONATIC.

ACCOUNTING FOR IT.—A note in the *P. M. G.* last Friday informed us that "The Parisians pay only one shilling and eleven pence per head for their water, compared with four shillings and fourpence per head which we pay in London." Certainly, the water here is high-priced, but in Paris it is and must always be *l'eau*.

MUTUAL CONFIDENCES.

[In a recent case it was discovered that the Secretary of the A. Co. and the Managing Director of the B. Co., to whom he wrote to confirm a verbal arrangement, were one and the same person.]

From the Prime Minister to the Owner of "Ladas."

MY DEAR PR-MR-EE,—A day or two ago when I saw you I promised to write you in any event after June 6. I'm delighted to think that I can now congratulate you with all my heart on winning the Derby, on what will, of course, be known henceforth as Primrose Day. I read somewhere or other that you were up at six in the morning to see your horse—indeed a "good" one—have its morning gallop. I need hardly tell you that the cares of State would not permit of my doing that, but I own that I managed to slip away in the afternoon to go down to Epsom. It was, indeed, a day of days. Shall

I confess that I caught some of the excitement of the moment, and that I watched, almost breathless, the struggle between *Ladas* and *Matchbox*? When I saw that you had won, I declare to you that I was as pleased as if I had won myself. Can I say more?

Yours devotedly, R-S-B-RY.

P.S.—I assume you will run *Ladas* for the "Jubilee Stakes"?

From the Owner of "Ladas" to the Prime Minister.

MY DEAR R-S-B-RY,—Your letter of congratulation was as welcome as it was unexpected. It was, indeed, kind of you, even for such a lifelong friend as myself, to find time, amidst all your worries, to come to see what did not, I am sure, interest you, except for the fact that a horse of mine was running. Yes, I am very proud of *Ladas*—a classical name, that secured a classic race. By the way, if he's of any use to you politically, pray command me. What about riding back to power again on his back? After all, you might come back in many a worse fashion. *Ladas*, at all events, has broken no pledges, and knows how to run straight. Treat him, my dear R-S-B-RY, as if he were your own horse. I would do this for no one else; but you have such special claims on the favour of

Yours always, PR-MR-EE.

P.S.—Have you heard the new proverb? "The Nonconformist Conscience doth make cowards of us all." This may seem irrelevant, but I think you'll see the connection.

A YACHT RACE.

(By a Landsman.)

I EXPECT down at Gravesend the rain will begin, and we shall be drenched. Absurd thing to go out on a beastly, chilly, draughty steamer in June! Much better sit by the fire at home. Well, here we are. Let's hurry on board, and get somewhere in shelter. Why, there's the sun coming out! It's almost warm. We'll sit here out of the crowd, and imagine it's summer-time. What's that you say? Go over there, and stand in that mass of people? What for? Oh, to see the start. All right, if you want. This is a squash. What are they all staring at? Where's the starting-place? Why do we keep on going round and round, and why do the yachts keep on going round and round? What's a "topple"? I never can understand this sort of thing. You say you don't like the shape of those boughs. What boughs? I can't see a tree anywhere. Don't you try to gammon me. You yachting chaps always think a

fellow who doesn't understand all about it is simply an idiot. But I see through your little game.

Hullo! That absurd pop-gun made me jump. So they're off. Why is everyone rushing downstairs? Lunch, eh? Excellent idea. This fresh air does give one an appetite. What's the matter now? Want to go upstairs again? Why, we've only just come down! You go, and I'll follow when I've finished. Oh, here you are? What's up now? "*Britannia's* leading" you say. Where's *Britannia*? Sounds like a circus procession. Only there she's last. Don't you try to gammon me with your patriotic, poetic rot. Oh, you mean a boat! It's leading, is she—I mean, she's leading, is it? Come and fetch me if anything happens. I'll have a smoke. There's a jolly comfortable seat over there. Hullo, here you are again! A mouse? Where is it. Out in the water? None of your chaff! Mice don't swim miles away—Eh? Oh, I see! It's the name of that lumpy sort of red boat over there. Of course. Very interesting. I say! How many mice are there, or mouses, or what-



ever you call them? We've passed several, first one side, then the other. It's the same one, eh? "Tacking" you call it? I never could understand these things. I'm going downstairs to get a whisky and soda. Still staring through that glass of yours? Exciting race is it? Of course. I can just see something white over there. Five o'clock. Good idea. Afternoon tea. This fresh air does give one an appetite. Waiter, bring some more cake. What's he say? "Do you mean it, Sir?" Of course I do. Ha, ha! Facetious waiter. Give him an extra tip for his respectful chaff. Why, here we are back at Gravesend! There it comes. Which is it—she, I mean? Still *Britannia*. Oh well, she's won, anyhow. What's that you say? "Can't tell yet." Why, man alive, isn't she first? Do you mean to say that little bit of a boat miles behind there can beat her now? Don't you try to gammon me. "Allowance," you say? Oh, of course I make some allowance for the little boat, and I think it's beastly hard on it—on her, I mean. But then she shouldn't try to race with a boat five times its size. Well, we've had a very jolly day, and I should have been perfectly happy if you hadn't fidgetted quite so much about those yachts. I never can understand the things. We're just back in time for dinner. The fresh air does give one an appetite. Good-bye!

THE OPERA-GOER'S DIARY.

Tuesday.—"In consequence of many requests," said Sir DRURIO-LANUS OPERATICUS in his programme, "that Madame MELBA should appear in DONIZETTI's *Lucia*"—why so she does, and here she is



delighting everyone, and encored in every scene. *Lucia* comes out as fresh as ever it did. Only get the right people in the right parts, and there's life in all the old Operas that have had a brilliant career. A comet appears, startles us with its brilliancy, then, having made its mark, it retires into space for a hundred years or so, and then reappears brighter than ever. Signor IGINTIO CORSI was an excellent *Arturo*—of course he would be—and Signor W. BEDUSCHI, as *Edgardo*, pleased a full and enthusiastic house. A light voice has BEDUSCHI, to be known henceforth as FEATHER-BED-USCHI. The season may be sorry, temperature treacherous, cab-strike contemptible, everybody anywhere and money nowhere, yet does the Opera attract, and anything like a bad house seems to be quite an exception to the rule. Merry MANCINELLI conducted, and chorus was conscientious and capital. So "I love my love with an 'L' because she's *Lucia*," and I congratulate Sir D. O. with an M because of MELBA.

Wednesday—the Derby Night.—House must have lost on the race, as it looked rather poor. Audience unenthusiastic. Everybody present talking of *Ladas*. MELBA excellent, but couldn't struggle against general depression of Derby Night. PLANÇON perfect as *Mephistopheles*; but general impression seemed to be that no one in the house, on the stage or off it, had backed the winner. Much applause, but no enthusiasm, and no encores "taken or offered"; probably losers on race among audience considerably felt for probable losers on stage, and thought they had no notes to spare. Hence no encores. BEVIGNANI bothered, but bold. Outside no cabs. Everyone expecting that, as Sir DRURIO-LANUS had addressed a cab drivers' meeting, there would be a plentiful supply of four-wheelers and Hansoms. But Hansoms doing the un-hansome thing, and not there to take ladies. Sir DRURIO-LANUS, it was said, had at one time thought of putting Omnibus Box at disposition of *habitués*, but proposal negated by Operatic Committee.

Friday.—If striking cabmen not to be found outside Opera, very striking *Carmen* to be seen and heard within. Madame CALVÉ admirable as ever as the heroine, Monsieur ALBERS good as *Escamillo*, the Toréadored One, and Signor Cossira passable as *Don José*. BEVIGNANI brilliant, carefully conducting orderly orchestra.

Saturday.—*Rigoletto* with Madame MELBA "by special desire," to quote Sir DRURIO-LANUS's "no-charge" programme. And the combination was irresistible. House crowded in every part, no further room in the stalls, boxes with full complement of spectators. Madame MELBA in admirable voice. Calls after every fall of the curtain, accompanied with basket of choice flowers. This last, of course, intended for heroine of the evening. Received with becoming gratitude. Madame MELBA supported with excellent effect by Mlle. BAUERMEISTER as *Giovanna*, and Mlle. GIULIA RAVOGLI as *Maddalena*. Wicked Duke by Signor DE LUCIA, and the double-lifted dwarf by Signor ANCONA, both first rate. In fact everything as it should be. Only drawback getting home without sufficiency of cabs. Cabby still out of sight—site of Covent Garden included.

À LA MODE DE 1830.

CHARMING Parisienne, you have selected
This funny fashion of dressing your hair;
Since with *l'an mille huit cent trente* it's connected
You are convinced that it makes you more fair.
Pretty ears *cachées*,
J'en suis très-fâché,
What a bad rhyme! But perhaps you won't care.



Charming Parisienne, now that your brother
Chokes in a necktie wound twice round his throat,
You have been doubtless impelled to this other
Mode of that date upon which you all doat.

Pretty ears *cachées*;
Vous avez tûché

Thus to bring back to us days so remote.

Charming Parisienne, surely a bonnet,
Coal-scuttle shaped, more consistent would be;
Hair dressed like yours should no doubt have upon it
Chapeau to hide you completely from me.

Pretty ears *cachées*;
Papier-maché

They might be made of for all we can see.

QUEER QUERIES.

FOWL-LAW.—I see that a Magistrate told a complainant the other day that there was "no remedy" for the nuisance of a crowing cock next door, and that the only course was to "appeal to the sense of propriety" of the owner. Is this good law? Would it not be better to appeal to his sense of property by shooting the disturber out of hand, or out of an air-gun? My own copy of BLACKSTONE is forty years old and has most of the pages missing, but I am sure I once read that for a cock to crow within five hundred yards of an inhabited house was a *tort ab initio*, and that one had a right to stop the crow *in transitu*. It's an interesting question. Perhaps the Lord Chanticleer—I mean the LORD CHANCELLOR—might reply.

BARRISTER (UNCALLED).

DUMB SPECTATORS.

SIR,—It is absurd to say that only dogs recognise likenesses. I have a tame lizard which is quite as extraordinary in that respect as any dog mentioned by your correspondents. Last year my wife's portrait was painted by a Royal Academician whose name I shall not divulge. We all thought it an extremely unsatisfactory likeness, and were very much annoyed with the artist for refusing to paint his sitter in her emerald silk gown, a present to my wife from her aunt, Lady JOSKINS. As a test we decided to let the lizard see the picture. He knows my wife very well, as she gives him his daily feed of bread and milk in the dining-room. We brought the intelligent little fellow up to the picture in his basket. You may judge of our astonishment when I tell you that *he gave absolutely no sign of recognition whatever*, thus proving that, however good the picture may have been as a work of art, it was entirely without value as a likeness. These so-called dumb creatures can teach us many a lesson, both in art and in general conduct, and those who would credit them merely with instinct are very, very far from the truth.

I am, Sir, yours, &c., JOHN HENRY NUMSKULL.

SIR,—I have a cat which I make bold to say is superior to any dog I have ever heard of in its power not only of recognising likenesses, but also of adapting its behaviour to the circumstances that naturally arise from such a recognition. In order to make my meaning plain, I will relate a remarkable incident that happened only yesterday in our drawing-room. Ebenezer (that is the name of the cat in question) very often jumps on to my shoulders, and sits there for quite a long time. Yesterday, when I went into the drawing-room, I found him reclining in an arm-chair close to the mantelpiece. On removing Ebenezer, I found on the seat of the arm-chair a particularly good photograph of myself, taken last year in the uniform of the Highgate Ponds Royal Yacht Club. The photograph generally stands on the mantelpiece, and had evidently fallen, *face downwards*, where I found it. Ebenezer, seeing it in that position, must have realized that it was a speaking likeness of his master. He must then have decided to place himself on his master's shoulders, in his usual attitude of repose. It was thus that I found him sitting, as it were, on the back and shoulders of my photograph. Think, Sir, of the train of thought that must have passed through that animal's mind. Who will dare, after this, to deny to cats the possession of a reasoning faculty at least equal to that of human beings?

Yours, &c., THOMAS TYLER MEWSON.

SIR,—I think the following true story of the reasoning power of animals will interest your readers. Last month I painted a battle picture entitled "*A Brush with the Arabs*." Happening to leave it on the easel one day when I went out for my morning walk, I was surprised to find on my return that my two favourite fox-hound puppies had secured an entrance to the studio, and had literally torn the picture to pieces. They must have recognised the word "Brush" in the title, and, being naturally reminded of their hereditary enemy, the fox, must have thought it their duty to destroy the picture. I was so greatly impressed by their intelligence, that, although much vexed at the loss of the picture, I refrained from chastising them.

Yours very truly,
WILLIAM JORROCKS DAUBLEY.

Mrs. R. read a heading in a daily paper last week; it was "*The Sutherland Will Suit*." Without further perusal she exclaimed, "Dear me! a tailor's advertisement, of course! I wonder if '*The Sutherland*' is an overcoat, or a mantle! and how on earth does the tailor know that it '*will suit*'! There's no end to their impudence!" And our worthy friend passed over the article and went to another part of the paper.



A NOVEL OF THE DAY.

(By Adelgitha.)

"WELL, I DECLARE, IF PAPA ISN'T READING '*AS BLUE AS THEY MAKE 'EM!*' AND HE'S GOT TO THE THIRD VOLUME! I SUPPOSE YOU SKIP ALL THE DRY PARTS, PAPA?"

"I CAN'T SAY I'VE COME ACROSS ANY DRY PARTS YET. IT'S ALL BEEN WADING THROUGH MUD, UP TO NOW!"

THE COLONIAL STATESMAN'S VADE MECUM.

(Written up to Date.)

Question. What is the proper objects of a Colonial statesman's ambition?

Answer. To secure for his own Colony the best possible position, and to strengthen as much as possible the bond uniting it to the mother country.

Q. Is this second object finding at this moment further development?

A. Certainly by the calling of an Inter-colonial Conference at Ottawa.

Q. Who have arranged to be present at this important gathering?

A. Most of the Premiers and other leading politicians of the American, Australasian and South African Colonies.

Q. Then, from a Colonial point of view, the meeting will be of a thoroughly representative character?

A. Undoubtedly, as no important Colony will be without a statesman representing its particular interests.

Q. What are the subjects that will be discussed at this evidently important Congress?

A. One of them will be the institution of an intercolonial commercial union.

Q. Is not this a matter that should interest subjects of HER MAJESTY living in the mother country?

A. Certainly, since it will affect the commerce of the United Kingdom.

Q. Is not intercolonial free trade also to form a matter of discussion?

A. Yes, and here again England should, in her own interests, have her say.

Q. And is it not considered possible that Imperial Defence will be considered?

A. Not only possible, but probable. There is no doubt that this subject alone would justify the presence of an English Minister of Cabinet rank at the deliberations of the Congress.

Q. Are there any other subjects that may be considered worthy of Imperial (in distinction from Colonial) consideration?

A. Why, certainly. African transcontinental railways and telegraph schemes will no doubt appear on the agenda.

Q. Anything else?

A. Most likely the rights of the Colonies to enter into diplomatic relations with Foreign Powers without reference to Downing Street may form a subject of the most serious consideration.

Q. Then, of course the mother country will be represented by a number of experts well qualified to tender advice and generally guard the Imperial interests?

A. Certainly not. The Earl of JERSEY will be present, but chiefly in a ceremonial capacity.

Q. Can you give the possible reason for this strange inaction on the part of the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office?

A. It probably arises from the blundering of some minor official, or the laziness of a personage of superior importance.

Q. And what may be the result of this blundering or laziness?

A. That England's heritage beyond the seas may slip from her grasp for ever.

TO ALTHEA IN COVENT GARDEN.

In Covent Garden when we met

In mid July,
Roses you bought and mignonette,
Carnations I.

The merits of the stalls I urged

You to compare,
And so with yours I somehow merged
My errand there.

We wandered on: our hands were full,

The stalls between:
We loitered 'mong the lilies cool
And mosses green.

Laden with flowers, a hansom to

The Square you took;
Then my poor bunch I offered you
With pleading look.

But ah, with a determined air

You shook your head,
And bid me keep them! "Won't you wear
Just one?" I said.

And, as you granted me this grace—

'Twas noon, I know—
But yet there fell upon your face
A sunset glow!

THE HUNGARIAN PARLIAMENT.—Mrs. R. is of opinion that the House of Magnets must be a great attraction for all the Poles.

BY AN EARNEST DOMESTIC INQUIRER.—Can a Jack-towel be made of "stou Jane"?



“A CONTENTED MIND —”

TOUCHSTONE (SIR W. H-RC-RT, *soliloquising*). “A POOR THING, BUT MINE OWN.”
As You Like It, Act V., Scene IV.



A NEGLECTED INDUSTRY.

"OW ARE YER GETTIN' ON, BILL?"
 "AIN'T GETTIN' ON AT ALL. I'M BEGINNIN' TO THINK AS THE PUBLICK DOESN'T KNOW WHAT THEY WANTS!"

LETTER TO A DÉBUTANTE.—II.

MY DEAR GLADYS,—It is satisfactory to hear that my advice has been, so far, of service to you.

I gather that you enjoyed your first party, though the only items of success you mention are that a celebrated Hungarian pianist shook hands with you, mistaking you for somebody else, and that an Austrian *attaché* was introduced to you, at his own request, three times in the course of one evening—each time showing not the smallest recollection of having ever seen you before.

I am interested in your admirer. Your description of him is delightful; yet, lucid as it is, it fails to convey to me a definite picture of the man. You say—

"He is rather intellectual and amusing, but not at all dull. He photographs, and has written a book on South Africa, but I am afraid he is not very religious. Personally, he is rather dark, but not tall. Lady TAYMER says he is a good match. Shall I encourage him? He does conjuring tricks."

Frankly, GLADYS, it appears to me that he is too accomplished. Conjuring tricks, alluring as they may be, socially, to the young and unsophisticated, when carried into domestic life would be apt to pall, or, in time, even to cause dissension. Your liking him "pretty well," and his being "personally" dark but not tall, are not sufficient grounds for giving him marked encouragement. Still, do not

be absolutely chilling in your manner. Keep him in doubt as to the degree of your regard for him, and if you can possibly prevent it, do not let him send you his book on South Africa yet—as that would end your friendship too abruptly.

That tragic little episode about "the really delightful man" with whom you got on so splendidly at dinner made me smile—it recalled my own youth. My dear child, *always* mistrust a man who tells you he is sure he has met you in a previous existence. He is invariably a fraud, and it was inevitable that just as you were beginning to think you had found your ideal he should introduce his wife—a fat old lady whom you had fancied to be "a sort of aunt." This blow will be a lesson to you for the future.

A hint for ball-rooms. Supposing that you had promised someone a valise, and your partner, either being at supper or for some other reason, failed to claim it—which might happen to the most popular girl—let me entreat you not to stand near the door with the blush of shame on your countenance and the agony of despair in your heart, betraying, by your anxious eyes and fluttering fan, all the humiliating fear that people will think no one has asked you. Sit calmly down, and await events. If another person should present himself, keep him by your side, but do not valse with an incompetent dancer merely to show you are not without a friend. He might tear your frock, and then he would be your enemy for life. In these days of anarchy and no programmes, an unruffled demeanour is the best resource.

At race-courses, where Sir LYON is sure to take you, affect neither a celestial ignorance nor an absolute knowledge of horses. Do not ask "Which do you think will get there first?" nor "Won't the poor things be dreadfully tired?" But, on the other hand, do not say, knowingly, that *Barley-Sugar* looks a bit off colour to-day, nor that you have taken 5 to 2 about *Hedda Gabler* for a place.

Another word of warning. If you observe a gentleman rather frequently with one lady, don't ask "whether they are engaged." The chances are that he may be a barrister, and she the wife of a solicitor. And the person to whom you are talking may be the solicitor. (This is, of course, entirely a fanciful and impossible instance—merely to show you it is better to refrain from questions.)

And now, let me impress on you once more, never to worry about trifles, and still less about serious matters. *It is hardly possible to exaggerate the unimportance of nearly everything that happens.* At this time of year, when so much is crowded into so short a space of time, you will constantly hear, "I was so sorry you could not come to my At Home, dear." "Why, I *did* come darling! and enjoyed myself so much." "Oh yes, so you did; then it must have been somebody else who didn't," &c.

And young people like yourself are apt to overrate the value of details in dress. If you cannot get that bit of mauve ribbon to match your shoes, you think you will be a failure! Nothing matters but outline and general effect.

You remember the advice the *Red Queen* gave to *Alice in Wonderland*? "Curtsey when you're thinking what to say—it saves time." For curtsy, substitute *laugh*. Cultivate a continuous slight, ready, unmeaning society laugh, about nothing in particular. It is invaluable, it fills gaps, and tides over difficult moments.

Write soon again, telling me of the progress of your friendship with the South African conjuror, and all other news.

Ever affectionately yours,

MARJORIE.

"THE COMMONS PRESERVATION SOCIETY."—We often see reports of the doings of this body. Is there a "Lords' Destruction Society?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"*Æsop's Fables* and dear old Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox & Co.," observes the Baron sagely, "may have suggested to the fanciful genius of RUDYARD KIPLING the delightful idea, carried out in the most fascinating style, of *The Jungle Book*, which, being, after the manner of IZAAC WALTON'S *Compleat Angler*, interspersed with songs, might be well remembered by all appreciative readers as *The Jungle-and-Jingle Book*. Oblige me," quoth the Baron to his friends, "when you have purchased (or otherwise procured—but with the 'means whereby' the Baron hath naught to do) the ornamentally bound volume from Messrs. MACMILLAN, who have done their share of the business uncommonly well, oblige me by selecting page 33 as being simply a perfect specimen of the delightful Rudyard-Kiplingerist humour, and afterwards you may pick out pages and pages of dialogue carried on by the animals as naturally as possible in the true Kip-lingo which, of course, all these creatures talk to perfection, and which we are thoroughly able to understand, and to love." Of course, birds, beasts and fishes have their own language, their various dialects; but "the brute creation," as we humans disdainfully style it, has had the marvellous wisdom never to commit its thoughts nor to reduce its speech to writing. How wise! "Speech is silver," and the brutes have it; "Silence is golden," and the brutes preserve it; of "Writing" comes Wrangling and "Print" is Perilous! "Look you," quoth again the Baron, "compose for me music to *Darzee's Chaunt, sung in honour of Rikki-tikki-tavi*." Let Sir ARTHUR, Knight of the Savoy, do my bidding blithely, and let that Lyrical and Lineal descendant of the much-wired King, yeleft SOLOMON the Wise, place his 'lyre

and slave' at the service of Sir RUDYARD KIPLING, the Laureate of The Jungle-Jingle and Bard of the Bandar-dog."

Either in play-writing or novel-writing a truthfully reflecting mirror must be held up to nature. This Mr. GEORGE MOORE has done in his novel of *Esther Waters*. As *Joseph Andrews* is the story of a "young man from the country" who became a footman, so

this is simply the story of a kitchen-maid. It is "low life below-stairs." Rarely in this work do we get a glimpse of the aristocratic "Up-stairs," and when we do it is not much to Up-stairs' advantage. The climax reached is the bookmaker's public-house: that is all. "The initial situation," quoth the Baron ruminatively, "reminds me of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, with this material difference, that whereas the case of *Esther* is so stated as to be probable and possible, that of *Tess* was made, by the novelist, for the sake of still keeping his heroine pure, so improbable as to be practically impossible. About the story of *Tess* is the healthful breeziness of the country; about the story of *Esther* is the heavy atmosphere of town. I wish," continues the Baron, "that so powerful a Zola-esque writer had seen his way—just as DICKENS did when describing the lowest life—to avoid what must appear, to even his greatest admirers, as unnecessary grossness in repeating the *ipsissima verba* of this very low life. It could have been avoided as being unessential. That the story should close abruptly, leaving the heroine, rewarded in a measure for her constancy, yet with a vague future before her, has just that touch of true art in it which appears in the composition of Mr. Sam Weller's celebrated Valentine when he pulls up "werry short," so that the recipient should

"wish as there was more of it"—and in this instance the reader, at first, may wish that MOORE had made more of it. That it can be commended without restriction, *virginibus puerisque*, is not the opinion of the merry, but moral,

BARON DE BOOK-WORMS. ¶



Rudyard Kipling (singeth to the air of "Linger Longer Loo!") :—

"JINGLE JUNGLE, JINGLE JUNGLE,
JINGLE JUNGLE-OO!"

A NOVELTY IN NOVELS.

THE Muse brings in but scanty gains,
A fact which partially explains
My deep conviction,
That Pegasus in future time
Must leave unprofitable rhyme,
And take to fiction,
Where all the critics seem to say,
Originality must pay.

Well, I may be successful yet,
For when my heroine has met
With pressing danger,
The man who comes to set her free
Will not the long-lost hero be,
But quite a stranger;
No characters reputed dead
Shall re-appear alive instead.

The angry parent won't come back
Precisely at the time when JACK
His daughter's kissing,
And if there be a stolen will,
That document shall somehow still
Continue missing,
Although I know that this event
Quite sets aside all precedent.

Then PHYLLIS will not pine away
When faithless STREPHON weds one day
Some new attraction,



But, careless of what authors teach,
Will promptly institute a Breach
Of Promise action.

My villain, though you deem it strange,
Shall die unpunished, for a change.

Though rival authors look askance,
And on the hapless writer glance
As some seceder,
By new developments like these
I ought, at any rate, to please
The jaded reader;
And weary critics will confess
At least I have deserved success

A NOTE FOR EARL'S COURT EXHIBITION.—
Mottos suggested for the Gigantic Wheel Co.
—"For Wheel or Woe." As to their prospects of success, "Wheel see." Of course the wheel will cost a good round sum, but to many who dislike the poetry of marine motion and the movement of swings, will the wheel be a round of pleasure? It will be of so vast a size that no visitor can go to the Gardens and say "O Wheelie, we have missed you!"

NEW BOOK.—*A House in Shums*, subject for GEORGE MOORE, author of *Esther Waters*; title being suggested by M. BARRIE'S *A Window in Thrums*.

THE GRAND PRIX.

(By a Non-sporting Prophet.)

No League, that now proclaims
The sin of bets, depresses
These animated dames,
In such delightful dresses.

Some horses? There may be—
They often run at races;
But rather let us see
These very pretty faces.

Some makers, too, of books—
A man of taste confesses
That he prefers the looks
Of those who wear the dresses.

Some folks who yell with joy,
Or groan with grim grimaces—
Enthusiasts annoy,
They have not pretty faces.

Avoid them, show your taste,
See rather who possesses
Bright eyes, sweet mouth, slim
waist,
And daintiest of dresses.

Such costumes, festive, new,
On forms of modern Graces!
Pink, yellow, white, and blue,
Show up the pretty faces.

Gay, graceful hats adorn
The coils of silken tresses;
Vile "buns" are never worn
By those who sport these
dresses.

A hush—the race is run,
A shout—and each one presses
To see the horse that won
Led past the dainty dresses.

The fair ones drive away;
To Paris one retraces
One's steps, and dreams of gay
Pesage and pretty faces.

SUBJECTS FOR THE CONSIDERATION OF THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION (which celebrated its jubilee last week).—"The Conversion of—the 5½ per cent. De Beers." Also "The Turkish Conversion Loan."



AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

Bob (who's alimentative). "WHAT'S THE GUN FOR?"

Jack (who's aesthetic). "TO SHOOT THE SPARROWS, CONFOUND THEM!"

Bob. "WHY? SPARROWS EAT THE CATERPILLARS OFF YOUR GOOSEBERRY BUSHES, AND SAVE YOUR GOOSEBERRIES; AND GOOSEBERRIES TURN INTO GOOSEBERRY TART—AND GOOSEBERRY TART'S VERY GOOD TO EAT!" Jack. "I DON'T CARE A FIG FOR GOOSEBERRY TART; AND CATERPILLARS TURN INTO BUTTERFLIES, AND BUTTERFLIES ARE VERY NICE TO LOOK AT. SO I LIKE MY CATERPILLARS TO HAVE A GOOD TIME!"

A LAMENT.

O'ER the fallow
Since my callow
Days I've loved to be a rover,
And discover,
Mistress Plover,
Nests of your delicious ova.

Fugiant anni,
Never can I
Seek again your treasure trove, a
Gouty lover,
Mistress Plover,
Now of your delicious ova.

Had I pleasant
Choice of present,
I would ask—I would, by Jove!—a
Mossy basket,
Precious casket,
Full of your delicious ova.

Sweet your lays are!
Short the days are
Which they've made us spend in
clover;

Ah! How fast they
Go! Alas, they
Are, how'er delicious—over!

THE REBELLION IN COREA.—Last week it was announced in the *Times* that an expedition against the rebels was embarking from China under command of "General Yes." What an idea of harmonious unity in military action does this name suggest! "General Yes!" If only the rebels were in force under "Field-Marshal No" the contest might be settled in English Parliamentary fashion without bloodshed, the members of both parties going into the lobbies. But, against a "General Yes," or even a pretty general "Yes," the dissentients wouldn't have a chance.

SUGGESTED IMPROVEMENT.—Surely a better title than *Cricket Songs* for Mr. NORMAN GALE's recently published book would have been *Chirps*. The name of "Norman Gale" is suggestive of "French airs."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 4.—Clause I. of Budget at length added to Bill. As the SQUIRE says, "You cast your Clause on the Committee and find it again after many days." The Scotch Members in Grand Committee on Local Government Bill are, SARK tells me, lost in admiration of themselves at the business-like fashion in which they approach their task. At one sitting get through more than would be done in a week in Committee of whole House. This comes of avoiding the making of long speeches. They converse instead of orate. Different in Committee on Budget Bill. To-night BYRNE moving amendment delivered speech of proportions that need not have been exceeded on introducing the Budget scheme. Full of riddles as to what would happen to brothers and sisters of the grandfather or grandmother of the deceased, in the event of his (or her) having married a second cousin's aunt, always assuming that the principal value of the whole succession does not amount to £10,000 (see 16 & 17 Vic. c. 51, s. 18).

HALDANE and FLETCHER MOULTON, sitting together behind SQUIRE OF MALWOOD ready to "give him a knee," or show themselves handy with the sponge, after one of his rounds with JOKIM, looked wondrous wise. Suppose they



Popular Idea of a Civil Lord of the Admiralty. (See Friday's "Essence.")

understood it all. But, as Dr. MACGREGOR says, quoting his favourite author SYDNEY SMITH, "to the general it is caviare on toast." Then GRANT LAWSON, not liking forward manner in which BYRNE behaved, came along with his case of conundrums, laying them out in speech of prodigious weight and illimitable length.

The Member for SARK, who does not mean to offer himself for re-election, tells me he is having prepared a little legacy which he will leave to House of Commons free of Succession Duty. It is a silken scarf, which he proposes to have bound on the front of the canopy over the SPEAKER's chair. On it will be embroidered in letters of gold these words, which he heard from the lips of ANDREW CARNEGIE, or some other great American humourist—

If you can't strike ile in twenty minutes,
Cease boring.

Capital idea. If anything comes of it, SARK will be remembered through future ages as benefactor of House of Commons. There is nothing useful to say that cannot be fully uttered in twenty minutes. Wouldn't be at all a bad thing, next time we improve Parliamentary procedure, to have new Standing Order, founded on principle of maximum length of speech. Our motto should be Twenty minutes; *après ça le déluge*—in shape of bucket of water, deftly dropped from above on head of importunate

orator. It would never have to be used; knowledge that it was poised aloft quite sufficient to keep debate within bounds.

Business done.—Clause I. Budget Bill through Committee.

Tuesday.—Grave difference of opinion was manifested on occasion of JOHN WILLIAM MACLURE's historic encounter with the Bishop of LONDON in Lobby. Some disposed to regard as indiscreet the invitation to partake at the bar of a glass of sherry and bitters. The Bishop, as it happened, coming in from House of Lords, was in canonical dress. The vision of a lawn sleeve stretched out across the bar to lift to right reverend lips a glass of sherry, even with bitters, might have been misconstrued. It would be different now, when the bar is removed to a discreet corner; then it stood in full view of crowded Lobby.

Others hold that JOHN WILLIAM acted on the occasion in accordance with impulse of kindly heart, and worthily vindicated hospitable instincts of House of Commons. Here was visitor from neighbouring House straying into Lobby about the hour when, to some cultivated tastes, a compound of sherry and bitters recommends itself; no harm in asking; Bishop could at least say "No," and then the conversation might have been changed.

Balance of opinion, trembling at time, would doubtless be plumped in JOHN WILLIAM's favour had it been known how intimate are his relations with the Church and, presumably, how authoritative his action in relation thereto. To-day he moved adjournment of House over Derby Day, and was seconded by SQUIRE OF BLANKNEY. SQUIRE naturally backed his opinion by reference to desirability of keeping up the breed of horses. JOHN WILLIAM, humbly yet proudly, spoke "as a Churchwarden and a member of the House of Laymen of the Province of York."

Even this rare combination of both branches of the Church did not avail against stern business principles of SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. House just consented to place its whole time at disposal of Government. Could not give up a day to go to the Derby, even when invited by official spokesman of Church and Laity. Forthwith divided, and holiday renounced by rattling majority of 86 in House of over 400.

Only the two Squires and the Churchwarden spoke. Often read paragraphs founded on marriage or obituary notice in the *Times* which set forth that their "united ages amounted to" so and so.

"I wonder now," said WILFRID LAWSON, gazing reflectively on the three members who had monopolised the debate, "what their united weights would scale."

Business done.—Still harping on the Budget.

Thursday.—Been revival of talk lately on the old subject of removing grille from before Ladies' Gallery. Advocates of woman's rights, feeling that they lose appreciable advantage in obscuring the personal charms of prominent members of the party, would tear the railings down. Others insist that on the whole, the regulation as it exists is preferable. HERBERT GLADSTONE, with the rashness of comparative youth and the vigour of a freshly-appointed Minister, signalled his accession to Commissionership of Board of Works by proposing to remove part of grille. Found he had placed his hand on hornets' nest; judiciously withdrew; positively declines to have anything further to say on subject.

Those in favour of retaining the grille find their position much strengthened by incident that occurred just now in discussion on one of the amendments to amendments, proposed on amended clauses of Budget Bill. In course of his argument PRINCE ARTHUR, blushing—whether with satisfaction, or remorse will never be known—incidentally observed, "Now, I am a bachelor." Easy to imagine, supposing the ladies had sat in their Gallery in full view, how em-



"Szo! Miss Mary, dey tell me dat you shall tell my Garachter by my HANDT!"

"Well, to begin with, you 're a GERMAN——"

"Ach, it is VONDERFUL!"

barrassing this remark, in its irrelevancy amounting almost to a challenge, would have been. As it was, the occupants of the Ladies' Gallery remained in obscurity. Only those immediately near heard what French reporters call *mouvement*; a swift, soft rustling of dresses and something that sounded like a suppressed sigh.

Since he desired the post everyone sorry to hear that WALLACE has failed to secure coronorship for East London. Seems he was selected out of multitude of applicants, one in a group of nine. On further consideration this reduced to three and WALLACE left out. "One of the Muses," says SARK; "but not thought good enough for the Graces. This is way we treat our most brilliant men. We do not even make them coroners."

Business done.—Clause II. added to Budget Bill.

Friday.—Level course of dreary debate on death duties occasionally relieved by little rounds between JOKIM and SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. On Monday JOKIM complained, in delightful phrase, that "the right hon. gentleman, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, never opens his mouth to make a speech on this Bill without trailing his coat." JOKIM, for his part, only embarrassed by the

wealth of opportunity. Momentarily distraught as to whether he should jump down the CHANCELLOR's throat, or merely tread on his coat. One feat or the other certainly accomplished. Scuffle for some minutes; then interval for refreshments; filled up by speech from GRANT LAWSON or TOMMY BOWLES.

Pleasant contrast afforded by momentary appearance on scene of ROBERTSON, who rises to reply to question addressed to the Civil Lord of the Admiralty. Pretty to see how he dresses the part, and fulfils the obligations of his Ministerial title.

Business done.—Clause III. Budget Bill passed.

THE CAPITALISTS.

(A Story of Yesterday for To-morrow and To-day.)

"WHAT, BROWN, my boy, is that you?" said SMITH, heartily.

"The same, and delighted to see you," was the reply.

"Have you heard the news, my dear fellow?" asked SMITH.

"You mean about the position of the Bank of England? Why, certainly; all the city is talking about it."

"Ah, it is absolutely grand! Never was the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street in such a strong position. Marvellous! my dear friend; absolutely marvellous!"

"Quite so. Never were we—as a people—so rich!"

"Yes, prosperity seems to be coming back by leaps and bounds."

"You never said anything so true," observed SMITH.

"Right you are," cried BROWN.

And then the two friends shook hands once more with increased cordiality, and passed on. They walked in different directions a few steps, and both stopped. They turned round.

"SMITH," said BROWN, "I have to ask you a trifling favour."

"BROWN, it is granted before I know its purport."

"Well, the truth is, I am penniless—lend me half-a-crown."

SMITH paused for a moment.

"You surely do not wish to refuse me?" asked BROWN, in a tone of pained surprise.

"I do not, SMITH," replied his friend, with fervour. "Indeed, I do not!"

"Then produce the two-and-sixpence."

"I would, my dear fellow, if in the wide world I could raise it!"

And then the ancient comrades shook hands once again, and parted in sorrow, but not in anger. They felt that after all they were only in the fashion.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.)

NO. VII.—FROM MRS. TOM MAXWELL, CRANWELL PARK, SUFFOLK, TO
CAPT. THE HON. IAN FARQUHAR, 151ST REGIMENT, ALDERSHOT.

DEAR JACK,

December 16, 189—.

No, I can't, wish I could. What a lark it would be! but I don't leave here till Wednesday. Tell you what, dine with me

at the "Plato" on Thursday, eight sharp, and we'll go on to the Palace after and see the Tableaux and the KENODLEMS SISTERS as performing monkeys. No end funny they tell me. As you and I are both members of the "Plato" we can each ask another guest. I'll have old ARGENTINO—not the Viscount, but his brother the Baron whom they call the Discount—he's as rich as they make 'em, and a great pal of mine; and I want you to meet him because he's asked Tom and I to his final shoot next month, and I know he wants another gun—see? TOM's going to meet that little CAREY-LAMB woman there, so he'll be all right. (The one that's known as Mrs. Don't CAREY D—I which she certainly don't. However, she amuses Tom, which is a blessed boon; he's asked her to join us at Monte in February, you'd better come too—you're taking second leave, ain't you?) I wish to goodness you were here, I'm bored to death, but Tom likes the shooting and the Chef. The BLAGDENS certainly do you uncommonly well. But there's hardly a soul I know, except FREDDY MANTON, who's no end amusing as usual; but one can't get up anything festive in a house full of girls. My dear, there's a red-haired Scotch girl here, never been out of Eastneuk before, I believe; she's all blushes and innocence and Scotch accent, Tom's quite gone on her, says she's a joy to his jaded palate, or some such bosh. Mercy! I can remember being just the same, minus the Scotch accent!

The BERKELEYS who you know are here too; the girl isn't a bad sort, and I tell you what, JACK, you might do worse than marry her.



"She reclined on a couch, and read a 'Pamphlet on Buddhism.'"

You've got to marry money, and she's got a pot of it; and she's rather a pal of mine and very nice, besides being very well turned out and smart looking. I think I could pull it off for you, but you've got to look sharp and make the running, or she'll be snapped up. I don't mind if you ask her as your guest on Thursday—there, never say I did nothing for you. If you've got to be married, and done for, I'd a deal rather you took LUCY BERKELEY than that dowdy, prim Lady BRIDGET, or the American widow. Do you know Mrs. MONTGOMERY? She came last night, all eyes and pallor and

sea-green draperies; she reclined on a couch, and read a "Pamphlet on Buddhism," which she offered to lend me; wouldn't talk to anybody because none of us were a "soul," which she is, till FREDDIE MANTON, who dabbles in everything, began about Spiritualism, "Visions behind the Veil," or some rot. You should have seen old Mrs. BLAGDEN stare.

The two MAYDEWS are here; the younger one, HAROLD, who you knew at Sandhurst, ain't half bad, but VICTOR's a regular prig; you should have seen how he snapped my nose off when I said something about Lady MABEL HUNTER last night! There was a big "country neighbour" dinner function here the other night, and they sat me between him and some old Archdeacon. I very nearly dislocated my jaw trying to stifle my yawns. And to think that I might have been at the WILLOUGHBY'S! By the way, are you going to their

"Divorce Supper" on the 3rd? He asks the women, and she asks the men; awfully good way of avoiding the dowdy wives and the prosy husbands; it's great fun; everyone the same sort; no prigs or bores. I'm going to give a dinner on the same lines while I'm in town; there's always a lot of people passing through, and they're far more ready to be festive than in the rush of the Season, don't you know. I say, mind you come to our fencing and boxing show next week; we look awfully fetching in our green and old gold I can tell you; and I'm really rather a dab at fencing now.

Well, ta-ta, old boy. Adress (I believe it ought to have two d's—never could spell) here till Tuesday. Ever yours, DODDLES.

THE SITUATION IN HALF-KALF.

(By One who Knows.)

MR. PUNCH, DEAR SIR,—My personal reminiscences of the late BULBUL VON HALF-KALF may interest you as throwing some light on the present European deadlock, and tending to preserve in some measure the *status in quid pro quo*. My qualification to speak lies in the fact that I belong to a famous firm of pyjama-brokers, and that my father before me, and my grandfather, need I say, before him, have for generations served the harem of the deceased potentate.

My first interview with him was by my own appointment. I found the monarch in the garden of his Shaftesbury Palace of Varieties seated in an oriental bath-chair, surmounted by a baldachin of matchless rubies. I remember noticing this at the time. We dispensed with an interpreter, his Majesty declaring that my old Dutch was familiar to him from the frequent visits of up-to-date British artistes bound for Half-Kalf. On this occasion, as always, he sat with his back to me, occasionally caressing my person with the flat of his foot. You are probably unaware that the Bulbul's-eye is certain death, and the touch of his hand a breach of etiquette.

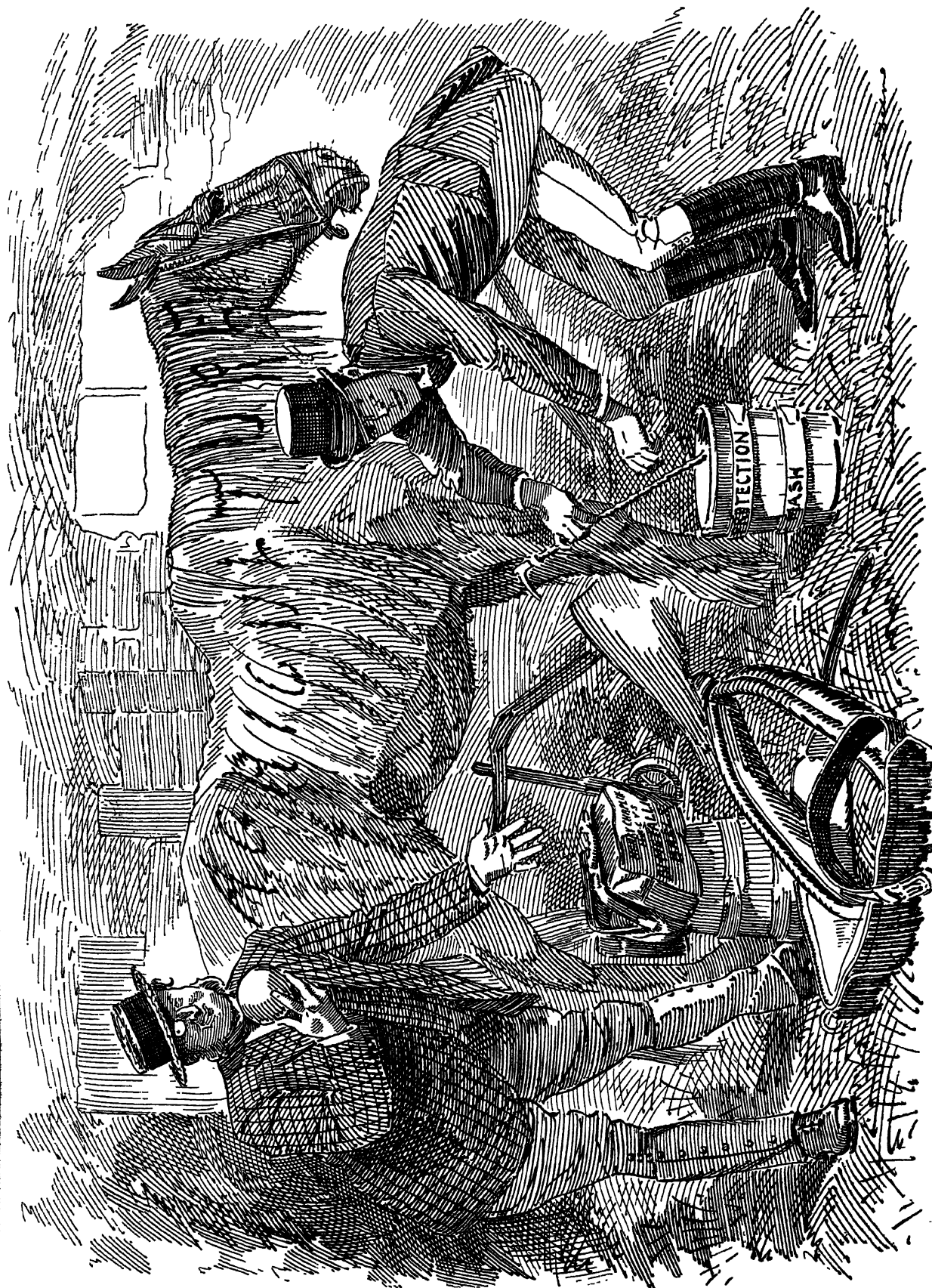
I was not slow in discovering that the accepted estimate of the Lord of Half-Kalf was based upon gross ignorance. Thus, although his seraglio was constructed upon lines of almost Semitic extravagance, and could, at a pinch, hold 1500 odd, the Bulbul was by principle an austere monogamist; I might almost say, a celibate. Again, his extraordinary gifts of insomnia may be realised when I say that I have frequently left the presence-chamber at 2.30 A.M. to be hastily summoned at 2.45 to witness a review of mounted Riff-Raffs parading before the sleepless monarch.

If he had a carnal predilection it was for Topsy Sultana. I was passing one day by special licence through the Royal kitchens, when a superb clarion sounded the popular refrain of "*My lot takes the cake*." Instantly the whole staff disappeared into the ovens, and my own head was held down in a seething cauldron. On returning to consciousness, I learned that a dish of this sacred confection had passed through on its way to his Majesty's table.

Although he had not, to my knowledge, taken a degree at either of the two great English Universities, his delight in mechanical science, conjuring tricks, &c., was remarkable and discriminating. Not to mention a barrel-organ, studded with Koh-i-noors and constructed to play *Daisy* and the *Intermezzo*, a trifling gift which I presented to him as a souvenir of our friendship, I recall the interest he displayed in the three-card trick which I had the honour of exhibiting before his astonished Court. The Knave was so delineated as to represent the typical features of a Spaniard. The Bulbul's friendly attitude to our nation, and at the same time his happy vein of humour, may be illustrated by a facetious observation which he condescended to make at the time. "I prefer," he said in broken Hollandaise, "I prefer your English fool to your Spanish knave."

As for the succession to the throne of Half-Kalf, I flatter myself that I had always urged upon his Majesty the advisability of encouraging Socialistic sentiments among his subjects. Only as late as the 34th day of the month Damaram I received a vellum postcard from him asking for further information on the Cab Strike. But the time was not yet ripe for such reform. Still, whatever the issue of things, the new Government can count on my distinguished consideration. The same I also extend, dear Sir, to you; preferring however, to retain my incognito of

ONE WHO KNOWS THAT HE KNOWS.



THE RIVAL VETS.

First Vet. (Ch-pl-n). "He'd be all right if he took a dose of 'Bimetallism.'"
Second Vet. (L-oth-r). "No! No! Give him my physic—'Protection.'"

SCIENCE AT OXFORD.

I SENT my son to Oxford
To court the classic Muse,
To pick up knowledge of the world
And sound religious views.
Our family is ancient,
And Tory to the core;
I sent the boy to Christ Church,
Where I had been before.
And he went in for Science!
Diethylene - sulphide - methyl - sulphine-iodide:
C₂ H₂ O. Oh, I felt so mortified!
I do not understand it,
This scientific craze;
It's a thing we never heard about
In my old college days.
We hunted and we cricketed,
As gentlemen should do;
We spent our mornings on the
"Cher,"

Our nights at whist and loo.
But we never dreamt of going in for
Science.

Mechanical, terrigenous, infra-
littoral, abysmal;
Stalactites, stalagmites—Circe! this
is dismal.

He never cared for horses
Till my old hunter died,
And then I found my son and heir
Absorbed in its inside.
He doesn't care for hunting,
He classes hounds as "dogs";
But he shows a horrid tendency
For collecting cats and frogs.
And that, he says, is because he has
gone in for Science.

METSCHNIKOFF'S phagocytosis, amoeboid
protozoa,
Atlantosaurus immanis—Oh, how I pity
NOAH!

Last night when we were smoking
He talked above my head.
I thought I'd be paternal,
So I asked what he had read.
I quoted from my HORACE—
I have the volume yet—
But that confounded rascal
Said, "Sir, you quite forget
That we never have any time for books of that
sort after we've gone in for Science."
Confocal ellipsoids, hemispherical cavity,
Reciprocal radius vectors—this is sheer
depravity!

The Squire says his eldest
Is steady as can be;
He'll marry in the county, and
Die M.F.H., J.P.
Young Tom, Sir THOMAS tells me,
Shall go to Sandhurst straight;
And we all know young Lord HARRY
Has nought to do but wait.
But my son—well, he always was eccentric—
has gone in for Science.
Oxhæmoglobin; Pre-dierotic wave.
He's bringing my grey hairs with sorrow to
the grave.

So, when my neighbours ask me
About my eldest son,
And what he's going to turn to
When his time at Oxford's done—
The English Bar and Parliament?
And make himself a name?
I have to change the subject,
And I hang my head for shame,
Because how can I possibly tell them that one
of our family has taken honours in
Science?
That he calls a mushroom "saprophyte," and
my prize orchid "epiphyte."
I don't know what he's coming to! I wonder
if his head's quite right?



BEFORE THE CAB STRIKE.

"NEVER WALK WHEN YOU CAN RIDE.
MUCH TOO HEAVY—SIXTEEN STONE—
ALWAYS CAB IT. HANSOM!"



AFTER THE CAB STRIKE.

"NEVER TAKE A CAB AGAIN! WALK EVERYWHERE.
GOT DOWN TO TWELVE STONE. STRIKE DONE ME A
WORLD OF GOOD! WISH THEY'D GONE ON WITH IT."

LINES IN PLEASANT PLACES.

III.—THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

A RALLY of fairest women,
Proud lady and humble quean,
And men clad in brave apparel
Of velvet and silken sheen.
An Emperor, bright with purple
And other delights arrayed,
Conversed with a lovely lady—
Some called her a "painted" maid.

Her dress was a dream of splendour,
Black, rose-colour, brown and grey;
But her painting was done by Nature,
Whatever the gossips say.

There Burgundy's Duke was bending
Full low to the Queen of Spain—
In silver, and brown, and green robes
Her courtiers swelled her train.

And there stood a handsome Admiral,
As ever white ensign flew,
A little at sea whilst talking
To a common, or Girton, "Blue."

Hard by sat a grey old skipper
In dingy and sober vest,
Spinning yarns with his Lulworth cousin,
A rare and an honoured guest.

There mixed in the throng proud beauties
In lively rich and rare
Of claret with creamy borders;
The fairest where all were fair.

Ah me! There were lovely dresses,
Pearl-bordered and silver-washed,
Not made, I'm convinced, by mortals—
A conviction that won't be quashed.

And here was a glint of copper,
And yellow of clouded gold,
And glory of endless colour,
Profusion of tints untold.

The brown of a maiden's ringlets,
The tortoiseshell of her comb,
The grey that in age her hair streaks,
The green of a woodland gnome.

The plumage of dainty peacocks,
Bright colours and homely dun,
And robes that were tipped with orange
Like hills by the setting sun.

"Beg pardon, it's closing time, Sir,"—
Rude shock to my dreaming Muse—
It seems she has been inspired by
The Butterflies' rainbow hues!

DARK EYES.

WHEN I saw you first the dart,
Which from Cupid's fingers flies,
Found a target in my heart,
Dear dark eyes.

Eyes to fire the hearts of men,
Be they foolish, be they wise.
I adore you now, as then,
Dear dark eyes.

Is that what I ought to do?
Though your mistress laughs or cries,
Sad or smiling, still are you
Dear dark eyes.

When I went you showed some pain;
Will you gleam with glad surprise
If you see me once again,
Dear dark eyes?

If you don't, and show delight
At some other fellow's sighs,
Shall I hang myself? Not quite,
Dear dark eyes!

From his love, though he may pine,
No poor poetaster dies;
I'll adore some other fine,
Dear dark eyes.

Let the other fellow's fist,
As in prize-fight—you the prize—
Knock me down, though I resist,
Dear dark eyes.

Black my peepers with a blow,
Which the boxer's art supplies;
Mine would then be also—oh
Dear!—dark eyes.

THE HOUSE BEYOND THE SEAS.

Prophetic Report of the Initial Meeting of the Australian Federation.

THE thousand odd members of the Australian Confederation met in the specially-prepared chamber (which had cost £500,000 to erect), to carry on the Colonial business of Oceana.

There was some little difficulty in electing a Speaker, as no less than six sections of the Confederation claimed to be specially represented. After an hour's discussion (conducted through speaking-trumpets so that the speeches might be heard in the reporters' gallery), half-a-dozen gentlemen were chosen to fill the Presidential chair, which was replaced by a sofa for their accommodation.

The Half-a-Dozen (in chorus) then announced that the proceedings had commenced. They would be pleased to hear if there were any Bills *sur le tapis*.

The House was then addressed by two hundred delegates from Queensland. As they all spoke at once, it was a little difficult to understand the purport of their observations, but it was generally understood that the delegates were in favour of slavery, or, failing this, Coolie labour.

Four hundred representatives of Victoria and New South Wales took an opposite view, and expressed their determination of passing a Bill for establishing the eight hours day, the living wage, and the State-



A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

Tommy. "OH, I s'y! PARTRIDGES!"

Harry. "PARTRIDGES BE BLOWED! WHY, THERE AIN'T NO PARTRIDGES TILL SEPTEMBER, THERE AIN'T!"

assisted establishment of Trade Unionism.

Several Premiers of various colonies then proposed that the Budget should be considered before any other public business was allowed to occupy the attention of the House.

Conversation having now become general, eighteen Chancellors of the Exchequer who had come to an agreement announced on a huge screen, with the assistance of a gigantic magic lantern, the exact amount of the Revenue.

On inquiry, it was ascertained, amidst much laughter, that the sum named would exactly pay every delegate just a year's salary.

By universal consent it was agreed that a year's salary should be paid to all present.

There being no other business before the members, the House adjourned until the time should arrive for the discussion and distribution of another Budget.

The proceedings terminated with a salute of twenty-one guns, which it was explained on the screen was intended to pass as a hearty vote of thanks to those who had presided with so much tact, urbanity, and distinction at these exceedingly-interesting proceedings.

MRS. R. was so sorry to hear that the little boy who fell off the ladder on to his head had got to be jannaped. On inquiring at the hospital, she was glad to learn that he was progressing favourably under the antiseptic treatment.

"COMMÉM."

SING hey for the season of floating and flirting
In leisurely punt and Canadian canoe,
Of wondrous displays of extravagant shirting,
Of exquisite gown and diminutive shoe;
Sing hey for the ancients who throng the
Sheldonian,
The bald-headed butts of the sparkling
Oxonian,
Who sees in "Encenia" a chance of asserting
His claims to a place in the humourist crew!

SING hey for the picnic on Cherwell and Isis,
The clandestine joys of the first cigarette,
The lunches that cost such preposterous prices
And mean but a fresh augmentation of
debt; [burning,
Sing hey for the start, with a sun that is
Sing hey for the speedy unhappy returning,
The swearing of rowers, most horrid of vices,
And the moaning of girls in the pitiless
wet!

SING hey for the sweet *chaperon* who sup-
poses
"She isn't required to play hide-and-seek
With those troublesome girls," and con-
tentedly dozes

And heeds not the roseate tint of the cheek;
Sing hey for the gardens at one in the
morning, [dawning,
Sing hey for the tender farewells at the
The pressing of hands and the fading of
oses,

And the breaking of hearts at the end of
the week!

"IZEYL."

WHAT extremely funny names these are!

Izeyl!
Harastri, Yoghi, Siddarathra,
They reveal
Oriental birth like *Scyndia*;

But we feel
Tukkututti takes the cake, ha, ha,
Izeyl!

What's a "*Tukkututti*," *qu'est-ce donc ça*
Izeyl!

Tiens, c'est un drôle de nom, n'est-ce pas?

Sounds a deal

More like some wild comic opéra,

Vaudeville,

Than a drama mixed up with *Bouddhâ,*

Izeyl.

You are far from comic—very far!—

Izeyl!

In the clutches of the King's mamma,

How you squeal!

Mais "le Tukkututti," oh, la la!

C'est vrai qu'il

Est un nom charmant. Farewell! Ta-ta!

Izeyl.

PROBABLE.—There is, we believe, a flourish-

ing mission to Mariners and Fishermen, which sends out preachers to the buoys—who hardly require it, they are such very good buoys as a rule—and gives light to the light-ships as a relief amidst their hard-ships. It is now proposed by these excellent missionaries to visit every part of the coast, and to convert all the Mussel-men.

"EX PEDE HERCULEM."

["Telling characters by boots is being studied by a thoughtful Frenchman."—*The Graphic*.]

WHEN PHYLIS, on hearing your phrases
At the critical point of romance
Looks down, as you think, at the daisies
With a modest and timorous glance,
Like HOLMES (the deceased and lamented)
She is counting your balance at COURTS
And weighing your merit, contented
To judge from your boots!

And you, when you pay your addresses,
A similar plan should embrace,
Never look at her beautiful tresses
Never care for her exquisite face;
Stop short in your hasty profession
And, ere Mrs. STREPHON you choose,
Recollect to observe with discretion
The state of her shoes.

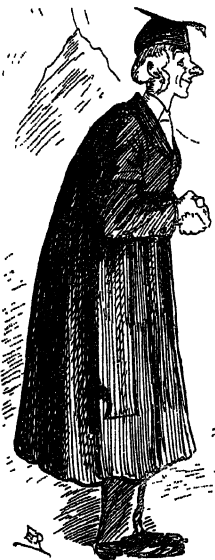
Of course, you will carefully study
The heels—are they lofty or flat?
Again, if the leather is muddy,
There's surely a meaning in *that*,
You only need glance at the state of
This part to determine the whole,
You'll reckon the probable fate of
A soul from a sole.

And so let us join in expressing
Our thanks for this excellent plan,
Such evident merit possessing
For lovers, both maiden and man;
And if you should hesitate whether
With PHYLIS to journey through life,
Remember, "There's nothing like leather"
In choosing a wife!

A JOVE-IAL EXTRAVAGANZA.

formance ("a down-pour-berance, my dear").
not take with me in my cab) outside.

Saturday.—**VERDI'S Falstaff** "going strong." Sir DEUGRIOLANUS looks in from rehearsal of German Opera, has a conversation in German, Italian, French, Chinese, Russian, Spanish, and Siamese, with a few friends of various nationalities in the house; but, as GILBERT ("W. S.") not "YVETTE" sang, "In spite of all temptations To belong to other nations, He remains an Englishman!" Bravo!



The Vice-Chancellor in Jupiter.

The Vice-Chancellor in Jupiter. and on their way have some surprising adventures with the girls and principal of (Pretty) Maida Hall. of course lead to the Great Court of Trinity, which

All roads, of course, lead to the Great Court of the University. I made a beautiful Third Act, with a procession of newly-made Doctors and Doctresses, which made one hopeful for the future of learning. The bedmakers, Mr. R. A. AUSTEN LEIGH and Mr. A. L. HARRISON, really immensely funny. Both have, it is rumoured, since received offers of important engagements from a leading College. Mr. LEHMANN'S songs went with the utmost dash. So much rhyme that there was no sign of a frost. Mr. NOBLE'S music as graceful and pretty as the A. D. C. ladies. *Hebe* (the Hon. F. W. G. EGERTON), who had got her blue, and wore it, was charming in a leading part, whilst the two goddesses, *Juno* (Mr. T. BALFOUR) and *Venus* (Mr. F. G. D'HAUTEVILLE), looked divine. It's a way goddesses have. The whole affair a great domestic triumph for the A. D. C., a personal one for Mr. LEHMANN and Mr. NOBLE. These two gentlemen responsible for a good deal. For all men now swear—by *Jupiter*, *LL.D.* And one who swears as loudly as any may, perhaps, as coming from the sister University,

not untruly assert he was
OXFORD IN CAMBRIDGE.



First Bedmaker.

MOORE AND DOWNS.—At the Grand Steeplechase de Paris, as we gather from the *St. James's Gazette's* Sporting Notes, "Mr. 'PONY' Moore's colours were sported for the first time, but the horse was unplaced." The colours of Mr. "PONY" MOORE, the celebrated Christy Minstrel, would of course be "black on white" as they say at pool. As the horse didn't win, there were no winners or losers, and no better will, in consequence, be able to consider himself as all the better off for having one "pony more" in his pocket. "The Minstrel Boy to the race has gone, And he's left his bones behind him" is what they ought henceforth to sing at St. James's Hall if the old established "Corner Man" is to become a regular "Tatten-ham-Corner Man," and to go in for the "Bettor Land." Winner first, Moore to follow.

first, Moore to Kolk.
 "THE BANKRUPTCY OF BARON A. GRANT—A FARTHING IN THE
 POUND."—(*Pall Mall Gazette*, June 9, 1894).—"A barren grant"
 indeed!



HOW TO DECLINE AN INVITATION.

"I MUST SAY SOMETHING MORE THAN THAT *WE CAN'T ACCEPT, PAPA!*"

"OH, WELL—SAY IT'S OUR LAST DAY, YOU KNOW, AND THAT WE WANT TO MAKE THE BEST OF IT!"

MODEL CORRESPONDENCE

BETWEEN A MODERN AMPHITRYON AND AN UP-TO-DATE DINER-OUT.

(After Marlow). Suggested by a late letter from a *Diner-Out* in the "Times" Newspaper.

The Modern Amphitryon to the Up-to-Date Diner-Out:—

COME dine with me on Monday week,
And we will all the pleasures seek
That a prime cook, and cellar good,
May yield to one in dining mood.

We shall sit down a jolly eight
(My "octagons" you've not tried of late),
I've asked JACK SPRATTE, and the DE
BOORES,

MUNDUNGUS and the MADREPORES.

No silver dishes for thy meat,
But—you'll find something good to eat!
And on the table there shall be
No cheap champagne, take that from me!

I know you love a first-rate smoke,
The oldest wine, the newest joke;
And if delights like these you seek,
Come dine with me next Monday week!

The Up-to-Date Diner-Out's Reply to the Modern Amphitryon.

If feeds were scarce, and I were young,
And truth on each Amphitryon's tongue,
Your pretty note might make me seek
To dine with you next Monday week.

But time runs on, I'm growing old,
And dullard guests, and dishes cold,
Make hospitality all a hum,
So I'm afraid I cannot come.

Pardon delay in my reply!
I always let a week slip by
Before response to such a letter,
Since any day may bring a better!

You saw the tip of "Diner-Out"
Who wrote unto the *Times*, no doubt?
Procrastination is time's thief,
But gives the diner-out relief.

No thanks, old man! And since you wrote
I've had the friendliest little note
From Lady MADGE,—sly little sinner!—
And—well, you know *her* style of dinner!

There I shall meet no pursew bores,
Or mutton-witted MADREPORES;
So, as I love the smart and *chic*,
I dine with *her* on Monday week.

Of course, dear boy, had nothing better
Turned up since I received your letter,
Why *faute de mieux*, I yet might seek
To dine with you next Monday week.

A ROAD TO THE CODE.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—So many codes have recently been published to simplify the sending of telegraphic messages, that it seems necessary to furnish one that may be used by all the world. Such a work is now in active preparation. I am the compiler. The following (which are not unlike entries in other codes) are a few examples of its contents:—

Code Word.

Explanation.

POLITE.

. You cannot possibly dine with us this evening, as there will be thirteen at table if you come. Besides, we have not the right set to meet you. You are dull and uninteresting. We may as well be frank and open, and it would be gross flattery to say anything else.

ANGEL.

. The man in possession refused to go out, and has taken to smoking in the back drawing-room. He has got the key of the

CATSPAW

bookcase, and is thumbing the original edition of *RUSKIN'S Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and the *Stones of Venice*.

. We arrive in Paris at 7.45, breakfast at the *table d'hôte* at the Grand at 11.30, and visit the Jardin des Plantes before leaving for Basle in the evening.

BEAUTY.

. Yes, your brother has come back from New Zealand. He managed to borrow half-a-sovereign from Uncle JACK, and has walked off with the watchman's supper. This last outrage has caused a terrible row, and may bring him before a magistrate.

FIREWORKS

. We shall go to the Abbey in the morning, St. Paul's in the afternoon, and perhaps dine at the Albany Club in the evening. If we go to Kingston, we may return in Lord DASHOVER's four-in-hand.

BOTTLE.

. The children are going to school at Dr. BIRCH'S. They are required to take six towels, a fork, spoon, and knife, and the customary outfit. French is an extra, but drilling is thrown in. The matron is a Mrs. BROWN, a widow, whose husband was killed in the Mutiny.

FREEDOM

. Certainly buy for the rise, as Mexicans have declared a feeble dividend. British Railways and Foreigners still doubtful. Grey shirting dull, and nothing doing in the silver market.

There, Sir! I have picked out a word here and there, so that you may see the *modus operandi*.

Yours very truly,

A PRACTICAL MAN.



IN HER TANTRUMS!



"THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH, GIVING PLACE TO NEW."

ROTTEN ROW. 10 A.M. DISPERSION OF THE POTHATITES, STRAWHATITES AND CAPMEN, AND TRIUMPHANT ENTRY OF THE TOPHATITE, "IN QUITE CORRECT ATTIRE, BY PARTICULAR DESIRE."

THE GIRTON GIRL B.A.

UNDER the heading University Intelligence, the list of Wranglers Senior and Junior Optimes was given last Wednesday. Then the names of the men being ended, bachelors every one of them, and "confirmed bachelors" most of them, it may fairly be supposed, comes the list headed "Women," among whom there appeared, strange to say, *only one Wrangler!* But the lady was a Girton Girl, and though all alone, yet it was stated in parenthesis that she was "equal to 28." Now, there were thirty-two Male Wranglers, and twenty-four of these being bracketed as equal may be deducted from the Male Wrangler total, leaving therefore, as a matter of correct calculation, and with the single Wranglers included, just fifteen Male Wranglers, i.e., fifteen men *versus* one woman "equal to 28." Such is the state of the odds. So the one woman, her honoured name is Miss E. H. COOKE, has the best of it after all, being equal not only to the fifteen Male Wranglers, but to another possible seventeen! Bravissima Miss E. H. COOKE. No difficulty in securing a first rate-place for so excellent a *chef*. Of course, so admirable a Cooke will at once receive the *cordon bleu*!



Girl Graduate: Single figure.

SWEETHEART.

I, PENT in gloomy London street
All black, though June elsewhere blooms
gaily,
Dream much of thee, so softly sweet,
And growing yet more charming daily.
I dream of thee, remote from town,
In country garden bright with flowers,
Where falling blossoms flutter down
Upon thy head in scented showers.
I dream of thee where skies are blue;
I feel an eager hope of winning
Thy heart, so tender and so true,
A heart incapable of sinning.
I can but dream of all thy charm,
Until at last we are together;
I fear lest cold should do thee harm
In this uncertain, changeful weather.
I dream—perhaps it is not right,
And I am an abandoned sinner—
Of some not distant summer night
When thou wilt come to me to dinner.
I dream how we no more shall part,
I count the time—resembling BABBAGE—
Till I possess thy tender heart,
My own fresh-gathered summer cabbage.

"EXPULSION OF DANES FROM SCHLESWIG."
—The sufferers by this, we learn from the *Times*, included "the popular performers of Denmark's principle theatre." *Hamlet's* performers turned out! As *Polonius* would have indignantly observed, "'Tis true, 'tis pity! 'Tis pity! Dash my Schles-wig!"

TABLE-TALK FOR NEXT CENTURY.

[Sir B. W. RICHARDSON, M.D., has stated that the perfect food of the future will be a chemical vegetable compound, which will contain all the valuable elements in meat, but without the need of going to the animal kingdom for it.]

MAY I offer you some of this pigless bacon with your artificial goose? They are said to go very well together.

Thanks, but, if you will allow me, I will have the artificial goose removed, and try some *salmi* of potted cauliflower instead.

What is the dish at that end of the table? Why, it's a fore-quarter of prime Canterbury inorganic lamb, composed of a cunning mixture of broad beans, onions, tomatoes, gum arabic, and cellulose. My bean-butcher recommends it strongly. May I tempt you? Do try my pulse—not medically, of course!

Well, on second thoughts, perhaps I should feel safer with some of those South-Down carrots.

Why not strike out a new line, and go in for my much-appreciated saddle of haricots? It is certified by a specialist to contain five times more nitrogenous matter than the barbarous old sirloin of beef.

You are too kind. But my doctor tells me to avoid nitrogen, and only take carbonaceous foods.

Well, that *vol-au-vent* of vegetable marrow is simply packed with carbon. It runs the temperature up to fever heat in no time. Or you could hardly do better than an onion-veal outlet.

Thanks! thanks awfully! But on the whole, if you don't mind, I think I'll have a piece of that gelatinised mineral steak. And some old-fashioned bread. Waiter, bread!

[Left eating.]



PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

A NIGHT LECTURE ON EVOLUTION.

LETTER TO A DÉBUTANTE.—III.

MY DEAR GLADYS,—You have made great progress lately, and I see you are acquiring a sense of proportion and a feeling of that relative value of your acquaintances that varies so subtly according to time and place. Captain MASHINGTON, for instance, admirable in a ball-room, useful at Hurlingham, and adequate in the Park, is nobody, and completely “out of it,” at FLORIAN HAYE’S Studio afternoons, where it’s a privilege to be noticed by ARCHIE WIERSLEY, and a distinction to get a word with ADRIAN CLIVE. These gentlemen are fashionable and entertaining; yet, if there is a tinge of the romantic about their hair, or anything too vivid and dramatic as to their button-holes, they would not be appreciated, say, at LORD’S, at the Eton and Harrow cricket match, where they would shudder at the crude shades of blue, and Captain MASHINGTON would be in his element.

Wherever you may be, I trust you never snub a faithful, fan-holding, wire-sending, ice-fetching old friend—(by old friend, I mean, in London, anyone you have met four or five times)—it’s unkind; and you never know when you may require him.

Your last letter was quite exciting. So you have had your first proposal! And from the serious man who does conjuring tricks. And you refused him—incoherently, but firmly—at a Wagner concert.

I cannot pity him. He brought it on himself, by sending you his book on South Africa. But why were you disappointed at the way he did it? What had you been reading? Did you think he would kneel on one knee, and say, “Miss KENSINGTON—GLADYS—may I call you GLADYS?” (or words to that effect)—“In short,—I love you!”

People don’t say, “In short,” nor kneel, nowadays. You say he is going away, to get over it. I suppose to Brighton, from Saturday till Monday.

And now, about Captain MASHINGTON? You seem to see him very often. By a series of miraculous accidents he is always “crossing your path,” as they say in melodrama, and you are never out when he calls. You repeat to me remarks of his really unworthy of quotation in pen an ink, and altogether, I fear you have a weakness for him. I am anxious, because I know him to be “hard up,” liable to be “ordered off” at any moment, and entirely unsuited to the profession of marriage. Think, my dear GLADYS.

Would you like a long engagement? with letters by every mail for six years while BERTIE (I daresay his name is BERTIE) is out in some distant savage country, subject to fever and forgetfulness? Or would you like to marry now—at eighteen—and perhaps go out, say, to Bermuda with Captain MASHINGTON—in the middle of the season, for instance? He would flirt on board with ladies old enough to be

your mother, and you would be far too ill even to dress well enough to annoy them. That excellent valising that charms you now would be the greatest annoyance to you after your marriage—you *can’t dance with your husband, remember*. So to marry him for that would be short-sighted indeed.

You are not very good at characterization, GLADYS. What a long word! but I mean that your descriptions are disconnected, and from them I can form only a vague idea of your new admirer, Mr. KLEINGELDER. What I hear, on the whole, I rather like.

“*Bald but good-tempered—better-looking really than he seems.*” Curious—one would have thought good looks really a matter about which one might judge by appearances. But, let that pass. “*Plays the bassoon, but very little, and only in private.*” One can’t play the bassoon, even “in private,” without it’s being noticed—unfortunately. Are you sure it is the bassoon?

“*Drives a drag, and has asked you and Lady TAYMER to go to Ranelagh. Gives huge dinner-parties, on Sundays, at the Savoy. Sends flowers, and makes jokes. As he is very rich, and has nothing whatever to do, it is supposed he will never have time to marry.*” The music is against him, but we all have our faults. What style of humour does he indulge in? Does he make jokes you have heard before, or only the kind you do not wish to hear again? He sent you a *bonbonnière* from CHARBONNEL’S on your birthday. On it was written, “*Sweets to the Sweets.*” From HEINRICH KLEINGELDER.”

Poetical, and complimentary; but, somehow, a *little* hackneyed? No? And you are so fond of originality! The bassoon, however, is only too original (are you sure it is the bassoon?). Under higher influences he might be persuaded to give it up, and take to painting, or palmistry, or dominoes, or something quiet, instead. At any rate, I recommend encouragement; gentle and steady—not *empressé*, or fitful. I like KLEINGELDER, somehow; he is a good fellow. I know I should get on with him.

Please do not hold a stall at a fancy fair! I cannot endure to see young ladies displaying now that business capacity and determination to sell not seen in shopwomen, and now that light airy chaff and coquetry unknown in Clapham, and found only in barmaids and the best society. Besides, bazaars are so tiring and unbecoming.

You can say, very soon now, that you are sick of the season, that you are tired of crowds, and only wish to be out on the hill-side with the buttercups.

Don’t wait till everybody does it. It is quite time to begin saying “you are longing to get away.”

And now, good-bye for the present. I hope you will enjoy Ranelagh.

Yours ever affectionately, MARJORIE.

There must be some mistake—I don’t think it *can* really be the bassoon.

BOUQUET DE BABYLON.

GRANDOLPH, starting round the world,
As a parting bomb has hurled
Scorn at London's foul wood-pavement.
Faith, dear lord, it doth need lavement.
London's streets are an offence
Now, alas! to every sense.
Eyes and ears they always hurt,
Now their ordure, dust and dirt,
Torture, too, our mouths and noses,
Stable refuse, powdered, closes
All our pores; we breathe and taste
Gutter-garbage, offal, waste
Desiccated into dust,
To the general disgust.
Hercules, so says old fable,
Cleansed the foul Augean stable.
London's maze of streets now smell
Stable-like. We wish you well
GRANDOLPH, but when done, do please
Come back and play the Hercules!

ARMS, LEGS, AND THE MANX-MEN.—MR. LABOUCHERE finished his letter to a Manxman, who had written to inquire if H. L., M.P., suggested the cession of the Isle of Man to Germany, with this explanation:—"It was what is called '*argumentum absurdum*.'" But it is not so called; the phrase is "*argumentum ad absurdum*." "LABBY" had only to add "*ad*." If the Manxman were a poet, he would have been inspired to send a reply in a couplet—

Many thanks, man,
From your Manxman.
But there is no record of his having done so. The island will not be ceded to Germany. The "House of Keys" is safe,—no deadlock; and the Manxman will not have to subtract from the Manx Arms, and will not have to surrender even one of his three legs.



OUR DECADENTS (FEMALE).

"TELL ME, MONSIEUR DUBOSC. OF COURSE YOU'VE READ THAT SHOCKING CASE OF 'SMITH V. SMITH, BROWN, JONES, ROBINSON, AND OTHERS'?"

"I CONFESS I 'AVE, MISS VILKES. I AM A LAWYER, YOU KNOW."

"WELL, NOW, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT AS A SUBJECT FOR DRAMATIC TREATMENT?"

"I—I—I DO NOT KNOW VAT IT MAY BE AS A SUBJECT FOR DRAMATIC TREATMENT, MADEMOISELLE. I—I—I FIND IT VERY—A—A—EMBARRASSANT AS A SUBJECT FOR CONVERSATION VIZ A YOUNG LADY!"

Notes on the Nonconformist Conscience.

(By a Church-going Conservative Sportsman.)

It leaves a sporting premier in the lurch,
Yet backs him when he would hunt down the Church!
For though it shrinks from betting on a Race,
Would put its money on—a Steeple-Chase!

Though against gambling on the Turf it thunder,
'Twould gambol high to see its foes thereunder.
And though it girds at sportive ale and cakes,
How gladly would it sweep the Endowment Stakes!

MRS. R. DISGUSTED.—Our excellent and most sensible friend, Mrs. RAM, is very much in favour of the Deceased Wife's Sister Marriage Bill. She cannot understand why the Lords oppose it, unless it is that the Lords are afraid of the Ladies. But when the Archbishop of CANTERBURY's speech was read aloud to her, and her nephew had got as far as his Grace's statement that if these marriages were not forbidden by the Bible—"which," observed Mrs. R., parenthetically, "they most certainly are not!"—"they certainly are by analogy," Mrs. R. bounced up indignantly. "Forbidden by *who*?" she exclaimed. "Who an earth is 'Anne Aloys'?" If it's another name for Queen ANNE,—but here her nephew intervened, and our esteemed friend calmed down. Though temporarily mollified, she was still far from being satisfied with the rejection of the Bill by a majority of nine.

VACCINATION MOTTO (*slightly altered from the original*).—"Arma virusque."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 11.—Affecting scene just now between Cap'en TOMMY BOWLES and the Chair. Clause IV. of Budget Bill having been under discussion since Friday night, Amendments finally disposed of. On question that Clause be added to Bill, the blameless BARTLEY blandly moved its rejection. Then the CAP'EN hove to, fired off stupendous speech, just as if on successive Amendments to Clause he had not delivered a dozen others. MELLOR having been carried out in comatose state, ROBY temporarily in Chair. At end of first twenty words, hailed the CAP'EN; ordered him to clew up. CAP'EN held his course as before; ROBY fired shot across his bows.

"I will," said the CAP'EN for only response, "give the Committee a last illustration."

"I have to request the hon. gentleman not to proceed," said the CHAIRMAN, sternly.

Here was a crisis. If the CAP'EN, after this warning, still held on, the CHAIRMAN, who had trained his heavy guns, would certainly sink TOMMY's light craft, or, taking it in tow, would dock him in the Clock Tower. Yet there were the widow and the orphan to be thought of. TOMMY, as he told the Committee, had compiled set of tables which showed how these were wronged by the Budget Bill. He had brought the tables in with him, one under each arm. As he walked with them up floor of the House ("Looking," so SARK said, "like one of the pictures in old Bibles of MOSES coming down from the Mount with the Tables of the Law"), the widow and the orphan tugged at TOMMY's heartstrings. He looked wistfully at ROBY to

see if he really meant business. Coming to the conclusion that he did, Cap'en TOMMY heaved a sigh, then heaved his anchor, and forged away out of range of CHAIRMAN's battery.

Business done.—Clause IV. added to Budget Bill.

Tuesday.—A few weeks ago HERBERT MAXWELL interrupted his literary labours to call attention to marked increase of Scotch accent in places of popular resort at height of London season. Seems the peculiarity not altogether unconnected with habit of bailies and other pawky persons in high places in municipalities and parishes to vote themselves certain sums of money out of the rates, sufficient to cover expenses of visit to London. Ostensible occasion for journey is to keep an eye upon proceedings in Scotch Grand Committee. Incidentally, being on the spot, and obeying the national instinct not to lose anything, even if it be only an opportunity, they take a look round at other places. A visit to London always hampered by reflection on experience of the famous explorer—wasn't he our dear CHARLES KEENE's acquaintance?—who hadn't been in the place ten minutes when "bang went saxpence." To be in the place for a fortnight with the ratepayers' saxpences going bang for your entertainment and instruction is quite another thing.

HERBERT MAXWELL's implications received confirmation from unexpected source. THE MACGREGOR has his eye upon two members of Deer Forest Commission whom he has accidentally met at Exeter Hall, or other place of public resort, when they were understood to be in the Highlands a hunting the Deer Forest Owner. Asked a question on subject the other day. Secretary for Scotland affected to know nothing of circumstance. Subject seemed to drop; THE MACGREGOR, according to his wont at periods of personal or political excitement, took the 'bus to Hampstead; walked for a while on the heath; came down to House this afternoon refreshed and filled

with mighty resolve. Did TREVELYAN mean to have those two Commissioners stalked, run down, tied up, and conveyed to scene of their duties in Scotland, or would he forbear? TREVELYAN concluded he'd forbear.

Then up rose THE MACGREGOR, drew his claymore and swore on its hilt a great oath that henceforward the Government must count him their foe. Putting it in Parliamentary phrase and sheathing the claymore, THE MACGREGOR said: "In consequence of the reply of the right hon. gentleman I beg to give notice that until the Government is prepared to give me a very different reply, in the interests of my constituents, I shall feel it my duty to vote against the Government every time."

House roared with laughter and presently, with twinkling eyes, watched THE MACGREGOR stride forth to vote against Government in Committee on Budget Bill.

SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, usually keen to scent a joke, didn't seem to see the fun. "It's dull work here just now," he said, "and if a donkey suddenly brays the bored House gratefully goes off into a fit of laughter. But this sort of thing has also its serious side. You remember, TOBY, what BISMARCK said the other day, chatting with five hundred veterans from Holstein who, passing by Friedrichsruh, halted to salute the maker of Germany? Talking about attacks made on him in the press the old warrior said he cared nothing about the criticisms of his opponents. It was when friends turned upon him that he felt the hopelessness of further strife. 'When the French shot at us,' he said, 'it was a matter of course, and if one was wounded one was taken to the hospital. But when we are shot at from behind, from our own ranks, that is another thing. This often happens to me in politics.' It still oftener happens here, and makes the life of a Liberal Leader not worth living."

Business done.—On Clause V. of Budget Bill.

Thursday.—KENYON-SLANEY, retired Colonel, his helmet now a hive for bees, has turned the search-light of his commanding intellect upon dark places of Budget Bill. To-night, through weary war of words, he flashed a streak of light. Getting a little off the path in one of several speeches, he was called to order by the Chair. Members opposite hilariously cheered. The Colonel's eye, scanning the group below the Gangway, observed BRUNNER beaming with rapturous smile.

"Your ruling, Sir," he said, addressing the Chairman—and if a glance had been a sword MELLOR's head would have fallen with a thud on the table—seems to give great pleasure to the honourable millionaire opposite."

Honourable millionaire is good, and suggests variation from monotonous procedure of Parliamentary usage. We don't hear so much now of "my right hon. friend," since Mr. G. has quitted the Treasury Bench, and JOEY C. can no longer address endearing remarks to him. But "my noble friend," "the hon. Member," "the right hon. gentleman," and "the noble lord," are, like the poor, always with us. Now KENYON-SLANEY has set the new fashion with BRUNNER we might have "the hon. Ten-thousand-pounder," "the right hon. Fifty-thousand-pounder opposite," "my noble friend the Half-millionaire, who sits above the Gangway," or (this for moments of extreme party irritation) "the hon. Three-pound-ten-a-weeker who, according to his habit when his incompetency is disclosed and his inaccuracy corrected, is just leaving the House."

Business done.—Clause V. added to the Budget Bill.

Friday.—Talk of further movements on Treasury Bench, consequent on death of LORD CHIEF JUSTICE. Friend RIEBY goes up higher, even to the House of Lords. BOB REID, who has done superlatively well as Solicitor-General, becomes Mr. Attorney. Who shall be Solicitor-General? "Why, FRANK LOCKWOOD," House, with one accord, answers. Only marvel is that, with doors opening and shutting on comfortable places on Bench and Bar, he should have been so long left out in cold. This due to prevalent idea that, content with high position won at Bar, he does not want office. At least he has earned the right to be asked. Strong indeed would be a Ministry in House of Commons with BOB REID for Attorney-General, and FRANK LOCKWOOD as Solicitor. They would pull together in double harness at matchless pace. Something touching in their friendship. Each thinks the other is perfect, as Mrs. REMANS wrote years ago:—

They live in beauty side by side,
They fill the House with glee.
"Dear BOB, the best of men art thou."
"Nay, FRANK, the best is thee."

Business done.—On Clause VI. Budget Bill.

JUST HONOURS.—"The University of Durham," the *Daily Telegraph* informs us in its most useful and popular "Notes," has determined to confer the honorary degree of D.C.L. on Sir FREDERIC LEIGHTON and Sir JOHN MILLAIS, Barts. both and Brothers in *artibus*, Excellent and appropriate distinction! There are not two greater Doctors learned in the Law of Civility than Sir FREDERIC and Sir JOHN.



"LABBY" (AS GUY FAWKES)—LEEDS.

"Mr. LABOUCHERE, on his own behalf and in the name of a large number of Radical Members, has given notice that he will move the resolution," &c., &c., "That . . . the House of Lords is useless, dangerous, and ought to be abolished," &c., &c.—*Westminster Gazette*.]

TOMMY.

(THE ST. STEPHEN'S VERSION.)

Song of an Outsider, to the Tune of Rudyard Kipling's famous Barrack Ballad.

I WENT into the Commons' House, a-hearing a big cheer.
The Public dunno very much of wot they're up to 'ere!
The clerks behind the bar they yawned, and nodded fit to die;
I outs into the street agen, an' to myself sez I: [the day,
Oh, it's "TOMMY" this, and "TOMMY" that, and "TOMMY" all
But I pity Mister SPEAKER, when *that* band begins to play.
Wotever subject may crop up, that BOWLES must 'ave 'is say,
So I pity Mister SPEAKER when B.'s brass band's in full play!

Yes, making mock of Ministers, so tired they're arf asleep,
Is cheaper fun than TOMMY's jokes, and they're tarnation cheap.
But 'ow about the Country's time? They're goin' large a bit.
But when it comes to "business" they'll parade a empty kit. [rolls
Then it's "TOMMY" this, and "TOMMY" that, his pals in larfer
But it ain't such fun for JOHNNY BULL as 'tis for Mister BOWLES
It's fun for GIBBSING BOWLES, my boys, rare larks for TOMMY
BOWLES.

But I wonder wot the woters think? They'll tell us at the polls
The Guv'ment ain't no 'eroes, nor they ain't no 'umbugs too,
But Ministers in Office, doing much wot TOMMY'd do;
And if sometimes their conduct isn't all our fancy paints,
Wy, Ministers in Office don't turn into party saints. [ot an' 'ot
While it's "TOMMY" 'ere, and "TOMMY" there, and "TOMMY"
And—if TOMMY will excuse me—there's a deal of Tommy-rot;
A deal of Tommy-rot, my boys, no end of Tommy-rot;
An' "TOMMY" ain't no bloomin' fool—'e *knows* it's Tommy-rot!

A Natural Bee-attitude.

SEE how to rob the Chancellor of his ease
Buzz buzz around a swarm of busy bees.
No wonder that to REID he's apt to turn
To ward off BUTCHER, BARTLEY, BOWLES and BYRNE.

THE MOTTO AND THE MAN FOR CABMEN.—"ASQUITH, M.P.
translated to mean "Ask-with More Politeness."

A SARA-SCENIC SHOW.

WELCOME to SARA as *Izeyl*,—"with the dotlets on the y,"—and welcome to SARA generally, whatever she may play. She may not, perhaps, be quite so ethereal as heretofore, she may be a trifle more solidified, but "for a' that and a' that," SARA is SARA, the same incomparable SARA. There is nothing particularly new in *Izeyl*, a poetical tragical drama in verse and four acts. Its first two scenes are as tranquilising as a scientific lecture, and as pretty as a pastoral dissolving view. Representing the converted courtesan, SARA is the same sweet, magnetising, purring person, with an occasional fit of tiger-cat just to enliven the otherwise drowsy proceedings.

It is not till we come to the Third Act that there is anything at all approaching a dramatic sensation. *Scyndia* (M. DENEBOURG), the gay young spark, who, as his mother, the remarkably fine *Princess* (Madame MARTELL) thinks, goes to bed at eight, and remains there, comes to *Izeyl's* palatial residence, and brings with him a handsome present for her of all sorts of, apparently, Palais Royal jewellery, and imitation coins in large boxes. The gifts the still fascinating but recently converted courtesan at once hands over to the poor, whom she has always with her, in the shape of a crowd of invisible beggars waiting outside, all cheering loudly, and no wonder, at the distribution of this largesse by the hands of one *Yoghi*, a sort of Bogie-man, well played by M. DE MAX. But the young *Scyndia*, being on pleasure bent, and evidently not "of a frugal mind," like JOHNNIE GILPIN, has also ordered in, from the nearest Stores, a sumptuous supper, consisting apparently of "pine-apples for one," and several dishes of more or less ripe fruit, with a few empty goblets—"No Bottles to-day,"—all placed on a portable table, which is brought in by handy attendants, also probably hired from the waiter-supplying greengrocer's.

But *Izeyl*, having turned from the error of her ways, is, so to speak, "living with mother now," and refuses the proffered supper. Moreover, she rejects with scorn the amorous advances of the gay young *Prince*, who, becoming still gay and more amorous every minute, exclaims in the language of ancient melodrama, "I must and will possess her!" or words to that effect, and

incontinently rushes to embrace his victim. But *Izeyl* recalls a situation curiously like this in *La Tosca*, table and all included, and so snatching a queer sort of triangular dagger from *Scyndia's* belt, she poignards him sharply, fatally; and from being all life and energy down goes *Scyndia* dead as the proverbial door-nail. With dramatic prescience he falls close to the table, and in a few minutes the distracted *Izeyl* on hearing, like *Lady Macbeth*, "a knocking at the door," partly drags him underneath the table, partly drags the table over him, and as a "happy thought," being a person of considerable resources, she, at the last moment, manages to hide his legs, which are sticking out awkwardly, under the tablecloth.

Enter the stout *Princess*, who, in the character of the mother unaware of her son being out, has a pleasant confidential chat with the interesting convert to Buddhism, during which poor *Scyndia* has to lie under the table, (rather trying this for an actor who would be "up and doing,") and then she suddenly discovers the truth. The infuriated *Princess* orders *Izeyl* off to be tortured, and to have a lot of pleasant things done to her previous to being publicly exposed—which no adventuress likes—in the desert.

In the last Act, all we see is poor *Izeyl* gone to the desert with her eye out—both eyes out; but as there is no trace of hot irons, nor any sign of any cruelty having been inflicted on her body, she seems to be none the worse for what ever may have happened to her—indeed, she is just a trifle more purring and fascinating than ever. There she sits, in a light and airy chemise, which, considering her fragile form, may be described as "next to nothing," or almost so, while a few rude persons—idlers, of course—stand by and jeer at her. Then the mad enthusiast, the cause of all this trouble, enters, and pats her on the head, but the Prince, suddenly entering, dismisses *Yoghi*-Bogie, has a love scene with the unfortunate *Izeyl*, who still appears to be more of the courtesan than the convert, and who finally dies in the Prince's arms; whereupon some of his followers, having palms ready in their hands, (which, of course, anatomically, is quite natural,) enter, and there's an end



Sarah (of the Soothing-Syrup voice). "Me voilà encore une fois, mes enfants! Toujours le même vieux jeu!"

to *Izeyl*. Not exhilarating, but memorable.

"SIR BOYLE ROCHE'S BIRD" BEATEN BY HENRY THE UBIQUITOUS.

In the list, given by *The Observer*, of guests present at Lord RANDOLPH's farewell dinner on Saturday night last, occurs the name of Mr. HENRY IRVING. In the same paper the critic, in describing the first performance of *Madame Sans-Gene* at the Gaiety, remarked that "the merry comedy was received with enthusiasm by a large audience, not the least appreciative members of which were Mr. IRVING and Miss ELLEN TERRY." Presumably the Randolphian banquet hour was eight to half-past, coinciding with the hour of the performance at the Gaiety. Party and Play last about the same time, so how did HENRY IRVING manage to be present at both at once? Has he a double? Or is it a Mephistophelian mystery?

QUEER QUERIES.—A NEW RAILWAY PERIL.—It seems that a Russian *savant* has found that railway carriages are simply full of virulent microbes! Cannot something be done at once in England to guard us against this fearful danger? Why should not booking-clerks sell us germicides with our tickets? I've tried saturating myself

and my luggage with a mixture of carbolic acid, sanitas, and coal-tar, but I find that the system is not highly popular. There ought to be a doctor, a trained microbe-hunter, attached to every train, like a steward on board ship. The *savant* says there are double as many microbes in a third-class carriage as in a first-class. Well, then, the doctor should be empowered to arrest any microbe travelling in a superior class to that to which he or she is entitled. Another thought occurs to me—are these microbes season-ticket-holders? If so, what are the companies about?

GERMOPHORE.

Ixion Limited.

THE "Garden of London" is bound to take,
For good citizens all must feel
'Tis their duty to do all they can to make
For the common, or garden, wheel!

A NOTE IN THE PROBATE DIVISION.—"*Bettini v. Royal Academy of Music*."—A cause of litigation will henceforward be known not as a "*Casus Belli*," but as a "*Casus Tre-Belli*."



DEPRESSED DUKES.

Duke of Devonshire. "IF THIS BUDGET PASSES, I DON'T KNOW HOW I'M GOING TO KEEP UP CHATSWORTH!"

Duke of Westminster. "IF YOU COME TO THAT, WE MAY CONSIDER OURSELVES LUCKY IF WE CAN KEEP A TOMB OVER OUR HEADS!"



"DROWSILY! DROWSILY!"

Energetic Male (reclining). "NOW THEN, GIRLS, WORK AWAY! NOTHING LIKE TAKING REAL EXERCISE!"

DEPRESSED DUKES.

A DIRGE FOR TWO VOICES.

AIR—"The Stately Homes of England."

"THE Stately Homes of England! How beautiful they stand—
As Mrs. HEMANS rightly sang—o'er all the pleasant land!
But WESTMINSTER, my noble friend, things are not what they seem.
Say is this Budget solid fact, or but a horrid dream?"

"The Merry Homes of England! Yes, DEVONSHIRE, oh! *Very!*
I wonder HARCOURT makes two bites at his financial cherry.
Why not try HENRY GEORGE's dodge, a sweeping Single Tax
Of Twenty Shillings in the Pound? He's only got to 'ax.'"

"The Free, Fair Homes of England! Fair, WESTMINSTER, and free!
We charge the British Public nought when they drop in to see.
A Briton's home's his Castle. But *our* Castles are *his* home,
In a sort of way, on a holiday, whenever he likes to come!"

"The Expensive Homes of England! Ah DEVONSHIRE, dear boy,
Think of the money we expend, the people we employ!
And then that grasping CHANCELLOR, to replenish his Exchequer,
Would—let me weep on your broad breast! I *can't* keep up my pecker!"

"Don't, WESTMINSTER, my noble pal, *don't* play the ducal
Gummidge!

These rascal, rowdy Radicals, they want to spy and rummage
Into our pretty little perks; but, WESTMINSTER, *don't* fret,
Just let me whisper in your ear! *We have our lawyers yet!*"

"The Ancient Homes of England! Ah! DEVONSHIRE, old chum,
I fear me that an Ancient Home is but an Ancient Hum
To poky, proletariat prigs who, fired with ravenous greed,
Would pry into long pedigrees, and question title-deeds."

"Yes, WESTMINSTER, I know they would. To records Anglo-
Saxon,

Plantaganet and Tudor, they (with aim to pop a tax on)
Would turn and search, and cry, with their accustomed incivility,
'Ah! if there are Old Nobblers, 'tis our blooming Old Nobility!'"

"The Nobbled Homes of England! What a fine election cry!
Oh, DEVONSHIRE, if Tenure they subject to scri-ti-ny,
Ask if we got our Stately Homes by robbery, gift, or war,
I think I know more than one Duke who won't 'know where
'e are!'"

"Whisht, WESTMINSTER, my noble pal! You musn't talk like
that!
We are all right! So don't let's help the Rads to smell a rat
About some of our Stately Homes. Mum is the word I judge it,
Or heaven, and HARCOURT, only know what may be the *next*
Budget!"

"The Gorgeous Homes of England! But this odious Graduation
If we don't watch it, DEVONSHIRE, will just spell Ruination!
Good lord! I've been a reckoning up some possible Death Duties,
And—*Millions is the mark*, dear boy! Oh! aren't these Rads rare
beauties?"

"*Millions?* Oho! Is that what JOE once hinted at as
'Ransom'?"

Oh yes, of course, he's turned that up. His conduct now's *most*
handsome.
How shall we keep up our Great Homes? By Jove—I'll shut up
Chatsworth,
If HARCOURT piles it on too thick. They'll soon find out what *that's*
worth."

"Keep our Homes up and open, Duke? If all is true that's said, Duke,
We shan't be able soon to keep a Tomb above our head, Duke!
Bohoo! Bohoo! Put on the screw! But *won't* it be a jolly day,
When England shows no 'Stately Homes' to poor folk making
holiday?"

[Left weeping.]

Mrs. R. heard Lady HALLÉ play lately, and was, of course, highly
delighted. She read an account of the concert afterwards with
much interest, but was surprised at the great admiration expressed
with regard to the lady's "bowing." She certainly bowed very
gracefully, Mrs. R. says, in response to the applause, but she thinks
so much need not have been made of this, and that her fine perform-
ance on the violin called for more comment.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, June 18.—Quite a big muster of Peers to-night. Looking round Conservative Benches, seemed evident that either Church or Land was in danger. Turned out to be neither. It was Cambridge University that had whipped up noble Lords and one Bishop in support of plenary powers of police on pavements of university town. Of the three score Peers who rallied round the dons, there were some to whom Cambridge is *Alma Mater*. If only the talk had gone back to days of yore, and bench had echoed to bench tales of Undergraduate days, what a charming evening we might have had! County GUY could have told the House something of Cambridge in the Exhibition year, and "ROWTON ON RUNNING" would have supplied a thrilling chapter of incident.

More than half a century since RUTLAND was at Oxford, his soul distilling deathless verse. Through the ages still rings his famous battle cry—

Let wealth and commerce, laws and learning die,
But leave us still our old nobility.

But though an Oxford man, the old Duke spoke up for Cambridge, flaunting the idea that the police at Cambridge would be less discriminating than the police at Oxford. Ah! how discriminating they were when WILLIAM THE FOURTH was King, and a gold-chain-bedizened youth, with hair curled and oiled like an Assyrian bull, joined forces with JOHN MANNERS to save his adopted country.

Peculiarity of the Debate was the severe manner in which oil and vinegar ran their appointed courses. No political question at issue; yet into one lobby streamed the Tories to a man, while into another the PREMIER led his scanty flock. *Business done.*—Commons still boring themselves to death round Budget.

Tuesday.—"This Committee," said Sir RICHARD EVERARD WEBSTER, of Pump Court, Temple, "is all h— and TOMMY."

Never so shocked in my life. Remark obvious. Anyone else might have made it; but not the almost Reverend Member for Isle of Wight. Fancy WEBSTER must have read expression in my face.

"All HANBURY and TOMMY BOWLES I mean," he added, hastily.

That's so. There's also what the Scotch call "a bittock" of BYRNE and BUTCHER, BARTLEY and BOUSEFIELD, not to mention NAPOLEON BONAPARTE BOLTON, who is always turning up the night before Austerlitz, or the morning after Marengo, with an Amendment under his cloak, or a new sub-section hidden in his famous *chapeau gris*. Also there is JOKIM, PRINCE ARTHUR, and the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD. On slightest provocation they vary proceedings by triangular duel. Difference between their practice and the famous case reported in nautical history is, that PRINCE ARTHUR and JOKIM both blaze away at the SQUIRE, he for his part chiefly potting JOKIM.

Three diffident and retiring Gentlemen, whose voices are seldom heard in the House of Commons!

The interlude occurs once or twice in dull sitting, with unexpectedness that invests it with additional charm. To-night HANBURY, determined that Cap'en TOMMY should not make all the running, moved Amendment in speech of considerable length. The SQUIRE contemptuously dismissed it as not seriously meant. If it were carried, he showed, it would make nonsense of the Bill. JOKIM cut to the quick by this punishment of an inoffensive friend. Took the SQUIRE by the collar (of course, in the Parliamentary sense), and savagely shook him, declaring in excited voice that "the Bill would make better progress if the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER could only keep his temper."

The SQUIRE blandly retorted, "Here's the Ex-CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER going to vote against imposing a penalty for a breach of the revenue laws!"

"That's," cried JOKIM, jumping to his feet, and glaring across the table at the bland presence on the other side; "That's a— I mean, the right hon. gentleman makes a statement which is absolutely contrary to fact."

Don't know what we should do without these little breezes. Sometimes PRINCE ARTHUR joins in, endeavouring, as he puts it, to re-establish order, broken by the wanton conduct of SQUIRE OF

MALWOOD. As for that eminent statesman, he is in the wrong whatever course he takes. If in his place in active charge of the Bill he is told that things go much better when he is away, and ATTORNEY-GENERAL or SOLICITOR-GENERAL looking after things from Treasury Bench. He humbly goes away to partake of hasty and inadequate dinner; when he apologetically comes back WEBSTER turns upon him with inquiry "at what period of the evening has the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER bestowed on the Committee the privilege of his views on the Bill?"

"Hit high or hit low I can't please them, TOBY. The only thing that sustains me in trying circumstances is the consciousness of rectitude and the gift of an equable temper."

Business done—Clause IX. added to Budget Bill.

Wednesday.—"Is JOHN MORLEY speaking?" I asked the Member for SARK who had just left the House.

"No," he said; "T. W. RUSSELL is interrupting."

Irish debate on; interpolated between incessant courses of Budget. Odd to note how welcome the variety is. Time was when men used to complain of the parliamentary fare being *toujours Irlande*. Now positively jump at opportunity of talking about something else than Death Duties. Debate marked by breezy speech from HORACE PLUNKETT. PLUNKETT is Member for division of Dublin County. He is of the bluest landlord blood; his father's barony one of the oldest in Ireland. SWIFT MACNEILL, in his historical researches into family history of peers who voted down Home-Rule Bill last year, will find no such proud record as is preserved in a fifteenth century manuscript touching HORACE PLUNKETT's forefathers. "They're be two lordes PLUNKETTE," so it runs, "one of Killyn and the other of Donsane, and itte dothe soe happen that hee who shalle passe safely by Killyn, shall be robbed at Donsane, and hee who shalle passe safely by Donsane shalle be robbed at Killyn."

Hence it will appear that PLUNKETT speaks on Irish affairs with all the authority that belongs to respectable lineage. What he had to say just now was, that the feeling all over Ireland at the present time has far more healthy tone than ever before. Times unquestionably better now than within recent memory.

"To that end," says SARK, "there is no man who has contributed more than HORACE PLUNKETT. He has given himself up wholly to establishing on sound basis his system of co-operation amongst Irish farmers, large and small, for sale of produce. Already he has worked the miracle of not only inducing Irish agriculturists to trust each other, but to trust a working Committee that includes some landlords. DIZZY, you remember, once talked about 'POPKINS' Plan.' Best thing I've heard of for long time is PLUNKETT's Plan. If we had a few more Irish Members like HORACE PLUNKETT we would soon have no Irish Question." *Business done.*—JOHN MORLEY's salary voted in undiminished sum.

Friday.—Gaiety of House, chastened by successive weeks in Committee on Budget Bill, eclipsed by announcement that LOULU HARCOURT is about to retire from political life, with intent to become "something in the City." This course of procedure not unknown in history of the world. Seem to remember something about CIN-CINNATUS and a plough. Also TEMPLE (not Sir RICHARD) went to Sheen, and after governing a nation, took to cultivating roses. But these things happened late in life, when statesmen were worn with strife, and had built up a mighty record of accomplished work. During the last five or six years LOULU had done more than meets the eye. In the organisation of the party and, later, at the Treasury, he has accomplished work the amount and value of which are hidden under more than a bushel of modesty. Still, he is only on threshold of what promised to be a useful, even a brilliant political career. Now he gives it up, and will go down every morning in a 'bus to the City. "Won't you linger longer, LOULU?"

"Ah TOBY," he said, passing his hand across his fevered brow, "I cannot. I am the thrall of Ambition. 'Tis a cursed passion; but it possesses me and I cannot exorcise it. You see, if I went into Parliament and devoted myself to political life I might become Chancellor of the Exchequer even as my father is. If I go into the City and set myself diligently to work, I may in time become Lord Mayor. There is the secret of a decision which has puzzled other people besides you."

Business done.—On Clause XVI. Budget Bill.

A DOUBLE'D DUTY.—*Matchbox* for the Grand Prix represented an English horse belonging to a German. Wasn't it the duty of every good Frenchman to bet any amount of odds against that horse? Why, certainly. But oddly enough, it was 6 to 4 on *Matchbox*, and that *Matchbox* should lose was a lesson to such Frenchmen as had preferred pockets to patriotism.

MEM. FOR NEXT COMM. AT OXFORD.—As the "procession of boats" is now omitted from the programme, why not substitute for it "a review of Scholar-ships"?



THE SECRET OF CIRCULATION.

["The public at large has as yet no taste for good literature. The periodicals that have the largest circulation eschew it."—JAMES PAYN.]

It is not poesy, culture, wisdom, wit,
That make the literary world go round.
Much "blugginess" has more to do with it,
As Capital has found.
The General Reader, in his normal mood,
Desires not glowing genius, but Sensation.
For, after all, it is not "brain," but "blood,"
That keeps up "circulation."

OPERA NOTES.

Monday.—*Faust*, in Italian and French, by the "Combination Opera Company." EMMA EAMES as *Marguerite*, with her own hair, not the usual flaxen tails—but that's another tale. It is difficult to get a real good representative of *Faust*, and Mons. COSSIRA is not the ideal for the part. PLANÇON good as ever as the bad spirit, *Mephisto*. Orchestra and chorus excellent under BEVIGNANI the Beneficent.

Wednesday.—The RAYOGGI Sisters in *Orphée* first, then the new opera *La Navarraise* afterwards. Let this Opera-Noter at once come to the finale, and record that *La Navarraise* is a very great



A NIGHT SURPRISE.

"Calvé!—Ah!—to the General."

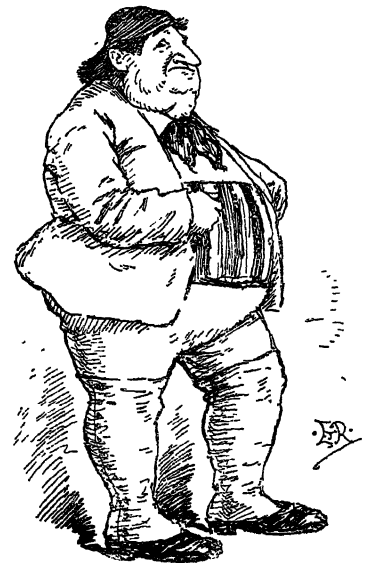
success, no doubt of it. It was written for Madame CALVÉ, and Madame CALVÉ did the part, the librettists, and the composer full justice. The libretto, founded on a story by CLARETIE, is written by H. CAIN, and, therefore, of course WAGSTAFF calls it "an Able piece of work." Just like him. "The only thing one can possibly object to in *La Navarraise*," I was observing to WAGSTAFF, when he interrupted me with "*La! Navar-raise* any objection to so excellent an opera." I could not forgive him the pun, but withdrew my objection. For once WAGSTAFF was right; it is an excellent work. Madame CALVÉ's *Anita*, *La Navarraise*, is a companion picture to her *Santuzza*; but there can be no comparison between this work of MASSENET's and that by MASCAGNI. There is not much that, at a first hearing, "catches on" musically as there is in MASCAGNI's work, where the very first air sung behind the scenes takes the audience at once, and then,—not to mention the several striking numbers in the first part,—the *intermezzo*, which is hard to beat, and which I venture to opine still stands alone, and has not yet been beaten; though, by the way, it has been ground into our ears by the organ-grinders until it has been nearly reduced to the level of "*Tu-ra-ra-boom-de-ay*," which by now has had it's "*de-ay*," and has died a natural death.

No better evening's entertainment could DRURIOLANUS provide than some short opera to commence with at 8 or 8.30 (not *Orfeo*, but *Philemon et Baucis*) to be followed at 10, or thereabouts, by *La Navarraise*, and on another occasion by *Pagliacci*, and on another

by *Cavalleria Rusticana*. The short opera is on the triple-bill principle, and chimes in with our late dining hours or early closing restrictions.

Madame CALVÉ, as *Anita* ("Anne Eater," observes WAGSTAFF, "is not a bad name for a big peasant woman"), is simply perfect.

M. ALVAREZ, as her lover (in English his name would be "ARRYGHILL"), quite up to the mark, as must the shot have been which settled his business before the end of the Opera. M. PLANÇON, as *Garrido*, was "*le brav* General" to the life; M. GILLIBERT also, as the fat farmer, round as a plum, with a stone for a heart, very good. Composer called, but, like spirits from the vasty deep, the question was, would he come when called? He didn't: he preferred to remain "in ambush"; whereat Madame CALVÉ threw up her hands in despair. By the way, the Composer would soon have rushed from his lair had Madame CALVÉ threatened to "throw up" her part in the piece instead of "her hands in despair." The singers personally conducted the Conductor, Monsieur FLON, on to the stage, in the hope that he might be mistaken for the Composer. But audience wouldn't have substitute palmed off on them. So Sir DRURIOLANUS stepped forward gaily, and announced that shy Massa MASSENET was smoking a cigarette, and so preferred fumigation to oration and ovation, but that he, DRURIOLANUS, would report the situation, which announcement was received with acclamation.



Fat Farmer Father in his dot-age.

FATAL FLOWERS.

ACCORDING to M. JOAL most of the ills that flesh is heir to are due to the injudicious inhaling of the perfume of various flowers. This being so, the following "conversation with a medical man" should be added to the "Dialogue Books" of all foreign languages:—

Doctor. And now, my friend, what is the matter with you?

Patient. I have pains in my head, and shooting aches in all my limbs. My hair has come off from my scalp, and one of my arms is withered.

Doctor. It is clear to me that you must have been inhaling a bouquet of roses.

Patient. Well, yes, I certainly was in a conservatory the other evening, where there were a number of flowers. Can I do nothing to effect a cure?

Doctor. You must take a voyage to Australia in a sailing-ship which touches at no ports, and from which all plants have been excluded. And now, is there anything else you wish to mention?

Patient. Why yes, Doctor. The other day I was dining at a friend's, and after we had finished the dessert I found that I could only speak with difficulty, and that the floor was undulating, and the room generally unsteady. I put this down to the salmon and a piece of bread that I had eaten, instead of my customary biscuit. Was I right in this assumption?

Doctor. No, my good friend. No doubt the condition which you describe was caused by inhaling your button-hole. And now farewell! When you return from Australia come and see me.

Patient. Yes, as a friend—not as a patient.

Doctor. That depends upon the way that you treat your nose. If you avoid flowers you will never want a doctor.

BRITISH HOME FOR INCURABLES.—Grand Fête to be held on July 3 to benefit this excellent charity. There is to be a "Richardson's Show," which is safe to be an attractive item. "Sir AUGUSTUS HARRIS," says the *Times*, meaning our "DRURIOLANUS," "will organise and personally superintend the dramatic features." Evidently Sir AUGUSTUS is going to assist in "making up" the actors. Excellent! Will he himself perform? Why not a speech, as the Richardsonian Showman? "RICHARDSON's himself again!"

MR. JOHN HARE'S MOTTO AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.—"Money taking, No Change given"—for some considerable time.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Hostess. "HAVE YOU A PARTNER FOR THIS DANCE, MR. GREEN?"

Mr. Green (who has just chosen one). "I'M AFRAID I HAVE!"

SHAKSPEARE ON A RECENT HAPPY EVENT.

["The Duchess of YORK was safely delivered of a son at ten o'clock last evening."—*Observer*, June 24.]
[The weather had changed from cold and uncertain to very warm.]

"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious by this Son of York."
Richard the Third, Act I., Sc. 1.

OUR GIANT CAUSEWAY.

Old Father Thames, loquatur:—

OH, cloud-capt towers! Oh, spanking spans! What is it here I see?

I'm an Old Stream—from the country!—but this quite gets over me!

I've seen a many wondrous sights 'twixt Thames Head and the But such a whopping bit of work, I've never twigg'd before! Yet I remember lots of things History has half forgotten: Those old Thames timber bridges, with wood-piers that soon grew rotten,

And frequently were swept away by floods, or burned by fire In those ante-engineering "good old times" some cranks admire. I recollect the Roman days, convenient, oh yes, very!

When the only way across me, for the cits, was Watling Ferry! I recollect Old London Bridge, which cost a pretty penny, And the mighty masterpieces of the great bridge-builder, RENNIE; Pontifex maximus, great Sir JOHN! But lor! I mustn't tarry O'er memories of the misty past. Bully for JOHN WOLFE BARRY, The Engineer-in-Chief of this! A very Thames Colossus, Striding across my stream in iron. Giants used to cross us (Us rivers) in the fine old legends, bare-legged and bare-footed! Ah, Gog, old friend, and Magog, your objection is not rooted To this jolly Giant Causeway, which the good old Corporation Have built up here to crown my fame—and their own reputation. *Palmarum qui meruit ferat!* As pontiffes, at any rate, The much-nagged City Fathers have not proved themselves degenerate.

Ah! fancy that Bridge House Estate in Eleven Seventy-six, Sir! Talk about Unearned Increment! They'd be in a big fix, Sir, But for the lands seven centuries or so ago allotted For building bridges over me. But a big job they spotted

When looking east of London Bridge they taxed cash, skill, and power, In planting this superb "Thames Gate" hard by King WILLIAM'S "The Tower, aye, the Tower!" Yon 'tis looming, and I'll venture is [the centuries!]
A-smiling on WOLFE BARRY'S towers! There's a thought to link Well, Engineers get over me! They are the modern Titans. They're Bottle-limps plus Magi, with a touch of those old Sheitans The Tigris-dwellers dreamed about. But our Thames Genii, thanks be!

Are serviceable as they're strong. However high my banks be, However broad my stream, or swift, at Henley or the Tower, Where a myriad masts crowd in the Pool, or forget-me-nots in Shine out in silent solitudes, some engineering Titan [flower Is sure to play the Admirable (save in Beauty) CRICHTON; Embank me, dredge me, lock me, weir me, bridge me, and the rest of it. [of it.]

Well, Time tries all. I hope this Titan Bridge will stand the test Here's to it; tower and bascule! It's a triumph and a thumper! Here's to BARRY, and to BRUNEL, and to CRUTTWELL, in a bumper;

While not forgetting HORACE JONES, the City Architect, Gents! Who, though he's passed, his share of praise may righteously expect, Gents!

To Gog and Magog, who are not too often in the applause way, And those civic Giants' backers, who have built our Giant Causeway!!!

A TENDER-HEARTED PRELATE.—At a meeting called to consider the advisability of sending money and missionaries to assist struggling Assyrian Christians, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY observed that "he knew nothing more tragic than a once great, powerful, and wide-spread church like this becoming so reduced that its bishops had occasionally to work in the fields." Why "tragic"? Their work in the fields is only "occasional." And isn't this manual labour rather like that of the tent-maker SAUL, whose other name was PAUL? Might it not do a bishop or two, or even an archbishop, some good were he to tuck up his lawn sleeves and a corner of his apron just to take a turn at digging and delving? Perhaps, on the score of practical Christianity, it would be well if these hard-working Assyrian Christians sent a few missionaries over to our comfortable Christians here.



OUR GIANT CAUSEWAY.

(Opening of the new Tower Bridge, Saturday, June the 30th, by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.)

FATHER THAMES. "WELL, I'M BLOWED! THIS QUITE GETS OVER ME!"

THE GOLD DAM.

[See the daily press for Mr. CRUMP's views on this phenomenon.]

I HAVE a passion to be told
(Amounting almost to a thirst),
What constitutes a dam in gold,
And when the thing is bound to burst;
And could you tell us, Mr. CRUMP,
Why silver undergoes a slump?
That metaphor of "dam," it seems,
Is drawn from rolling logs that hug
Each other in Norwegian streams,
And cause a temporary plug,
Until, I gather, Mr. CRUMP,
They ultimately come down plump.
What all the glut of oof should buy
You say surpasses human wit;
Strangely enough I feel that I
Could show you what to do with it;
Speaking for paupers, Mr. CRUMP,
I rather like it in the lump.
But soon there'll be a blessed spate,
The dam will give, I understand,
And Little Chathams turn to Great,
And Trunks Preferred be really Grand,
And low investments, Mr. CRUMP,
Go smartly on the upward stump.
I'm glad to hear it; it is one
Of those effects in which my mother
Failed to instruct her budding son
(The slump in silver is another);
I've not developed, Mr. CRUMP,
A strictly economic bump.
Some freely back bimetallism
To render rugged places level;
Some call the same a sheer abyss,
This side—the dam, on that—the devil;
When doctors differ, Mr. CRUMP,
The sickly camel gets the hump.
Had I the art to recognise
A fiscal flutter, when I saw it,
My oracle were darkly wise,
No power of man or beast should draw it;
Neither wild horses, Mr. CRUMP,
Nor any earthly stomach-pump.

MRS. R. is a great play-goer. She says
The Best Man is a most amusing piece; and
she wanted to see Mr. WILLARD as "the
middling man," but it was withdrawn.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

"I SAY, OLD CHAP, IT'S SHORT NOTICE, BUT DO
COME AND DINE THIS NEXT THURSDAY!"
"CAN'T, DEAR OLD MAN. I'M ENGAGED THREE
DEEP FOR THE NIGHT!"
"OH, SORRY! I'VE GOT THE DUKE AND DUCHESS
OF RUNNYMEDE, AND LORD SAVORY!"
"OH,"—(seeing it in quite a different light)—"NEXT
THURSDAY, DID YOU SAY? I THOUGHT YOU SAID
THURSDAY WEEK. OH, YES, I SHALL BE DELIGHTED!"
[Their Graces and Lord S. never turned up, after all!]

A MADAME SANS-GÊNE.

O ma belle blanchisseuse,
If my laundress only were
Aussi bonne et gracieuse,
Should I ever growl at her?
Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Collars surely should be white;
Mais elle est si paresseuse!
Mine are yellow—is that right?
O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Home to other folks she sends—
Elle est vraiment généreuse!
Clothes I love as dear old friends.
Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Socks and handkerchiefs depart;
Elle n'en sait rien, trompeuse!
Wring? She wrings my very heart.
O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Shirt-fronts, wristbands, collars frayed!
Ruine calamiteuse
In my wardrobe is displayed.
Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Banging, brushing, done in a
Facon si laborieuse,
Wash my washing clean away.
O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Would that you ind'ed were mine,
Toujours bonne et vertueuse,
I should never more repine!
Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
Collars ironed by your sweet touch—
Votre main délicateuse—
Would delight me very much.
O ma belle blanchisseuse,
What a truly happy state!
Espérance trop flatteuse,
That can never be my fate.
Bonne et belle blanchisseuse,
I must weep, and, weeping, see
La méchante déchireuse
Heeds not EUCLID, woe is me!
O ma belle blanchisseuse,
Handkerchiefs are spoilt in shoals;
Je n'en ai pas, la railleuse
Makes them parts, and also holes.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

"AFTER reading W. S. LILLY's latest and really most admirable book, entitled *The Claims of Christianity*," quoth the Baron, "I feel inclined to exclaim with the Cantab who had been compelled to attend a course of University sermons, 'Thank Heaven, I am still a Christian!'" The first part is about Buddhism, which came into the world 700 B.C., and at this present moment, so the Baron gathers, not only counts more adherents than would all Christendom even if united, but is absolutely spreading faster than Christianity is now doing, or has done, for some time past. So at the end of this first part, the Baron, elevating his thoughts and his eyes, exclaimed, "I will be engrafted on the Buddha! I will be Buddha'd out with the Lilly! I will flit from flower to flower! and up to regions of Floral Halls above! I'll be a Buddha-fly!" Coming down from these flights of pious fancy, the Buddha-Baron commenced Part the Second of the same work. It was, as it were, a Turkish Bath. The Baron, no longer the "Buddha-Baron," but the "Bechesm-on-my-eyes-be-it Baron," called for a fez, renounced his toddy—was not the glass well-nigh void?—sent out for a sixpenny bottle of the best sherbert, and was considering the advisability of immediately consulting the Baroness as to giving a general order for a Harem at the Stores of some Universal Provider, when, on resuming his study, and after finishing the third part, which concludes this work with a convincing summary of the superiority of Christianity over any other form of religion, he counter-ordered the fez, kept silence on the Harem subject, gave the sherbert to the youngest Baronite, aged seven, and, after a pipe and one more toddy, the Baron murmured "*Christianus sum non Oedipus*." Then melodiously whistling "*Lilly Bolero*," he ascended the Baronial stairs to seek, beneath his virtuous eider-downy,

"That calm repose
Which innocence and virtue only knows."
But before doing so he uttered the quotation which heads this brief notice. "I have a multitude of books to read, and but scant time to look into them till the vacation arrive! But, ah me!" sighed the Baron, "is there any vacation for this ever-toiling, never complaining, *servus servorum* of the public,
"THE INDEFATIGABLE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS?"

What's in a Name?

[Among the delegates on the platform at the Leeds Conference was the "Rev. TOBIAS BOFFIN, B.A. (Birmingham)."]

WHILST rampant Radicals were wildly up and at
The Lords, quite undeterred by Tory scoffin',
To represent the Nonconformist conscience, sat
A Reverend with name—TOBIAS BOFFIN!

"THE POWERS THAT BE."—Who are these? Easily answered, as just now they happen to be the two Powers, grandsons of the great Irish actor TYRONE POWER, and sons of HAROLD "of that ilk," who are playing one as author and actor, and the other as actor with the author, in the new melodrama at the Princess's called *The Texan*. Of course, the eldest Prince Teck will pay it an early visit, as he must have a kindly feeling for *The Tecks' son!* (Oh!! Oh!!)

AUNT MUDDLER rarely gets names correctly. The other day, talking on literary subjects, she told a friend, "My dear, I'm never tired of reading PICKENS's *Dickwick*."



“THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.”

Rusticus. “YES; I GROW ALL MY OWN VEGETABLES—MY OWN POTATOES, MY OWN CUCUMBERS, ASPARAGUS, GRAPES, APPLES—EVERYTHING!”

Urbanus. “AH! AND THESE ARE YOUR OWN CHILDREN, OF COURSE? UM—SEASON SEEMS TO HAVE BEEN A LITTLE BACKWARD WITH THEM, OLD CHAP!”

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

(Being a Series of Private Letters on these and other Subjects.)

NO. VIII.—FROM CAPTAIN THE HON. IAN FARQUHAR, 151st REGT., ALDERSHOT, TO MRS. MAXWELL, BOLTON STREET, W.

MY DEAR DODDLES, December 18, 189—.

You're a ripper; but then you always are. Will I dine with you at the “Plato”? Won't I just. The party you propose will be simply A1. Old ARGENTINO isn't a bad old sort; but, I say, DODDLES, I don't think you ought to lead the old chap on as you do. You'll ruin him in flowers. They say he's got a dozen gold mines in Peru, and farms as big as Scotland in Brazil, with hundreds of slaves toiling for him night and day; but even with all that, he's bound to go pop if he chips in with bouquets of hot-house flowers ten yards round every time he meets you, not to speak of the pretty little velvet-lined nests with their diamond eggs which you occasionally find in the branches of the exoticks (how's that for words and spelling, eh? I'm getting to be a regular Dr. JOHNSON).

HAROLD MAYDEW ain't a bad sort. He's a good soldier anyhow, with lots of go about him; why, he took a couple of hundred men somewhere on the frontier in India and just waltzed round a whole tribe of niggers, climbed up a dozen precipices like a cat goes up a tree, and knocked all their stone walls about their ears. I've never talked to his brother VICTOR, but I've seen him; always looks as stiff as a biscuit and turns up his nose till you could hang a cricket cap on it; not your sort anyhow, I'm certain.

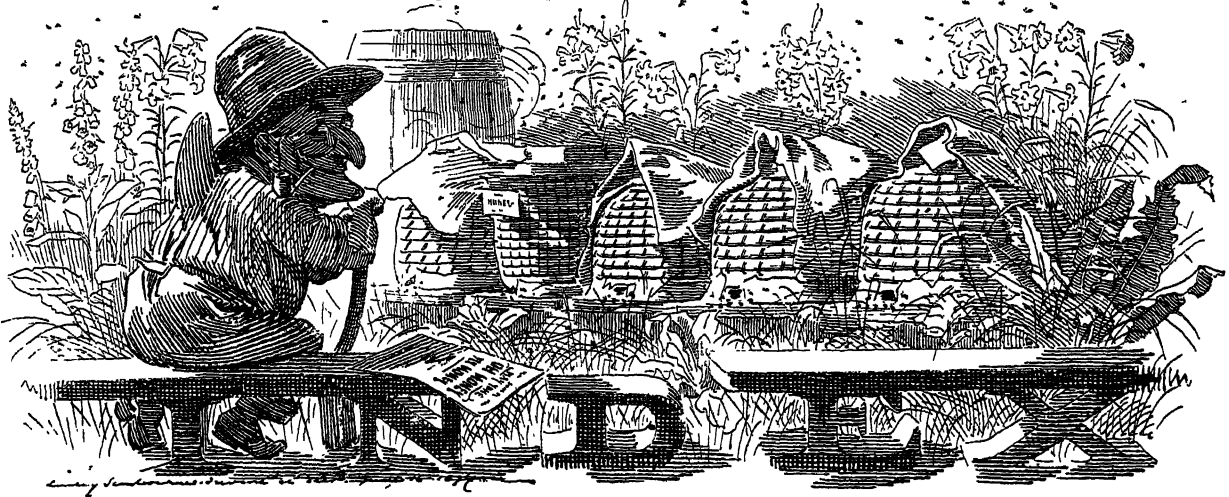
Look here, DODDLES, it's no end good of you wanting me to run in double harness; and, if I did feel inclined that way, I'd as soon find myself hitched alongside of LUCY BERKELEY as anyone else; but, honestly, I don't think it's my form—not just yet, anyhow. What matchmakers you women are! You're never happy, any of you, till you've taken a poor devil of a chap away from all his little games, and all his little comforts, and got him safely started in the Perambulator Stakes. It's all very well to talk, but the more I see of the world, the more I'm convinced that men were never meant to marry. That's a game that may suit women, but it don't suit us. Where's

the catch of it? You say I want money; that's right enough, but I'd rather go on as I am than take £10,000 a year with the sort of penalty that you generally find buckled on to it. A girl's all right as long as she's a girl; but it don't last long, that's where the pinch comes, and some of 'em turn into frumps, and others nag the life out of a chap, and then there's what they call the care of a family—all the blessed little olive-branches opening their beaks, and wanting to be fed (that don't sound right somehow, but you know what I mean). If you can pick me out the dead spit of yourself, I'll marry her to-morrow; but you know as well as I do that there's only one DODDLES in the world. TOM's a lucky beggar, and—There, I'm getting quite sentimental, so I'll drop that tack. Anyhow, the American widow is off. I can't do it, and there's an end of it. She introduced me to her blessed father—“Popper” she called him—and the old man finished me.

I'm writing to BERKELEY to ask him and LUCY B. to dine at the “Plato” on Thursday, so we can put off all discussion till we see how that evening pans out. Bless you, DODDLES, you're a good sort. Awfully glad to hear you're going to the WILLOUGHBY'S “Divorce Supper.” I'm to be there. What a game it is. MABEL KILLIGREW and ALICE KENDALL are going, and I hear TOTTIE MONTRESSOR and ALMA KICKSEY are asked. I wonder if TOTTIE will do her wig-dance. She took off ARGENTINO's curly, brown head-covering as neat as ninepence last time she did it. Never saw anyone so angry as that old gold-mine was. DICK TALBOYS is terrible gone in that quarter they say, which is a pity, because he's a real good chap. *Au revoir* on Thursday. Remember me to TOM. Yours to a cinder,

JACK.

GERMAN OPERA AND MR. J. L. TOOLE.—Our eminent Comedian wishes it to be distinctly understood that he has *not* entered into any engagement with Sir DRURIOLANUS to appear at his theatre in *Die Walküre*, which Mr. J. L. TOOLE here takes this German-opportunity of stating is *not* an adaptation or translation of *Walküre*—*London*. Mr. J. L. TOOLE begs to add that his season concludes next Saturday, when *The Best Man* (now in London) will go out of town for “betterment,” in order to return better than ever.



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